A. N. C.

JULY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
ROCKWELL KENT
EMIL LUDWIG
BERTRAND RUSSELL
ANDRE MAUROIS
ALAN VILLIERS
WILLIAM B. POWELL
JIMMIE CHARTERS
ERNEST BOYD
THOMAS WOOD

FICTION

ARNOLD ZWEIG
LORD DUNSANY
LUIGI PIRANDELLO
CAPT. WM. OUTERSON
MARTIN STORM
ASHLEY BUCK
EDWARD DOHERTY
WILLIAM MARCH

SPORTS

JIM TULLY
HORTON SMITH
COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
HANS GROENHOFF
RAY JONES
ERIC DEVINE
R. O. FOOTE
CHAS. E. PLANCK

HUMOR

CARY KERNER
ELDON ROARK
GREGORY MASON
RAYMOND KNIGHT

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
EVERETT SHINN
GEORGE PETTY
D. McKAY
TY MAHON
SIDNEY HOFF
HOWARD BAER
ABNER DEAN
JAY IRVING
RODNEY de SARRO
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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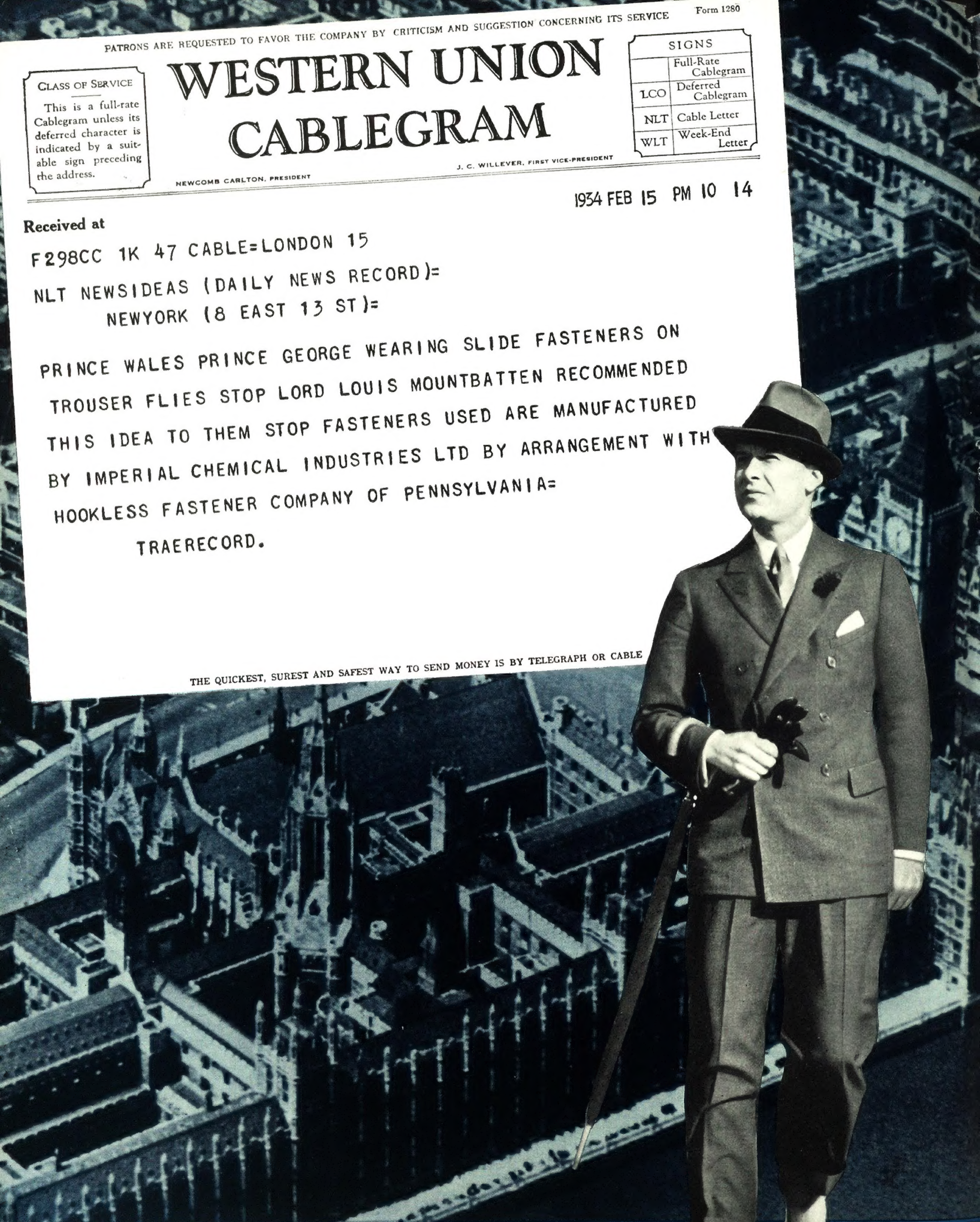
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Form 1280

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION
CABLEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS	
	Full-Rate Cablegram
LCO	Deferred Cablegram
NLT	Cable Letter
WLT	Week-End Letter

1934 FEB 15 PM 10 14

Received at

F298CC 1K 47 CABLE=LONDON 15

NLT NEWSIDEAS (DAILY NEWS RECORD)=
NEWYORK (8 EAST 13 ST)=

PRINCE WALES PRINCE GEORGE WEARING SLIDE FASTENERS ON TROUSER FLIES STOP LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN RECOMMENDED THIS IDEA TO THEM STOP FASTENERS USED ARE MANUFACTURED BY IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD BY ARRANGEMENT WITH HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA=

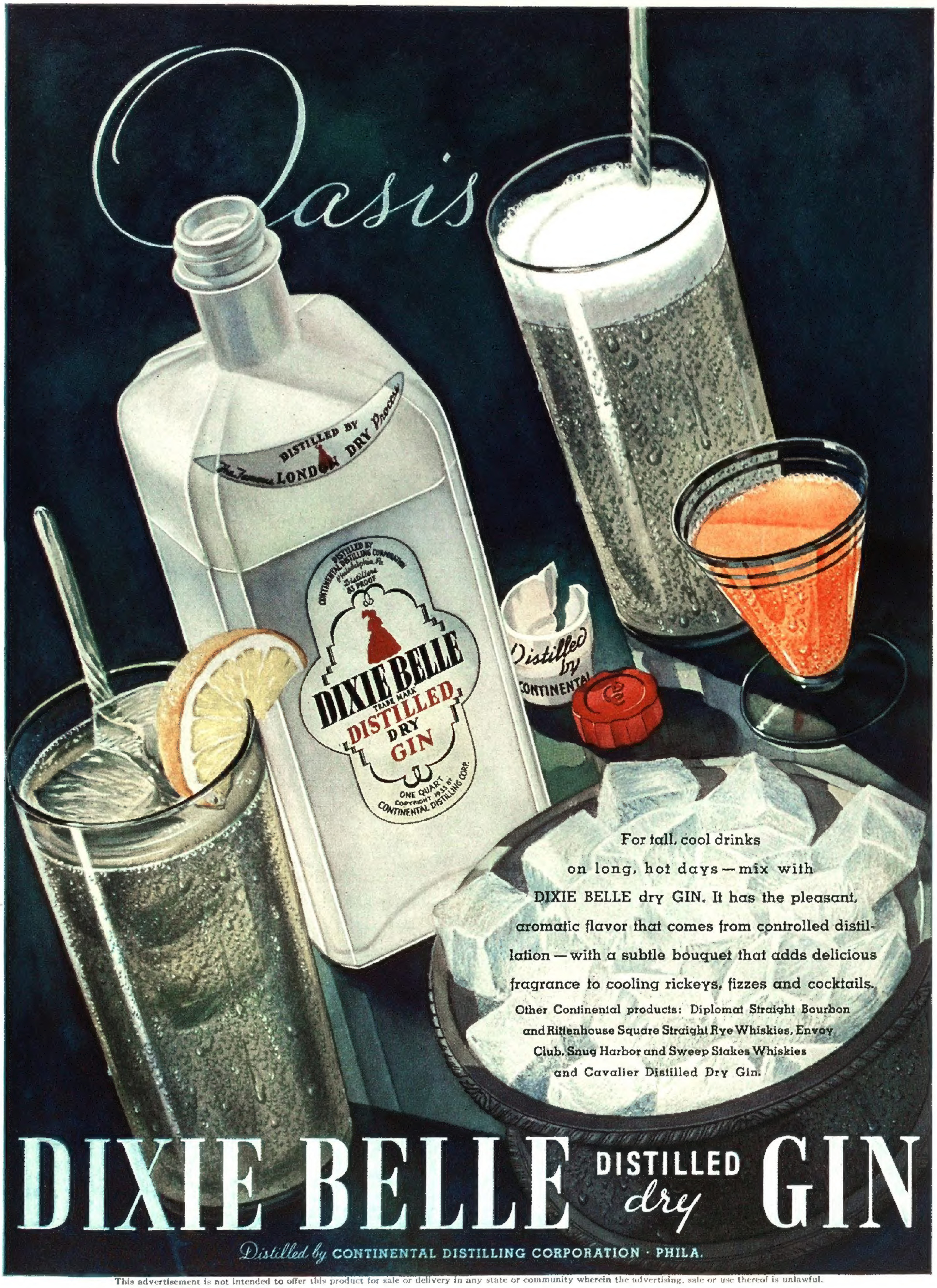
TRAERECORD.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

Known as

TALON-TAILORED TROUSERS *in America*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


Oasis
DISTILLED BY
The Famous LONDON DRY Process
DISTILLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION Philadelphia, Pa.
Distillers
85 PROOF
DIXIE BELLE
TRADE MARK
DISTILLED
DRY
GIN
ONE QUART
COPYRIGHT 1933 BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP.
Distilled by CONTINENTAL

For tall, cool drinks on long, hot days—mix with DIXIE BELLE dry GIN. It has the pleasant, aromatic flavor that comes from controlled distillation—with a subtle bouquet that adds delicious fragrance to cooling rickeys, fizzes and cocktails.

Other Continental products: Diplomat Straight Bourbon and Rittenhouse Square Straight Rye Whiskies, Envoy Club, Snug Harbor and Sweep Stakes Whiskies and Cavalier Distilled Dry Gin.

DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED *dry* GIN

Distilled by CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION · PHILA.

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ESQUIRE is published monthly by the Esquire Publishing Company, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and Drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. Advertising offices, 40 East 34th Street, New York, New York. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America $5.00 in advance; in Canada, $6.00; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Wide World Photo

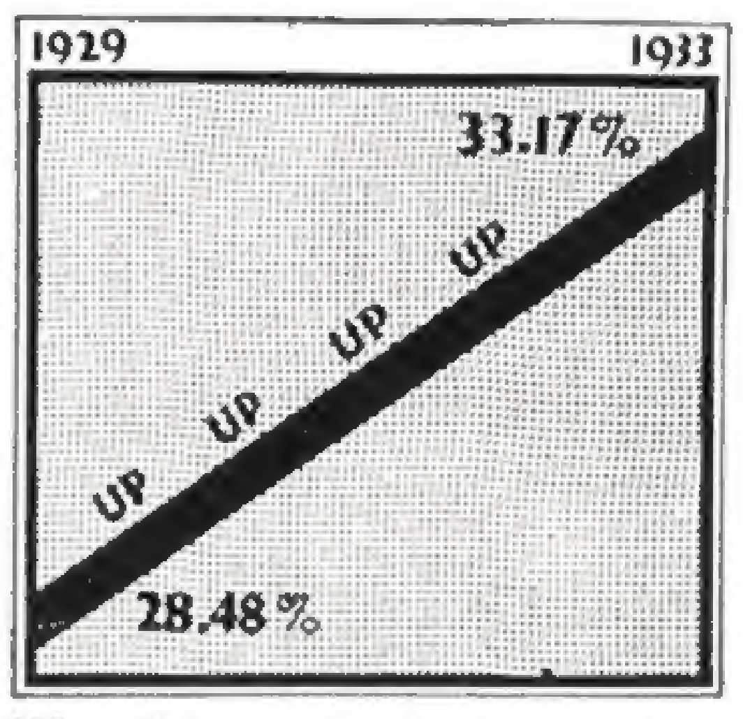
IF YOU DON'T GET *Home*, YOU DON'T *Score*

AND this is just as true in newspaper circulation as it is in baseball—unless the newspaper drives your sales message HOME—you don't score!

Better than four hundred thousand families in the Chicago trading area read The Chicago Daily News AT HOME. This is more home-read circulation than you can get in any other Chicago daily newspaper. The fact that Chicago Daily News circulation is home-read explains its superior scoring ability.

This advertisers recognize as proved by the increasing preponderance of advertising carried by The Chicago Daily News.

In 1929, The Chicago Daily News carried 28.48% of the total display advertising in Chicago daily newspapers. During the following depression years (1929-1933) when reduced budgets had to do a harder job and newspapers had to be bought with greater care, The Chicago Daily News' percentage of total display advertising in Chicago dailies increased to 33.17%.



The Chicago Daily News' percentage of Total Display Advertising in all Chicago daily newspapers from the beginning of 1929 through 1933.

In the fifteen year period (1919 to 1933) The Chicago Daily News carried 40,275,242 more lines of display advertising than the second Chicago daily (a morning paper). And in 1933, The Chicago Daily News carried more total advertising than any other six-day evening newspaper in America—no other Chicago daily ranked even among the first twelve.*

**Authority: Media Records, Inc.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's Home Newspaper

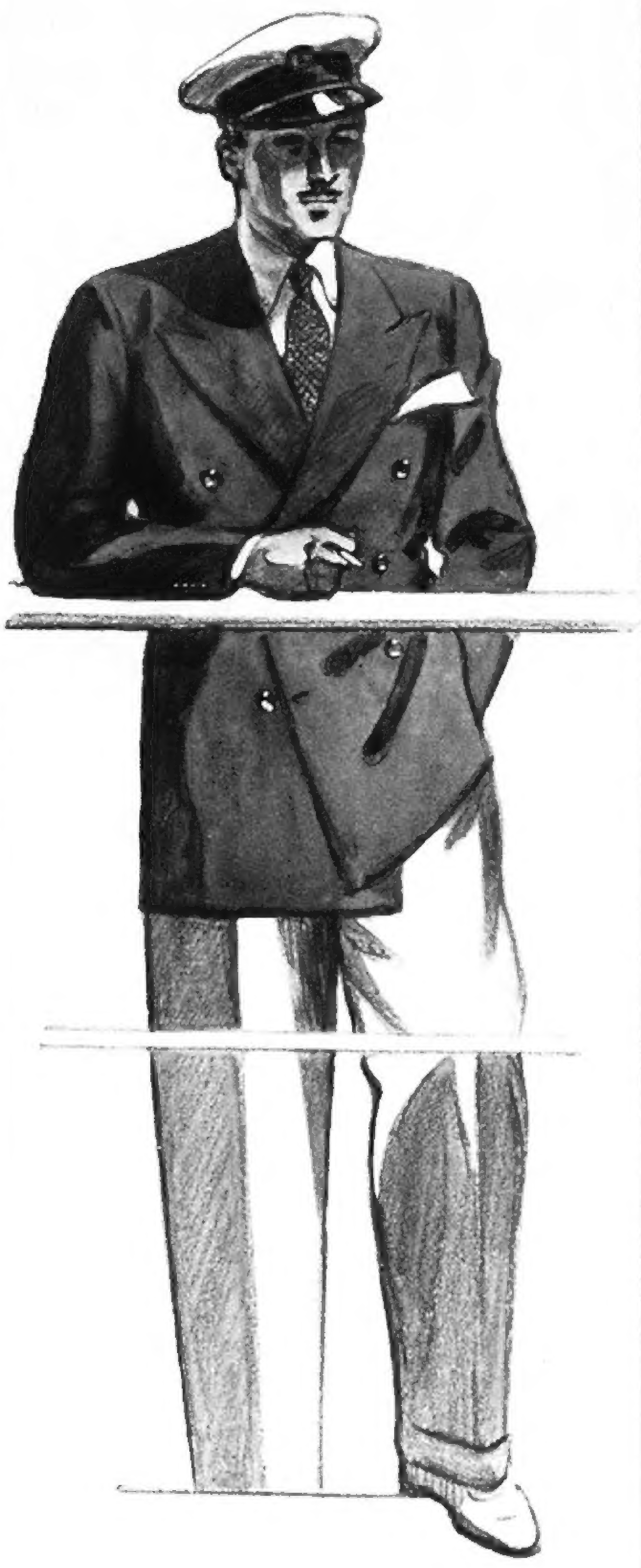
Copyright 1934, The Chicago Daily News, Inc.

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives, NEW YORK · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA · DETROIT · SAN FRANCISCO

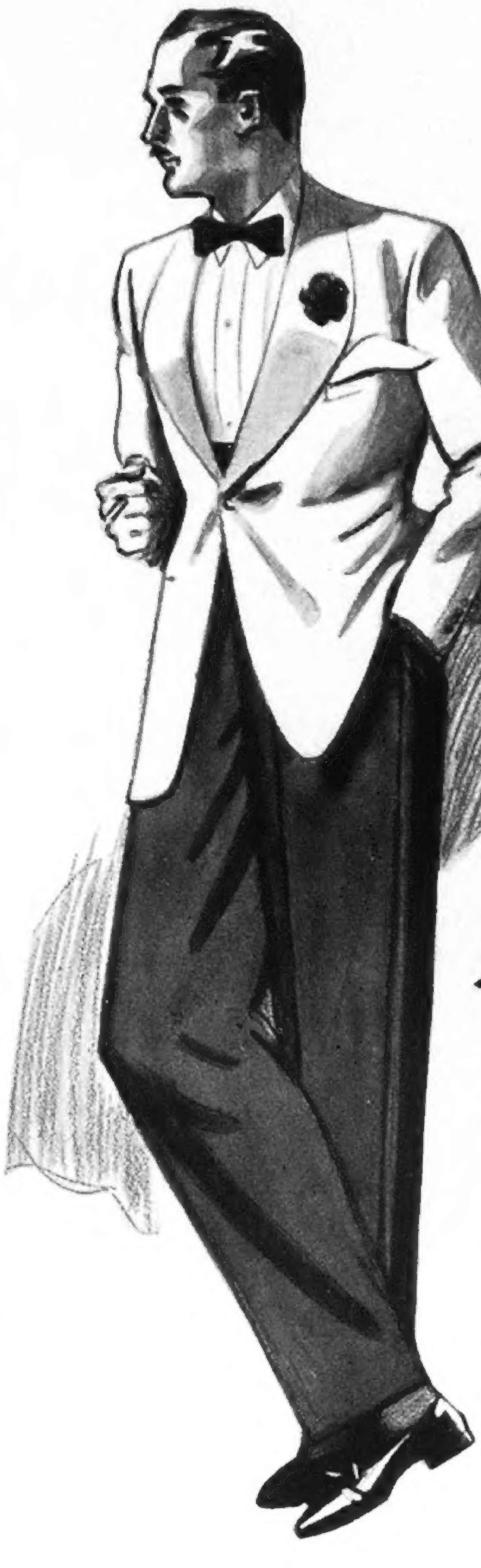
Linings by Skinner

HELP MAKE CLOTHES TRULY FINE

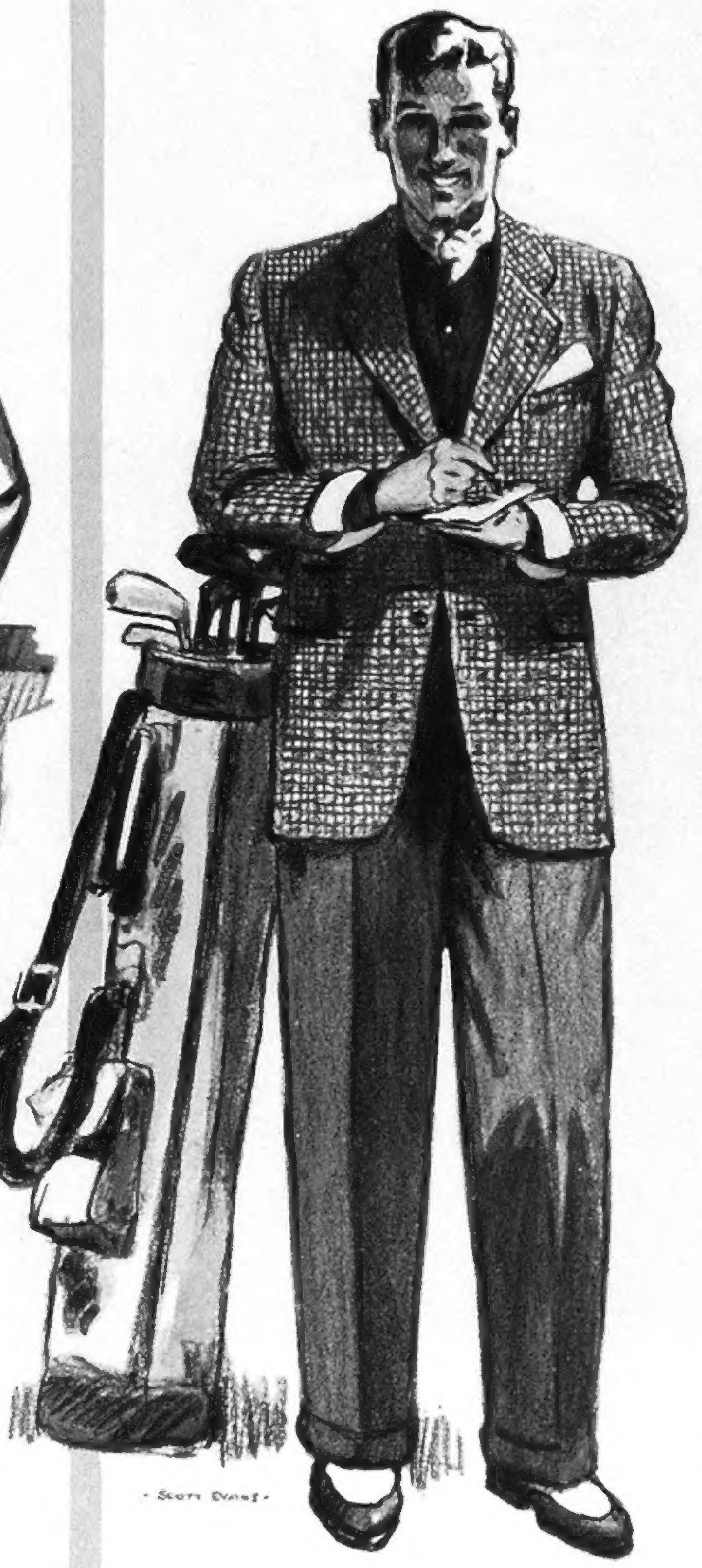
NOT EVERY MAN *can be his own admiral. But any man can be as shipshape about his linings as any admiral afloat—not excepting this impeccable seafarer. Your linings can always be Skinner's—and not even an admiral's can ever be better!*



SKINNER FARES BADLY—*from a yardage point of view—in this easy version of what's what after dark when the going's not too formal. The very light jacket has no lining. Only the cummerbund is Skinner—and because it is Skinner—you know it's right!*

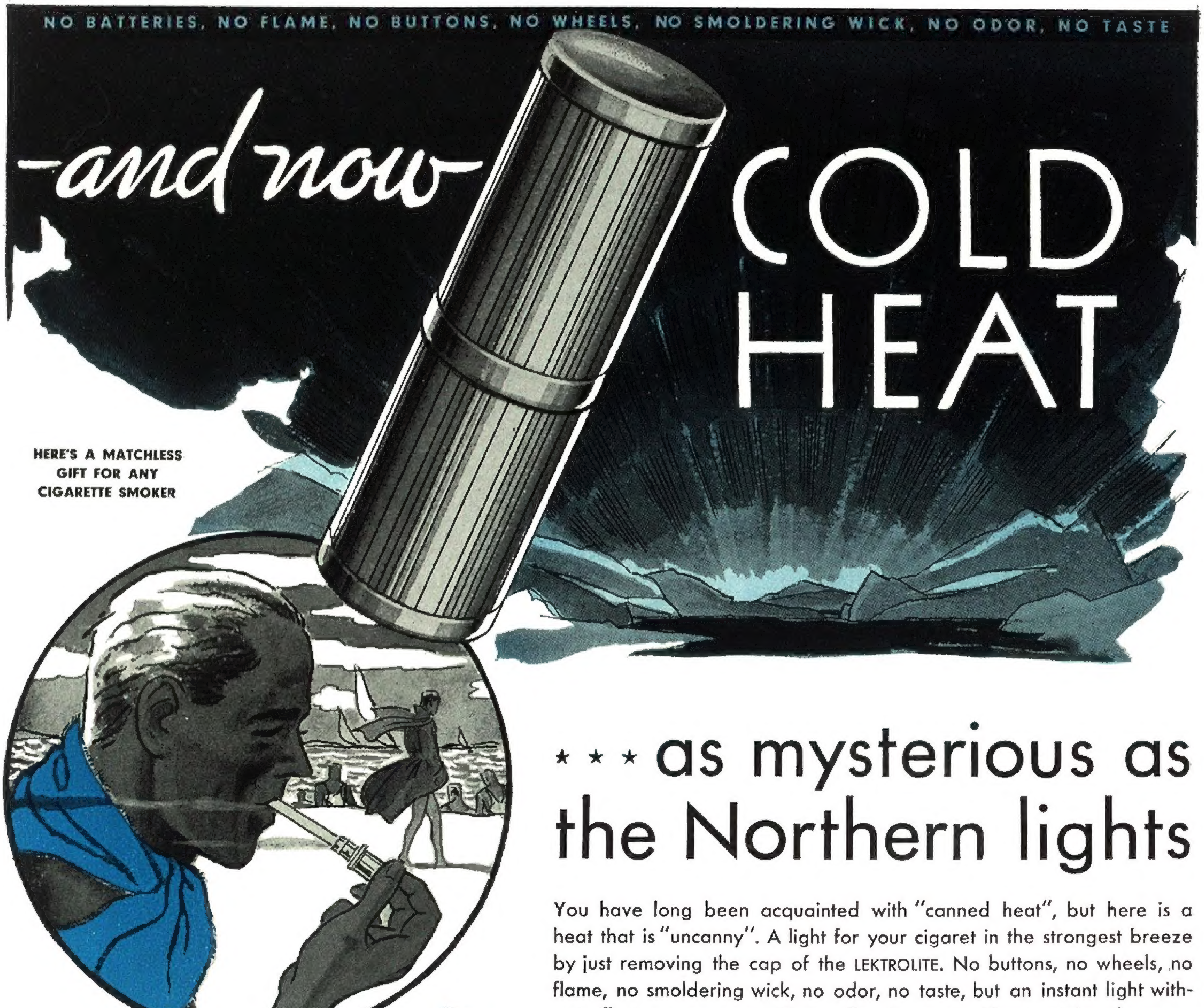


WHEN YOU SLIP *your arms into a sport jacket—it's well to know that sleeves and shoulders are staunchly Skinner-lined. That helps the man inside get the most from his outside! Incidentally, we've seen a number of smart sleeves worn rolled back like this.*

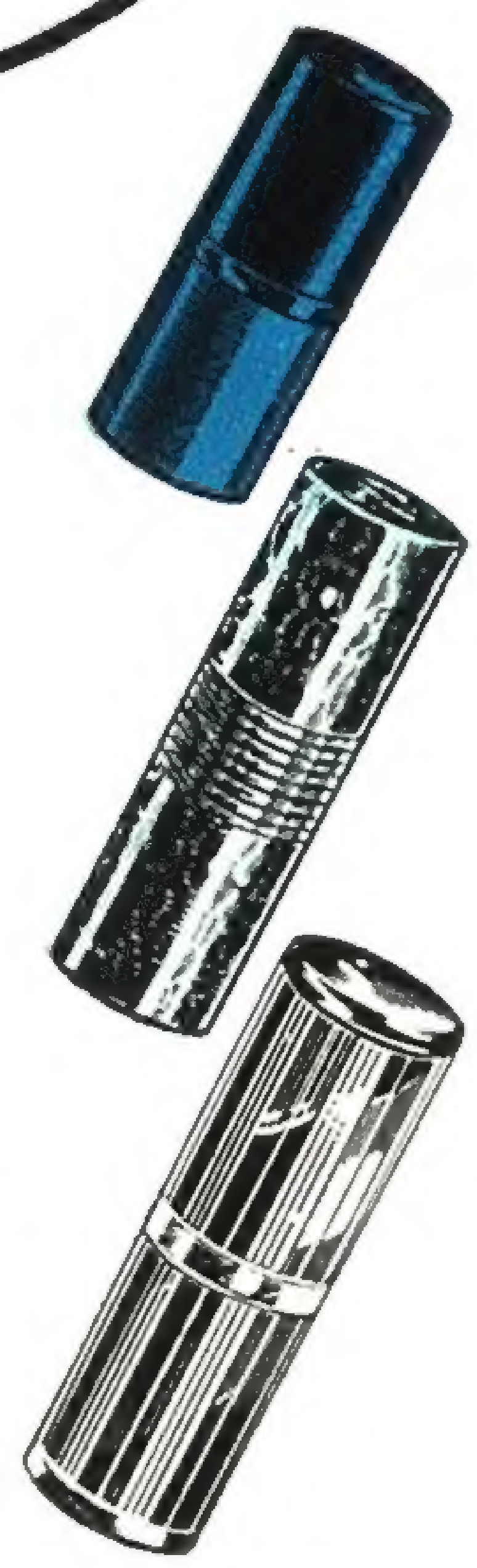


YOU'LL DO WELL to keep an eye on your linings when you buy clothing. The lining counts—mightily. It influences directly the fit and feel and looks of your garment. And in fit, feel and looks—all three—Skinner linings always give you all there is to get.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, 45 EAST 17TH ST., NEW YORK


NO BATTERIES, NO FLAME, NO BUTTONS, NO WHEELS, NO SMOLDERING WICK, NO ODOR, NO TASTE
-and now
COLD HEAT
HERE'S A MATCHLESS GIFT FOR ANY CIGARETTE SMOKER

Light without Flame
Touch cigarette to the lighter's tip—puff and smoke . . . that's all.



GLOLITE MIDGET $1.00—All Glolite models in meerschaum finish Plascon in colors. This model also sold at all golf clubs.

GLOLITE $2.50—Sold at all finer stores.

LEKTROLITE $5 AND UP—Sold at all finer stores. In fine metal and enamel finish also sterling silver and 14 kt. gold models up to $300.

★ ★ ★ as mysterious as the Northern lights

You have long been acquainted with "canned heat", but here is a heat that is "uncanny". A light for your cigaret in the strongest breeze by just removing the cap of the LEKTROLITE. No buttons, no wheels, no flame, no smoldering wick, no odor, no taste, but an instant light without effort on your part. First puff enjoyment without sulphur fumes or mechanical crankiness. You will pardon us if we do not explain the secret of LEKTROLITE, for that is the veiled mystery we preciously guard.

★ ★ AS COLD AS THE NORTH POLE ★ ★

Fitting snugly in the smallest of pockets this little cylinder is as cool an article of craftsmanship as could be desired. No batteries, no burning flame, but nevertheless packed with mysterious heat for your cigaret tip. Eyebrows and lashes remain intact after a LEKTROLITE contact. Fingers are never smudged nor scorched. The two new little brothers of LEKTROLITE now make their bow—GLOLITE and GLOLITE MIDGET. Their price is in ratio to their size, the three ranging $1.00, $2.50 and $5.00. More expensive models in all three run accordingly.

★ ★ AS CONSTANT AS THE NORTH STAR ★ ★

These little lighters go to market—with our GUARANTEE. They will not fail. A flameless light ever at your command. They all are flawless and perfected. As a gift, favor or prize they will meet with enthusiastic appreciation. The novelty of operation will be replaced by satisfaction as constant use proves its usefulness.

★

TO OWNERS OF THE 1933 MODEL LEKTROLITE

80% trade in allowance will be given to purchasers of 1934 model Lektrolites if they bring in their old 1933 models. A splendid opportunity to save and own the newest.

For sale at your favorite haberdasher, druggist, golf club, jeweler or direct from: PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Enclosed find $________for which send me No.________

GLOLITE MIDGET GLOLITE LEKTROLITE

MY DEALER'S NAME IS________
MY NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY________STATE________

THE PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., 521 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED UNDER LEKTROLITE PATENTS

WHAT WHISKEY MAKES THE BEST MANHATTAN?

Four Roses Whiskey
A Blend

OF course, we're prejudiced. But there are thousands of Manhattan lovers who will agree with us—that the very finest Manhattan Cocktail is the one that has Four Roses Whiskey as its base.

For Four Roses has that fragrance and mellowness that give a drink the full flavor and satiny smoothness that cocktail-connoisseurs seek.

You see, there's no raw green whiskey in Four Roses. It is made today as it was in the old days—blended with the finest whiskies, aged by Father Time himself in charred oak barrels.

It costs more to make Four Roses this way, but the extra cost is more than justified—in taste, in bouquet, and in the absence of headaches.

Four Roses is made by Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization. It comes bottled *only* in full measure packages, and sealed in the exclusive Frankfort Pack that makes tampering or adulteration impossible.

For a smooth Manhattan

Dash Angostura Bitters
⅔ Four Roses Whiskey
⅓ Italian Vermouth

Stir well in ice, strain into cocktail glass, serve with cherry.

If you like your Manhattan still dryer, substitute French Vermouth for Italian. If it's too dry for you, make it half and half, Four Roses and Italian Vermouth.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

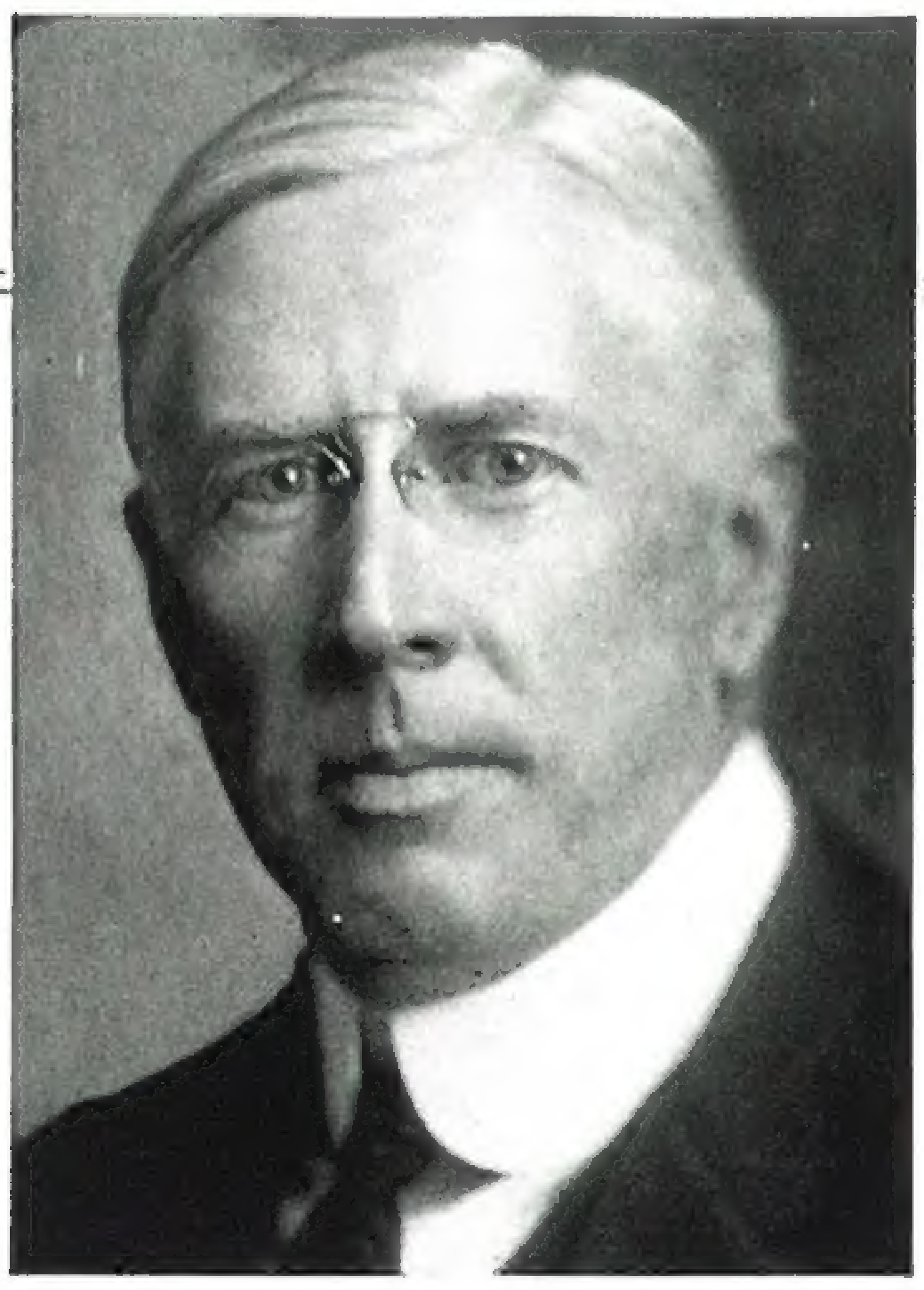
FOUR ROSES

MADE BY
FRANKFORT
DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED
Louisville, Ky. Baltimore, Md.

Four other famous Frankfort whiskies
PAUL JONES
OLD OSCAR PEPPER
ANTIQUE MEADVILLE

"There are two conspicuous prophets in the land. There is . . . Mark Sullivan . . . then there is Walter Lippmann."

Frank H. Simonds in an article, "A Youth Revolution in America?" in the New York Herald Tribune Magazine, April 8th, 1934.



MARK SULLIVAN

WALTER LIPPMANN

It is significant that both of these men hailed as major prophets by Mr. Simonds are New York Herald Tribune writers. Each of them presents his own interpretations of events in the pages of this newspaper. Although their philosophies and their points of view may be different on many subjects, they are both authentic spokesmen for the trend of events in this country. They present the case for the two sides of important questions which fair-minded Americans have always recognized and respected. Mark Sullivan's articles appear in the Herald Tribune on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday; Walter Lippmann's on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

WEAVING THE SPRING OF LIFE INTO DEAD FABRIC

A 10,000 year dream of clothes comfort come true

When primitive man first appropriated the leopard's sleek and supple coat, he found on his own shoulders a rigid material whose vitality had gone forever. Ever since, man has been dreaming and scheming to wear clothes that would mould themselves to his figure, that would yield to every movement, yet always come back to their original shape. Now modern man, thanks to "Lastex," the new elastic yarn, realizes the ancient longing, not only in his coat, but in everything he wears. In his suits for dress, business and sport, in his shirts, collars, ties, hosiery, underwear, garters, belts, suspenders — even his shoe laces — the dream is made real. "Lastex" gives him a better fit and longer wear, combined with an amazing comfort and freedom. You will be surprised to see the variety of articles for men — and for women and children, too — now on sale in leading stores, each doing its bit to humor the wistful gentleman behind the bush.

NRA

Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

TRUST IT . . FOR IT'S *Cadillac* BUILT

You will feel much more at *ease* in the beautiful streamlined La Salle than you have *ever* felt in other automobiles. . . . You will experience greater *mental* comfort and greater *physical* comfort as well. . . . You will have the same feeling of assurance whether you happen to be parking at a fashionable club—or traveling over a rough road—or climbing a steep mountain trail far from human habitation. . . . In all of these situations, *peace of mind* is the constant companion of the man or woman who drives a new streamlined La Salle. . . . You can trust it implicitly —for it is Cadillac-built.

La Salle

$1595 AND $1695
AT DETROIT
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches *by* Fellows and Hurd, beginning on page 83

John Groth, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for the unknown writer's chance Mr. Upton Sinclair is said to have said, in one of the journals of the writing trade, that young writers are wasting their time trying to place their work with Esquire. No possible comment on Esquire could be more completely cockeyed. In the listing above you will find three names that are appearing in publication print for the first time. They are Ashley Buck, Guido D'Agostino and Alan Barth. You will find at least a dozen other names that are comparatively unknown. Call this magazine a pillar of capitalism and we'll feel flattered. Call it a hotbed of radicalism and we'll only grin. Call it offensively immoral and we won't care much, although we may suspect your honesty. But call it a closed door to young and unknown talent and we'll rear up on our corporate hind legs. Esquire alone among national magazines has completely abandoned the printed rejection slip, deeming it worth while, for the sake of encouragement of talent, to return unavailable scripts with brief but frank pencilled comment rather than with the customary stereotyped letter of regret couched in terms of hollow praise. Swing again, Mr. Sinclair—that one's foul by yards.

As for Esquire's moral tone The endorsement of the Boy Scouts or the Campfire Girls, or even of the Federation of Women's Clubs, has never been Esquire's objective. This magazine set out, in the first place, to attempt to be all things to all men and chose to seek that goal by the means of an editorial content sufficiently large to permit of a wide range of subject matter and a great diversity of appeals to the different tastes of various types of men. That we have not shot far wide of the target is evidenced by the fact that many ministers read Esquire and comment favorably upon it. We do not interpret this as praise for *all* of the magazine's contents; we know that there are many features in each issue which may possess no appeal for men of that type. But we do see it as a sign that professional men of God are far less inclined to indulge in the old wail of the Bluenose than are the laymen whose chief indoor sport is that of being "shocked" by things they don't happen to like. Esquire has been responsive to criticism from its inception. But may we remind you that criticism, to carry weight, must be based on what the magazine is, and not on what it never intended to be? In other words, before you take us to task for including cartoons that are (or should be) over the head of little Johnny aged nine, you take another look at the qualifying caption which appears beneath the magazine's title.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WERE YOU SMILING, MR. MAPES?

In the June number a man by the name of D. Roland Mapes of New York City criticized me for my criticism of the negro Langston Hughes' story. I think this New Yorker might have been a little more courteous and gentlemanly in his letter of denunciation of someone he knows nothing about, it is cowardly, mean and contemptible for any one to insult a person, unless he is on the spot to back up his opinion, and as New York is about seven or eight hundred miles from Charleston, South Carolina, D. Roland Mapes can be very knightly courageous.

I would like the Editor of Esquire to give me D. Roland Mapes' New York address—street and number, as the writer expects on his next trip north to call on this gentleman and find out exactly what he means by trying to throw mud in the public press against the character of someone that was only giving the Editor and readers of Esquire his honest opinion about the story Langston Hughes wrote.

The writer feels that D. Roland Mapes must have lost every spark of decency, if he ever had any in his make-up, he should try to be a gentleman, if that is possible.

It is a pleasure to read letters of criticism on the different articles in Esquire. This is a big country and we are raised in entirely different surroundings, but we can always try to be gentlemen and not injure the feelings of others because they do not see things in the same light as we do.

I don't believe the Editor or the publisher of Esquire want any bitter personality used in the "Sound and Fury" pages, and the writer will let this pass until I can see the party soon in New York and we can settle the matter on the spot. I hope to be in New York about the end of June or around the first part of July. So Mr. Editor of Esquire it would be a great favor you would be doing the writer if you will give me D. Roland Mapes' street name and number in the city of New York. I know the metropolis like a jay bird knows the corn patch, and I won't find any trouble in locating this man who is not a gentleman, or he never would have written such a letter in Esquire that came out in the June number.

I think Esquire has improved greatly, it will continue to do so, if you cut out all letters dealing in personalities, and see that your readers can express themselves freely on the article published, and not have some ignorant man up in New York (of course one don't look for gentlemanly qualities in a Yankee, such characteristics are foreign to most of the ones I have met), but when D. Roland Mapes tries to insult a Southerner and get away with it, he is like the old possum dog out in the cypress swamp—"he is barking up the wrong tree." He is following a dangerous trail.

John Grimball Wilkins
Charleston, South Carolina
"America's Most Historic City"

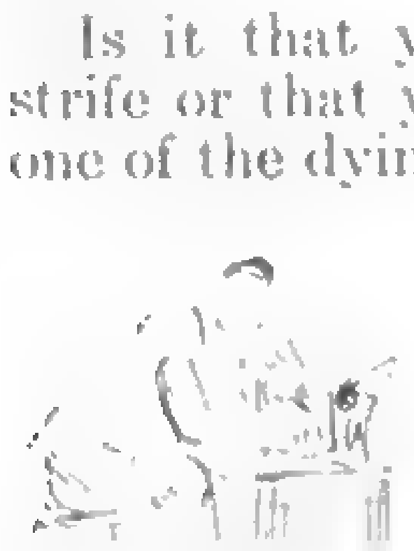
Editor's Note: The "Sound and the Fury" is meant to be an open forum where readers may express their opinions not only of us but also of each other. Esquire cannot, however, act as intermediary for either duels or fist-fights—though the idea is undeniably attractive.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE CITIES

I

I am curious to know what motivated your publication of E. H. Cole's letter in the current (Hoff) number.

Is it that you wanted to stir up internecine strife or that you wanted to air your discovery of one of the dying race of commuters who are of the opinion that life is extinct outside the environs of New York (an outgrowth of Ellis Island).



You undoubtedly will get many letters from Chicagoans and other middle Westerners, who, aside from sectional pride, will resent the waste of good white space on the asinine drivel of so provincial a mind as Mr. Cole obviously possesses.

I could point out, but shall not, that some of the best "torpedoes" who gave Chicago her reputation, were spawned in and imported from Hell's Kitchen and the Five Points, which I believe are in New York.

Does it occur to Mr. Cole that New York is only the crust on the pie that is Odd McIntyre, the filling is Gallipolis, Ohio. And many more Eastern literati can be cited as emanating from the sticks.

Nuts to Mr. Cole and Phooey to you for letting him in. If you ever fall for the sophistries of people of his ilk and publish from New York, I'm going to let you keep the remaining issues of my subscription with instructions to use them for a function for which its glossy finish renders it practically useless.

Esquire is going places and mainly because it has behind it the same spirit that has brought Chicago from a sprawling prairie village to the metropolis it now is and whose influence is felt all over the civilized world in every field of endeavor. So, it behooves you to ride with the winner.

Yours very truly,
3163 Pine Grove Ave., Jos. E. Idzal
Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Note: How do you like the current (Campbell) number?

II

Too bad, E. H. Cole! Your irritating letter merely amuses those who know Chicago, and those lucky ones who reside there. Not that we intend starting a feud over the relative merits of New York and Chicago—they are too well known for us to bother! Nevertheless—when were you here last? Probably in the halcyon days of the nineties. No doubt you were born in the West, and the newly-found glitter of Broadway has impressed you unduly. Wake up, old timer! New York is no longer the acme of everything! You are the type of show-off American that cultured Europeans object to when they see them even at a distance.

So—come to Chicago some time. We'll be glad to forget our known courtesy, for once, and, after letting you see what a beautiful city looks like, give you a hearty Bronx cheer and send you back to your lousy, noisy, good-for-a-visit New York!

Chicago, Ill. R. S. Gaines

III

I have just finished reading a letter printed in your publication and signed E. H. Cole of New York City, who offers the suggestion to move the Esquire offices to New York and away from "a hick town like Chicago."

I am a Chicagoan and the only reason I am here in New York is that my work brings me here at times only, thank goodness! *This* is Hicksville, America in its highest, who know what their population want in the line of entertainment—flea circuses, street fakirs and the like.

As far as crime is concerned, it seems to me that New York City has taken the play away from Chicago with all their hoodlums on the loose and killing policemen. To date not even a suspect has been arrested. No, the city's "finest" are too busy chasing little babies off the grass in Central Park. So in conclusion, if your magazine can afford to waste perfectly good space on a letter like E. H. Cole's, then I can afford to take time out to write this to you.

Your magazine has done very nicely so far in the "city of hogs and cattle," as E. H. Cole calls it, who besides being a very narrow-minded New Yorker, must be a vegetarian.

Yours very truly,
New York City, New York Sam Rosey

IV

Being a good Christian and loving my neighbors, it is with this spirit that I admonish E. H. Cole never to leave New York. Think of the terrible disillusion awaiting him should he ever leave N. Y. and discover that West of N. Y. the country isn't entirely populated by Indians. This disappointment may be more than he can bear but then if he has already withstood the shock of discovering that there isn't any Santa Claus perhaps he can bear up under this disappointment also.

His tremendous mental capacity is borne out by the fact that he mentions your styles appear to be of N. Y. origin. One can see how difficult this must have been of solution especially since you mention in each issue that fashions appearing in Esquire originate in N. Y.

For the holier than thou attitude he assumes when speaking of Chicago gun men, I place the blame and responsibility upon his parents. They evidently never told him about N. Y. gangs and gun men.

Perhaps the reason for N. Y. not being a city of hogs and cattle (the variety termed lower mammals by us humans) is that hogs and cattle (aforementioned variety) could not stand the New Yorker's hot air, boasting and ballyhoo.

Sincerely,
Louisville, Ky. B. Labus

Editor's Note: Esquire's organization (and floor space) is divided approximately half and half between Chicago and New York. Have a good war—Esquire can't help remaining neutral.

SOME DO . . .

I've received three copies of Esquire to date and think it's the best magazine I've ever read; good cartoons, good fiction, good styles department, good humor, good poetry—GOOD MAGAZINE. No complaints.

Here's to you,
Westmount, N. J. John E. Jakway

AND SOME DON'T . . .

You have sent me two copies of your "Magazine for Men." Don't send any more. If you are making a magazine for the men who patronize bawdy houses, I should say you are doing a good job. I happen not to be that kind of man and your stuff simply disgusts me.

Very truly yours,
Chester, Pa. Henry C. Vedder

THIS MONTH SMITH, NEXT HAGEN

"I might add that I'm all for this grand magazine from The Sound & The Fury through to the last 'ad'." Speaking of "ads" let me congratulate you for getting the jump on other publications in this respect. I notice that we fortunate subscribers are getting a real preview of these smart "ads," weeks in advance and here's one who appreciates it!

I'll go on record as an enthusiastic booster for these ultra modern and snappy cartoons and your ever interesting stories.

Am hoping soon to see an article or two by Bobby Jones, Craig Wood or Johnny Farrell. After all—what's any magazine without a little space devoted to that greatest of all sports—golf.

Norwalk, Conn. Carlton C. Ide

WE SAY ES*QUIRE*

How about the correct pronunciation of "Esquire" while "Sounding & Furying?" In Europe we say Es*quire*, in America *Es*quire, whilst the general trend is apparently towards the acquired English for radio, etc.; let's have the editor's opinion.

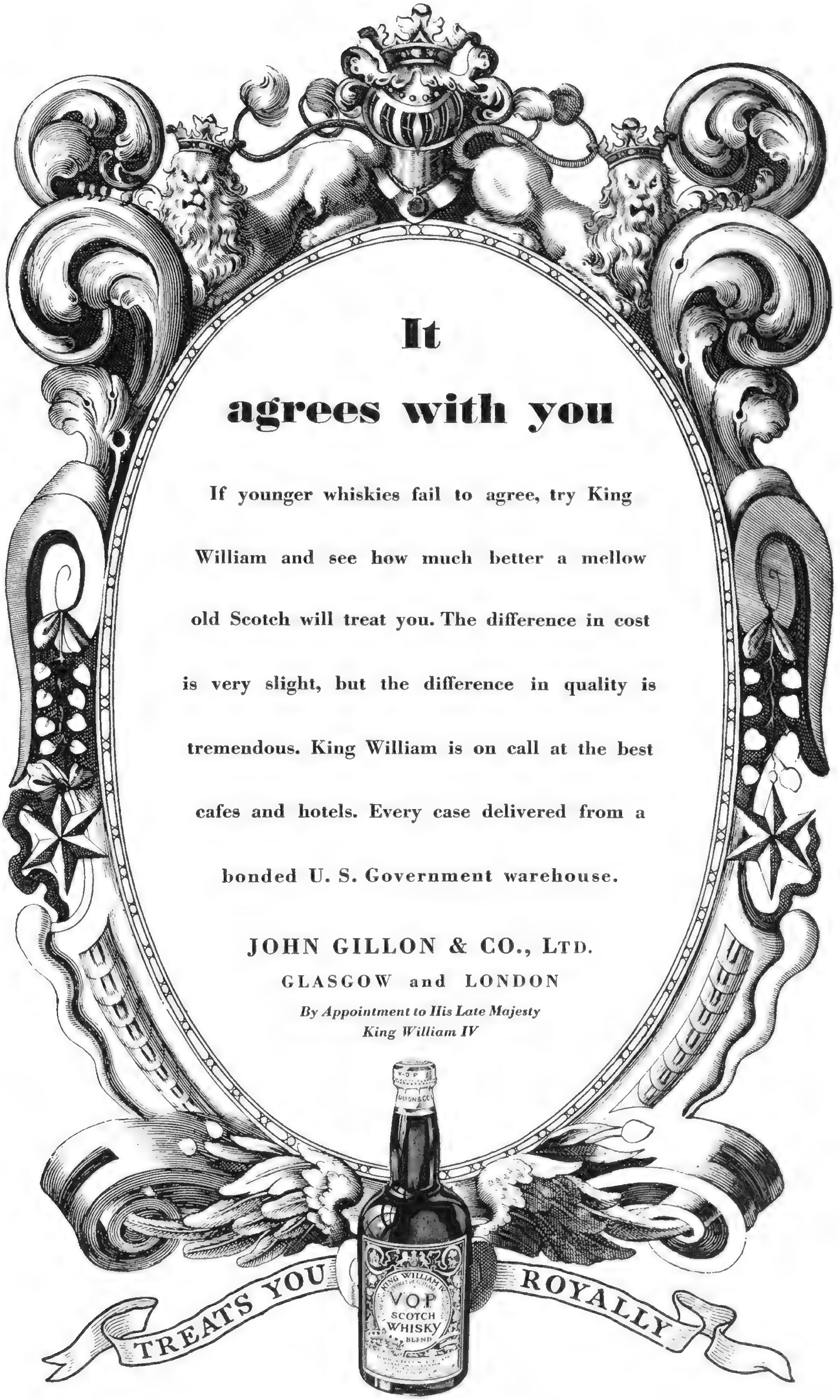
Good luck,
Seattle, Wash. Nell Stevens Bates

JUST CALL US *THE NEW MESSES*

I like your magazine. Sometimes I think it is too much like the Saturday Evening Post, and then again I find it a cross between the New Yorker and the New Masses, with a dash of the American Mercury. I like your selection of writers and artists. Langston Hughes in my estimation has yet to write any bad stuff; his verse has been excellent, and his novel and short stories have been swell; Langston Hughes, Conroy, Caldwell, and Dos Passos, are indications of a healthy American literature. It has been written by various critics that America and Russia are the two cultural hopes of the world; politically, Russia has advanced far beyond us; Russia has also beaten us in the field of education, but I think it is safe to say that our art and literature of recent years has advanced to a point where, in literature at least, we have no danger of contest. Esquire has been of service in publishing the work of known and unknown writers, and I for one, would regret to see a magazine of this type destroyed by a Fascist dictatorship, and hope you continue in spite of our contagious crisis that threatens to wipe all our smiles away. I like the cartoons by E. Simms Campbell; not only because he shows that a Negro has as much sense (and more) and ability as my illiterate, Nordic citizens, but because his gags are earthy, and American, and funny, and will help Americans towards a more logical, and sensible approach towards hilarious problems that are often dismissed because of the bugaboo of "sex." I long for the day when Americans will call a mistress a mistress, and reach for a sweet instead of the shotgun when Mr. X has a date with Mr. Y's wife while Mr. Y is taking the maid to the movies. Of course I am a very unmoral, and very undesirable citizen, so my opinions may not have any value to any one outside of the readers of Esquire. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Cordially,
Alexandria, Va. John C. Rogers

Continued on page 15



It agrees with you

If younger whiskies fail to agree, try King William and see how much better a mellow old Scotch will treat you. The difference in cost is very slight, but the difference in quality is tremendous. King William is on call at the best cafes and hotels. Every case delivered from a bonded U. S. Government warehouse.

JOHN GILLON & CO., LTD.
GLASGOW and LONDON
By Appointment to His Late Majesty
King William IV

KING WILLIAM IV V·O·P SCOTCH WHISKY

Sole U. S. Distributor • BLUEBELL IMPORTING CORPORATION, Graybar Building, New York

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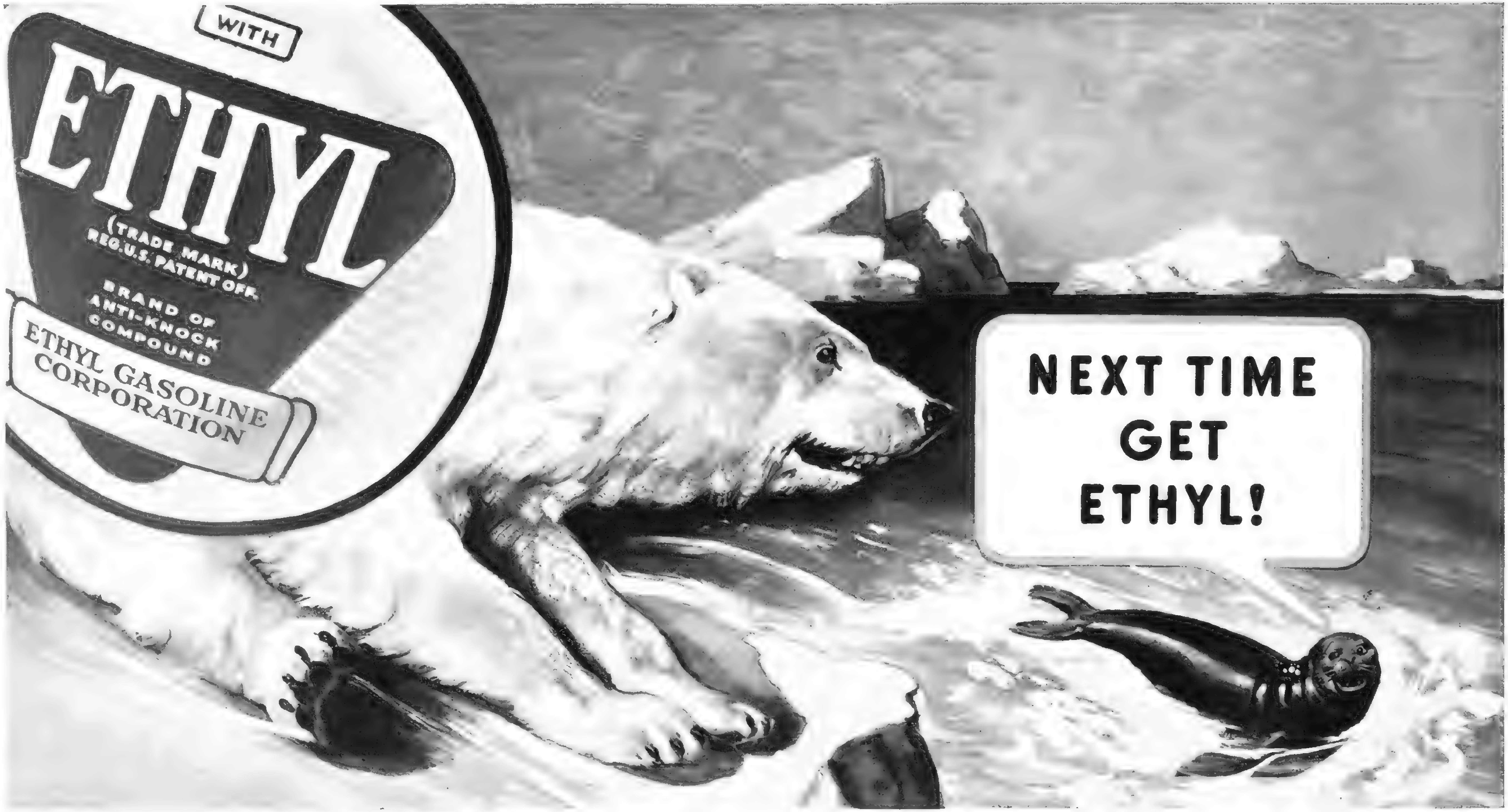
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ETHYL
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BRAND OF
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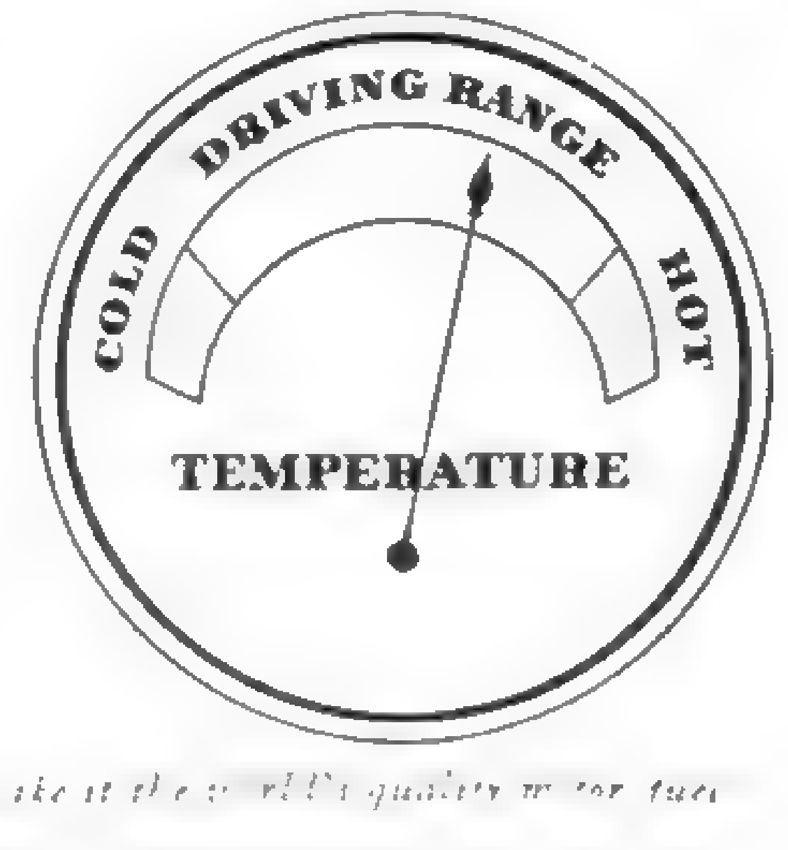
NEXT TIME
GET
ETHYL!

WATCH YOUR GAUGE!

Warm weather increases the knocking tendency of gasoline. And knocking causes overheating, with all the real damage that so frequently results. Avoid the dangers of hot weather driving by using Ethyl exclusively. It's the *coolest* fuel for summer. Your temperature gauge will prove it.


COLD
DRIVING RANGE
HOT
TEMPERATURE

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

DO YOU KNOW that Ethyl will keep your car running cooler this summer and help prevent the danger and damage of overheating?

Scientific tests and the experience of car owners prove that Ethyl is the coolest of all motor fuels. That's because the Ethyl fluid turns more of the gasoline's energy into power and sends less waste heat into the cooling system.

Whether you are "taxi-ing" your car round town or pushing it on long trips, you'll find Ethyl an economical protection against the hazards of hot weather and a means of better all-round performance. With the price now down to only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline, Ethyl's advantages cost less, on the average, than $1 a month! Next time get Ethyl!

THE COOLEST FUEL FOR SUMMER DRIVING

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

A PLOT A MONTH: WE PROMISE

I am a reader and admirer of ESQUIRE. I read it every month and think it is the best publication on the market today. Frankly, it is in a class all by itself. It is different from all other magazines, so try to keep it that way.

One of the best features of ESQUIRE is the Trends in Dress. But all of the fashions you show are of the East. The South is not so extreme in its dress as the East and for that reason alone your styles are doing us very little good. Why not feature some styles that would be appropriate to wear in the Southland? I think you would find it to meet the approval of your many Southern readers.

At the same time you might publish stories that at least have a point to them. The majority of your stories to date have been very much without a plot. Keep up the sport articles, they are enjoyable.

Sincerely yours,

Chattanooga, Tenn. JOE DAVE ROBINSON

OR MAYBE WE CAN . . .

My! What flattery George Petty gives the female form! . . . and then portrays the male in caricature. Still and all, they're a good combination.

Quite an unusual story by Robert Snider, in the June ESQUIRE. You seem to be very successful in your choice of *unknown* writers. One way of giving the boys a break.

I can't seem to find anything to criticise, but maybe I can do better, or worse, next month.

Sincerely,

Cleveland, O. ELMER W. ROYER

THE UNKNOWN RAYMOND KNIGHT

Page 12, June issue. If ESQUIRE articles written to order, for Heaven's sake order no more from the unknown Raymond Knight, for they are unfunny, stupid, dull, inane, forced, childish, moronic. . . . Spaeth, "All American Music Team, 1933-34" marks his intelligence not as infallible as he would have us believe, owing to glaring omission of Conrad Thibault who has one of the most beautiful radio voices in United States. Encomiums of Crooks should have included "applesauce," for his voice is whining and white and he scoops more often than not. Nelson Eddy very half-baked, production faulty, interpretation shallow, little art as yet. Concur 100% in opinion of John Charles Thomas. . . . Your advertising marvelous, articles usually good, but your cartoons smack too much of early Police Gazette.

Portland, Ore. HALL WILSON

MOVE OVER, PAUL BUNYAN

Let Joseph Schrank be nominated as the logical, legitimate and worthy successor to Paul Bunyan of blessed memory. And in the event that, as he protests, he is sick of writing about Paris, turn him loose in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or points west. After his rapturous legends have been compiled into a mighty tome, phlegmatic Posterity can point to Charlie Harris and say, "There was a *man*."

Boston, Mass. ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT

CALIFORNIA SAYS YES . . .

ESQUIRE is the best magazine I have ever read. I have every issue so far and I am going to have them bound.

"Little Angevine" by William McFee was great! Let's have more of these two part stories.

Best of luck from the West, "where the rattlesnakes carry their own canteens."

Yours very truly,

Fresno, Calif. BARR SHELTON

KOREA SAYS NO . . .

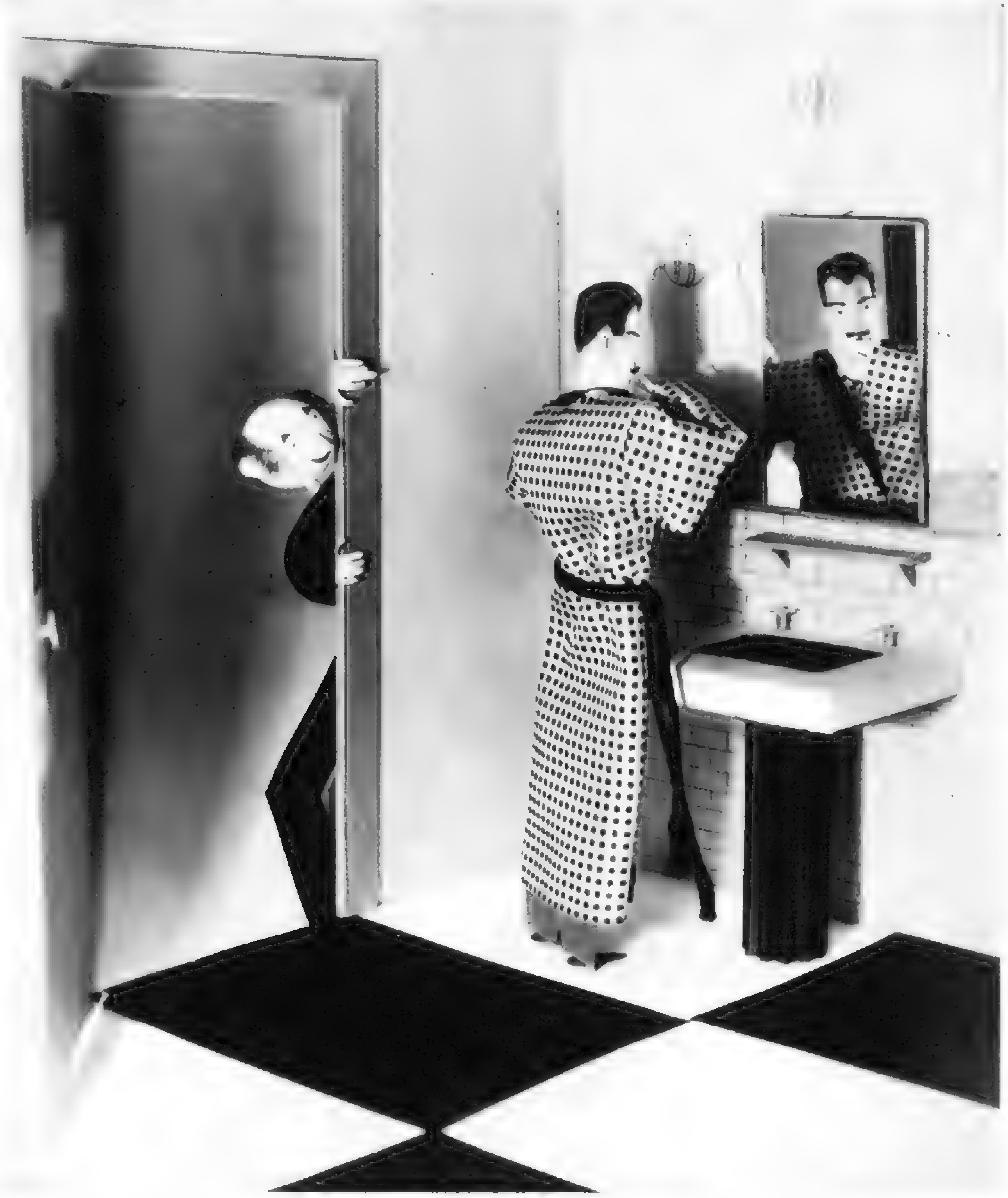
Among the many good points of ESQUIRE was one of all short stories—and "no" continued. And in my last issue I note that you've a continued story in it. What say—we get together on this and put a stop to it. For I don't believe the average chap likes them. I for one detest the damn things.

ESQUIRE is quite popular here in our little district. My issues, after reading them, go to Taiyudong, from there to Keijo, needless to say they come back in tatters. I can't wish you success, for you've got it, so I'll just say—

More power to ESQUIRE,

Hokuchin, Unsankinko J. HETHERINGTON KEENE
Chosen (Korea)

Continued on page 158



SPEAKING OF MILLIONAIRE BARBERS

This gentleman used to insist that his valet do the carving. After a particularly inelegant wound on the morning of the horse show, he decided to take up shaving as a personal hobby—limiting the art, of course, to his own map. Now he considers himself the most skilful practitioner in the States. Be that as it may, his tools, characteristically, are the choicest. Barbasol, creamy and competent, soothes his jibs and his temper, every morning. Barbasol Blades (twenty-five cents for five) fleetly amputate the stubble. Two priceless morning minutes per diem are salvaged for great affairs! He is a happier man—and so is his valet.

BARBASOL

Barbasol
Barb

Barbasol presents EDWIN C. HILL,
news commentator, C. B. S.
See local newspapers for time

FOR MODERN SHAVING: NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Since his return from Africa, **Ernest Hemingway** has bought a new boat to use in fishing the coasts of Florida and Cuba. Accordingly, his next piece for Esquire will be a fishy instead of a shooty.

•

Anything you don't know about **Scott** and **Zelda Fitzgerald,** after reading this month's intimate addition to their joint journal, is certainly none of your business.

•

We wish we could tell you something about **Martin Storm** because we fully expect that his story, *A Shipment of Mute Fate*, on page 24, will have you out in the aisles if anything in this issue will, but all we know about him is his name, which sounds Anglo-Saxon, and his address, which isn't—his story having come to us from Uruapan, Mich, Mexico.

•

André Maurois is the name by which an unknown Frenchman, **Emile Herzog,** has become familiar to readers, and lecture goers, in France, England, and America.

•

John Groth is still on his way to Russia, a London stopover having been stretched, since the middle of April, into the semblance of a residence.

•

Bertrand Russell is described by **Burton Rascoe** as "a thin, wiry man, a little below medium height, with a hatchet face, furrowed cheeks, a Scot's complexion, and a heavy shock of white hair, who looks a little like Henry Ford."

•

Although **Arnold Zweig** had been writing for publication since 1910, he did not become known to American readers until 1928, when *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* became an international best seller.

•

Ernest Boyd is one of the editors of *The American Spectator*. He is an Irishman, born in Dublin, who served in the British Consular service from 1913 until 1920, since which time he has lived in New York. He is conversant with a dozen languages and has translated from the French, German, and Italian for Esquire.

•

Emil Ludwig, as an exile from Nazi Germany, is particularly well fitted to write of the plight of political exiles, as he does on page 36.

•

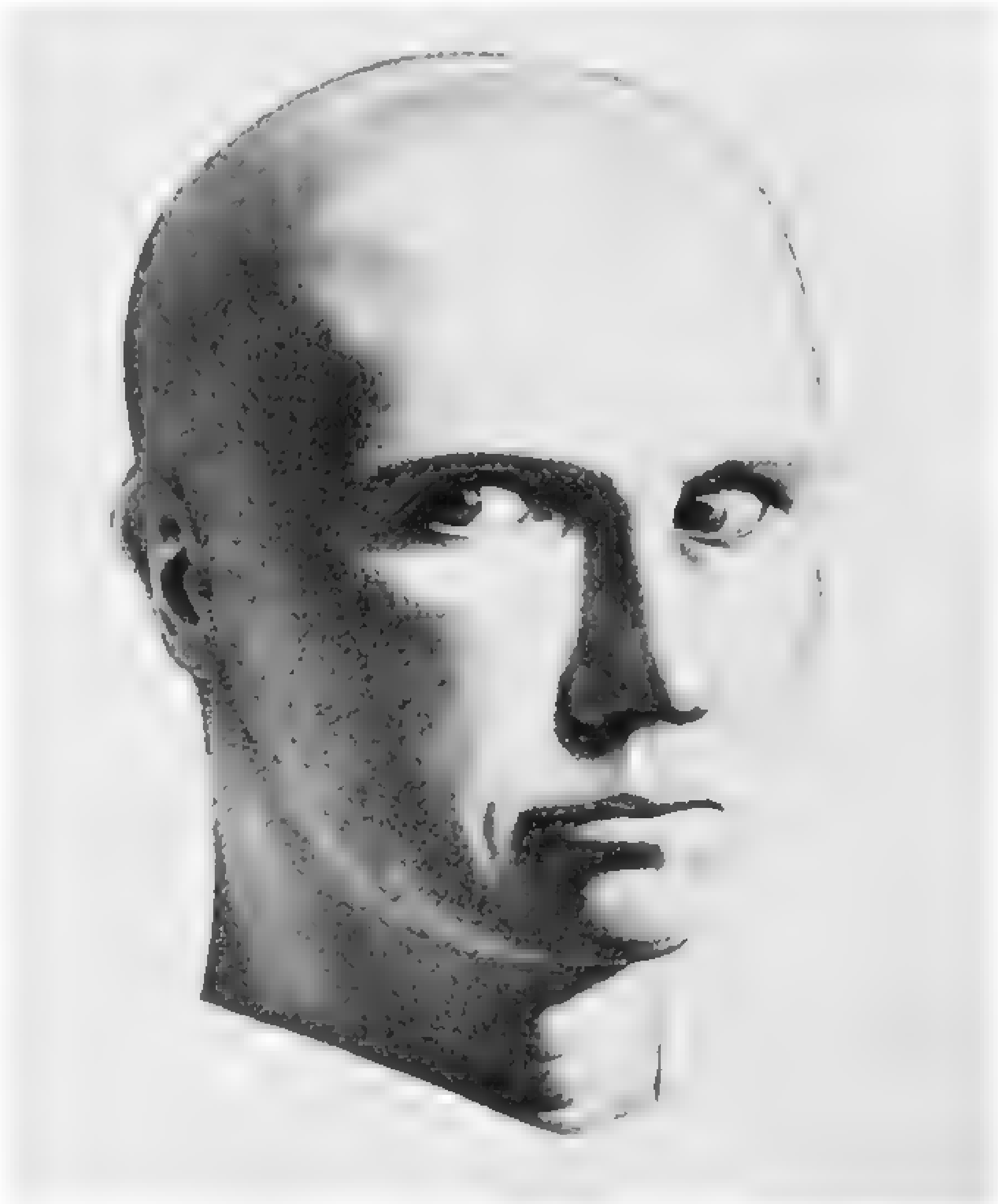
Guido D'Agostino was a copywriter for an advertising agency for four years, until the depression put the firm on the rocks. "Now I spend my time in the country, hunting with my beautiful hounds and writing what I feel like writing and sending the things out and receiving rejection slips in return."

Guido D'Agostino

Alan Barth, upon being asked to give his background, finds it embarrassingly undramatic; "Andover, Class of '24, Yale, Class of '29; the year's discrepancy between the graduation dates is to be accounted for not by the supposition that I wasn't awfully bright, but by the fact that somewhere in between I journeyed round the world; the tour was guardedly educational."

•

Rockwell Kent will do a series of three stories of Greenland, illustrated in black and white and full color, the first of which begins on page 23 of this issue, the other two being scheduled for August and September. Mr. Kent would be better known as an author if it were not for the fact that he is world famous as an artist. He is the author of three books of adventure, *Wilderness*, 1920; *Voyaging*, 1924; and *N by E*, 1930. He lives in the Adirondacks near Ausable Forks.



A LITHOGRAPH BY ROCKWELL KENT COURTESY OF E. WEYHE

Rockwell Kent: *Self Portrait*

William March is the author of *Company K*, a war book published last year, and of *Come In at the Door*, a novel published late this spring.

•

Gregory Mason is an anthropologist who has organized and led several expeditions to Central America. He is the author of *Green Gold of Yucatan*, *Silver Cities of Yucatan*, and *Columbus Came Late*. From 1914 to 1918 he was a war correspondent.

•

Courtney Ryley Cooper has been a contributor to the magazines since 1912. At one time he was a press agent, two of his employers in this field having been the Sells Floto Circus and Colonel W. F. Cody, better remembered as Buffalo Bill. Most of his writings about outdoor life in Canada have been done on assignment for The Saturday Evening Post. Inadvertently, the credit line was omitted from the photographs accompanying Mr. Cooper's article. They are by William B. Robinson.

•

Ray Jones is a past president and present chairman of the tennis committee of the Louisville Boat Club which annually holds the Kentucky State Tennis championship. He has been in charge of this tournament for several years.

•

Hans Groenhoff is the brother of the late Gunter Groenhoff, the German glider pilot who established several world records which still stand. His article on sailflight, which appears on page 48, is based on his own active participation in this sport as well as on his brother's experiences. He lives in New York.

•

Robert Ordway Foote is the sports editor of The Pasadena Star-News.

•

Jim Tully is back home in California. His article on **Diego Rivera,** the fruit of his recent visit to Mexico, will appear in the August issue.

This month's **Discovery Title** must be split three ways, as three of the stories in this issue are first published appearances. This is the sort of thing that doesn't happen often but the fact that it can happen ought to put a crimp in the case of those kibitzers who have accused us so frequently of being blinded by "Names" in the selection of material. Anyway, assuming that you couldn't guess, the three firsts are **Alan Barth, Guido D'Agostino** and **Ashley Buck.**

•

Although **Luigi Pirandello** published twenty volumes of short stories and three novels between 1890 and 1915, he is best known for his plays, which he began writing after the war. *Six Characters in Search of an Author* caused a riot with its first presentation in Rome in 1921, but has subsequently been played in fifteen languages. *As You Desire Me*, another Pirandello play, was made into a movie for Greta Garbo. Pirandello lived a hermit-like existence as a professor until he was 54, after which, with the success of his play, he became very much the man of the world, attending premières by plane, and keeping constantly on the go.

•

Lord Dunsany, the eighteenth Baron Plunkett, is one of the chief figures of modern Irish literature. His plays, first produced by William Butler Yeats at the Abbey Theatre, have since been staged in many countries. Although he is said to boast of the fact that 97% of his life has been spent out of doors, he has managed, in the other 3%, to run up a list of titles much too long to be reproduced here.

•

John D. Morse obtained the wherewithal for the European trip on which he developed the gambling system, described on page 66, for his work in editing the year book at the University of Illinois in 1927. When the system went haywire, he and his traveling companion returned to New York as deck hands. He is now a tutor at the University of Illinois.

•

Cary Kerner lost his job as a bookkeeper two years ago and has divided his time between writing and photography since. He has had enough success in both fields to make him thankful that the depression came along when it did. He lives in Los Angeles.

•

Eldon Roark is a columnist on the Memphis Press-Scimitar. He has written a number of short newspaper features about the exploits of H. E. ("He") Mann, but this is the first time that a comprehensive article has been devoted to this strange hero of the sports world.

•

Roy Nelson, whose illustrations have been a feature of Esquire since the first issue, is a young Chicago artist who, after a brief sojourn in Europe, joined the staff of The Chicago Daily News, whose pages are regularly enlivened by his caricatures and humorous illustrations.

Roy Nelson

Continued on page 156

"Canadian Club" Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
U.S. QUART
Hiram Walker's
TRIPLE DISTILLED
FORMULA
NDON DRY GIN

"CANADIAN CLUB"

WHETHER conviviality begins before the first tee . . . or after the eighteenth hole . . . "Canadian Club" adds to the pleasure. It is so rich and mellow—so distinctive in flavor . . . so thoroughly a quality product, that it is everywhere preferred by those who appreciate the really fine things in life. Back of it is the 75 years' experience of one of the world's leading distillers. Attesting its age is the Canadian government's official stamp which seals each bottle. You will like Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, too, as well as other Hiram Walker products, including several fine brands of moderate-priced blended whiskies.

Be sure to visit the Hiram Walker Exhibit in the "Canadian Club" Cafe at the Century of Progress in Chicago

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO • PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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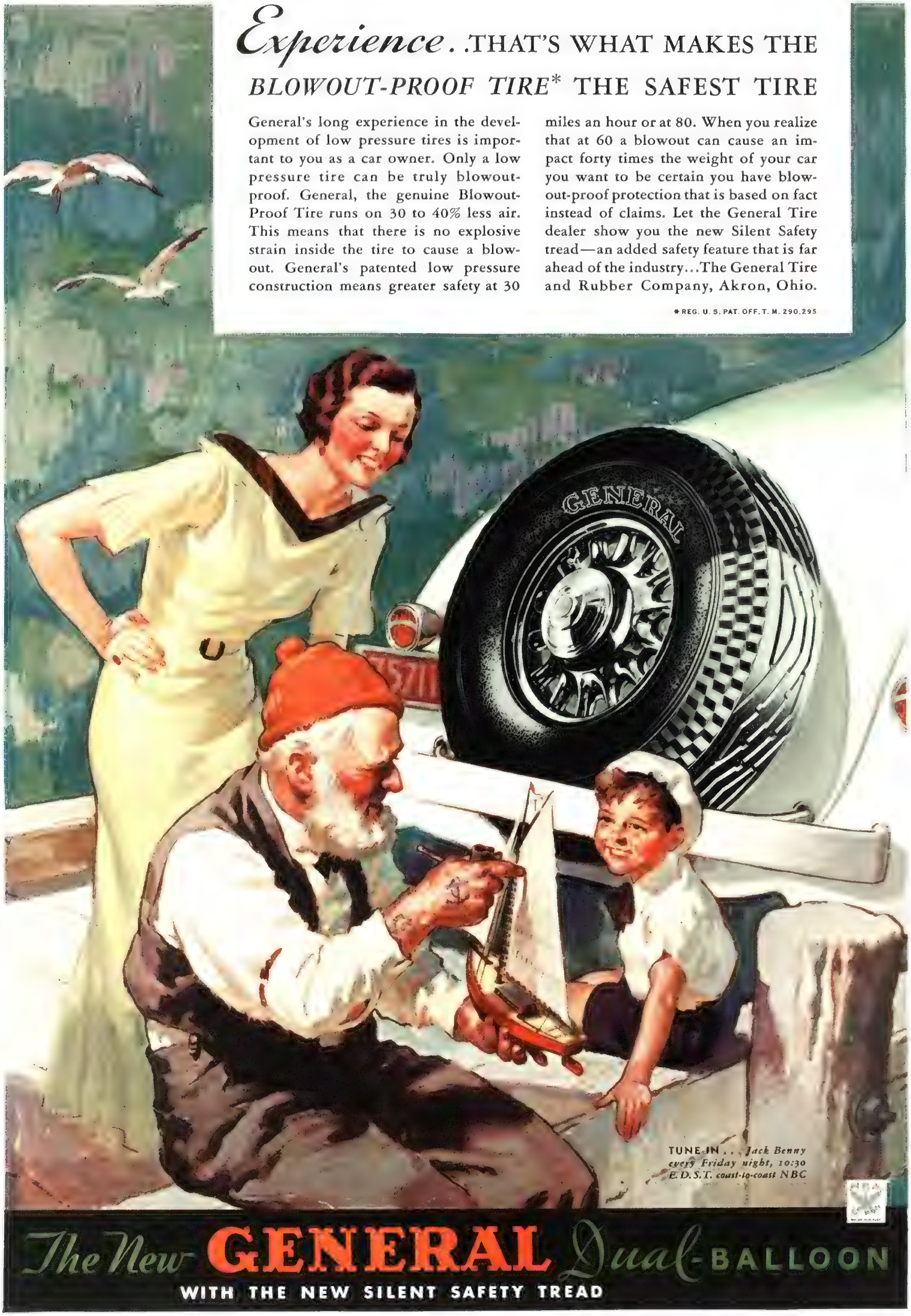


Experience. .THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE *BLOWOUT-PROOF TIRE** THE SAFEST TIRE

General's long experience in the development of low pressure tires is important to you as a car owner. Only a low pressure tire can be truly blowout-proof. General, the genuine Blowout-Proof Tire runs on 30 to 40% less air. This means that there is no explosive strain inside the tire to cause a blowout. General's patented low pressure construction means greater safety at 30 miles an hour or at 80. When you realize that at 60 a blowout can cause an impact forty times the weight of your car you want to be certain you have blowout-proof protection that is based on fact instead of claims. Let the General Tire dealer show you the new Silent Safety tread—an added safety feature that is far ahead of the industry...The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. T. M. 290,295

TUNE IN . . . *Jack Benny every Friday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T. coast-to-coast* NBC

The New **GENERAL** *Dual*-BALLOON

WITH THE NEW SILENT SAFETY TREAD

Notes on Dangerous Game

The Third Tanganyika Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

In the ethics of shooting dangerous game is the premise that the trouble you shoot yourself into you must be prepared to shoot yourself out of. Since a man making his first African shoot will have a white hunter, as a non-native guide is called, to counsel him and aid him when he is after dangerous animals, and since the white hunter has the responsibility of protecting him no matter what trouble he gets into, the shooter should do exactly what the white hunter tells him to do.

If you make a fool of yourself all that you get is mauled but the white hunter who has a client wounded or killed loses, or seriously impairs, his livelihood. So when the white hunter begins to trust you and let you take chances, that is a mark of confidence and you should not abuse it. For any good man would rather take chances any day with his life than his livelihood and that is the main point about professionals that amateurs seem never to appreciate.

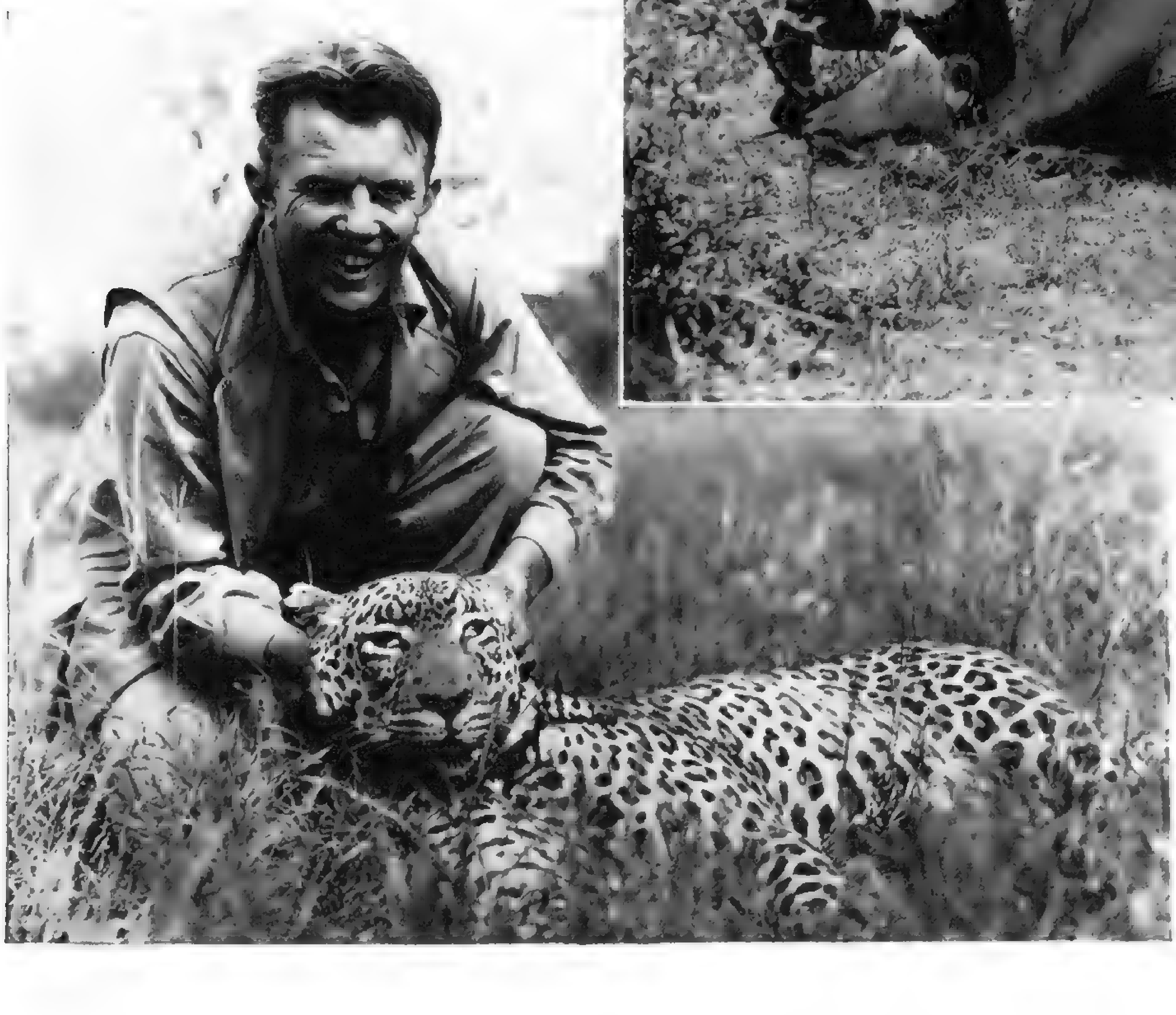
There are two white hunters in Africa who not only have never had a client mauled—there are many such, but these two have never been mauled themselves; and there are very few of these. It is true that Philip Percival had a buffalo die with his head in the now ample Percival lap, and that Baron von Blixen, if there were any justice for elephants, would have been trampled to death at least twice. But the point is that they do not get mauled and that their clients get record heads, record tusks and super lions year after year. They simply happen to be super hunters and super shots. (*There are too many supers in these last two sentences. Re-write them yourselves lads and see how easy it is to do better than Papa. Thank you. Exhilarating feeling, isn't it?*)

Both mask their phenomenal skill under a pose of nervous incapacity which serves as an effective insulation and cover for their truly great pride in the reserve of deadliness that they live by. (*All right now, better that one. Getting harder, what? Not too hard you say? Good. Perhaps you're right.*) Blix, who can shoot partridges flying with a .450 No. 2 Express rifle will say, "I use the hair trigger because my hand is always shaking so, what?" Or, stopping a charging rhino at ten yards, remarking apologetically to his client who happened to have his rifle already started back to camp by the gunbearer, "I could not let him come forever, what?"

(*You see, this is where Papa scores. Just as you learn to better one of those awful sentences, with too many supers or too many verys in it and you think he's gone wa-wa on you, you find that it is the thing he is writing about that is interesting. Not the way it's written. Any of you lads can go out there and write twice as good a piece, what?*)

Philip, who swears by the .450 No. 2 as the only, or at least lightest, stopper for a man to use on animals that will "come," killed all his own lions with a .256 Mannlicher when he had only his own life to look after. I have seen him, careful, cautious, as

Continued on page 94



PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Above: E. H. with a buffalo shot in the heavy bush in the vicinity of the M'bula Hills, above Lake Manyara, Tanganyika.

At left: C. P. Thompson with a leopard of good size.

Auction—Model 1934

Light-hearted housekeepers take an inventory after fifteen years of hard earning and easy spending

by F. SCOTT and ZELDA FITZGERALD

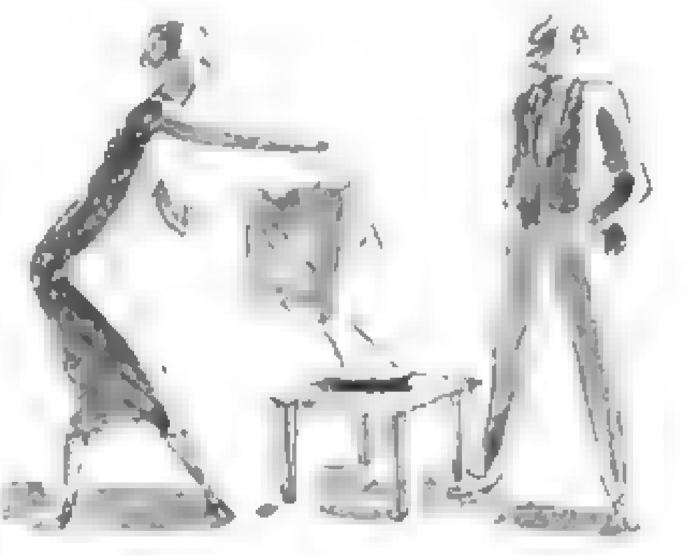
OF COURSE we asked our friends what they thought and they said it was a perfect house—though not even the California claret could induce them to admit that it was the sort of place they would have lived in. The idea was to stay there until the sheets were shredded away and the bed springs looked like the insides of broken watches: then we wouldn't have to pack any more—the usages of time would have set us free. We could travel again in a suit-case, and not be harassed by bills from a storage warehouse. So we gathered our things from here and there; all that remained from fifteen years of buying except some faded beach umbrellas we had left at the American Express five years ago in Cannes. It was to have been very edifying to have only the things we were fond of around us again and maybe we'd like the new place so well that we'd never move any more but just sit behind the wistaria and watch the rhododendron disintegrate beneath the heat of June, July and August and the fanfare of the dogwood over the hills.

Then we opened the packing cases.

Lot 1. The first case is oblong and enormous and about the right shape to have contained enormous family portraits—it holds a mirror bought a long time ago for practising ballet-dancing at home. It once decorated the wall of a bordello. Any bids? No! Take it to that little room in the attic.

Lot 2. A smaller crate of the same shape containing fifty photographs of ourselves and drawings of the same by various artists and pictures of the houses we lived in and of our aunts and uncles and of where they were born and died. In some of the pictures we are golfing and swimming and posing with other people's animals, or tilting borrowed surf-boards against the spray of younger summers. There are also many impressive photographs of old and very dear friends whose names we have forgotten. These faces were very precious to us at the time, and now those times are very precious, though it is hard to imagine how we came to ask from life such an exaggerated head of Mae Murray. It must have been that summer day in Paris when we watched the children bowl the summer sun along the paths of the Jardin des Plantes—we might, late that afternoon, have begged for the photograph. And one of Pascin whom we met over a pebble-rocked table watching the elegant ladies circle the Rond-point attending upon the natural functions of Pekinese—Pascin already enveloped in tragedy and pursued by a doom so powerful that he could well afford the nonchalance in which lay his sombre charm. And one of Pearl White that she gave us in a spring when she was buying the Paris nights in clusters. Any bidders? No? The little room in the attic, Essie.

Lot 3. A pornographic figurine bought with great difficulty in Florence twelve years ago. "Un etatu *salle*—no, we don't mean salle that way—we mean *salle*." Slightly damaged—any bidders? All right take this too, Essie, while you're going up. It seems a shame after all the lascivious gesticulation it took to obtain it.



Lot 4. Two bronze busts of Shakespeare and Galileo with which the family had hoped to anchor us to permanent abodes. Slightly used in the fireplace but ineffectual as andirons. Any bids—all right, Essie.

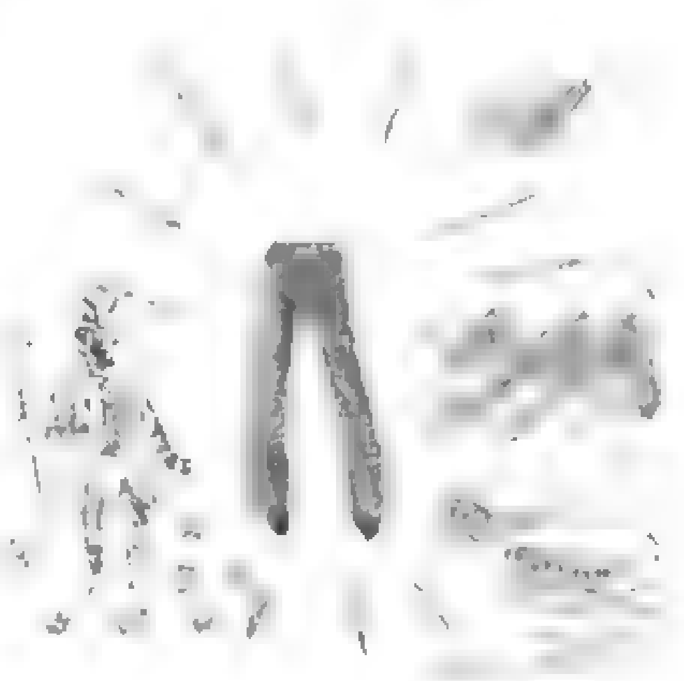
Lot 5. A barrel. Contents cost us something like a thousand dollars during the boom. Chipped pottery tea-set that was worth the trip to Venice—it had seemed such a pity not to buy something from that cluttered bazaar fanned by the plumy shade of the white plane trees. We didn't know what we wanted to drink; the white haunted country-side was hot; the hillsides smelled of jasmine and the hot backs of men digging the roads.

Two glass automobiles for salt and pepper stolen from the café in Saint Paul (Alpes Maritime). Nobody was looking because Isadora Duncan was giving one of her last parties at the next table. She had got too old and fat to care whether people accepted her theories of life and art, and she gallantly toasted the world's obliviousness in lukewarm champagne. There were village dogs baying at a premature white exhausted August moon and there were long dark shadows folded accordion-like along the steps of the steep streets of Saint Paul. We autographed the guest-book.

Fifty-two ash trays—all very simple because Hergesheimer warned us against pretentiousness in furnishing a house without money. A set of cocktail glasses with the roosters now washed off the sides. Carl Van Vechten brought us a shaker to go with them but nobody had opened the letter announcing his arrival—nobody knew where the mail was kept, there were so many rooms, twenty or twenty-one. Two curious vases we won in the amusement park. The fortune teller came back with us and drank too much and repeated a stanza of Vachel Lindsay to exorcise the mansion ghost. China, China, China, set of four, set of five, set of nine, set of thirteen. Any bids? Thank God! The kitchen, Essie.

Lot 5. Plaid shawl donated by Carmel Myers. Slightly fatigued after long use as a table cover and packing wrapper for china pigs and dogs which held pennies turned out of the pockets of last year's coats. Once a beautiful Viennese affair, with memories of Carmel in Rome filming Ben Hur in bigger and grander papier-maché arenas than the real ones. One gong. No memory of what it was for or why we had bought it. Stick missing. Looks, however, like a Chinese pagoda and gives an impression of wide travel. Bits of brass: wobbly colonial candle-sticks with stems encircling little bells which ring when walked with a la Beatrix Esmond or Lady Macbeth. Two phallic symbols bought from an archeologist. One German helmet found in the trenches of Verdun. One chess set. We played it every evening before we began to quarrel about our respective mental capacities. Two china priests from Vevey. The figures are strung on springs and wag their heads lasciviously over bottles of wine and hampers of food. A whole lot of broken glass and china good for the tops of walls. All right, Essie. Go on—there's plenty of space up there if you know how to use it.

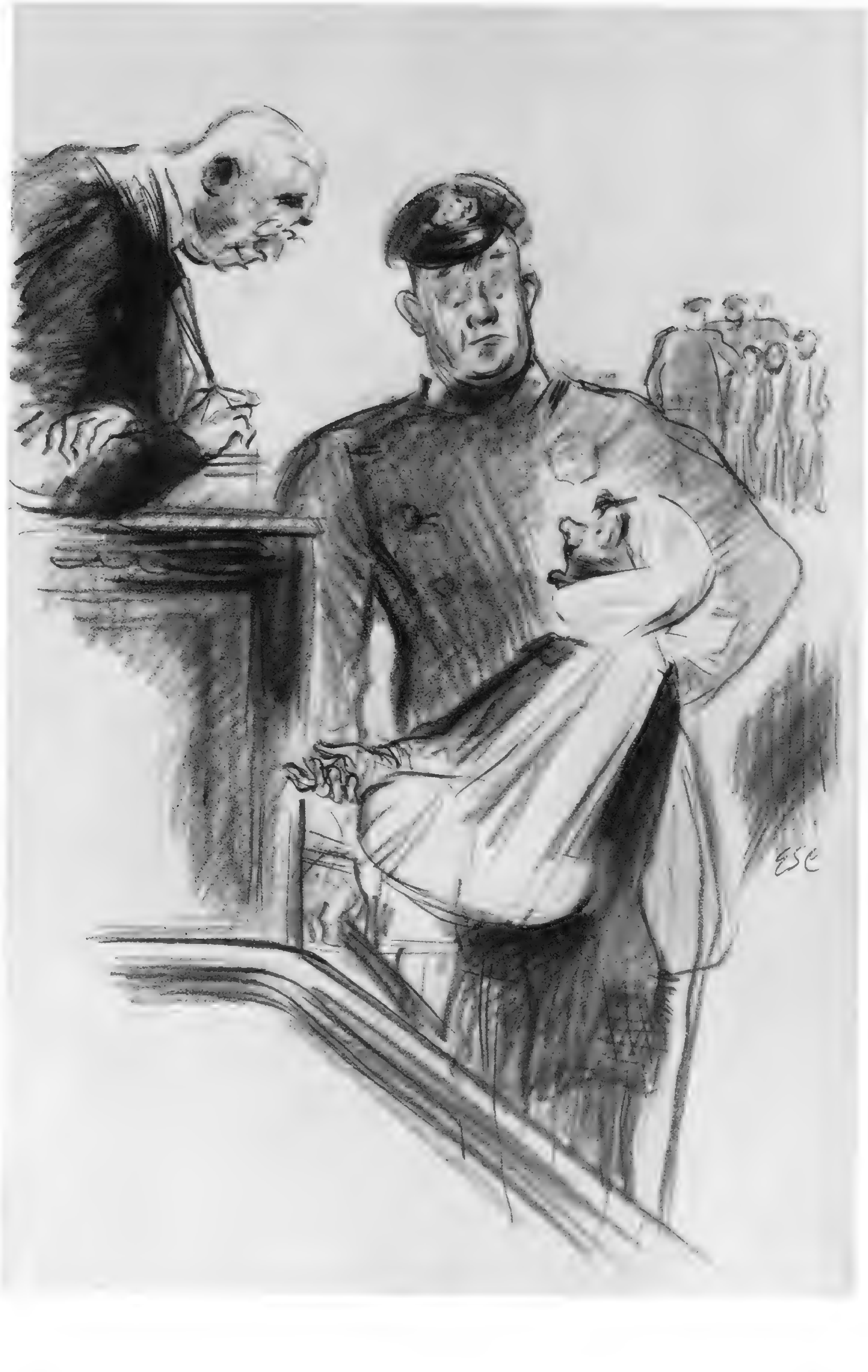
Lot 6. Contents of an old army trunk. Nobody has ever explained where moth-balls go; moths thrive best on irreplaceable things such as old army uniforms. Then there was a pair of white flannels bought with the first money ever earned by writing—thirty dollars from Mencken's and Nathan's old *Smart Set*. The moths had also dined upon a blue feather fan paid for out of a first *Saturday Evening Post* story; it was an engagement present—that together with a southern girl's first corsage of orchids. The remains of the fan are not for sale. All right, Essie.



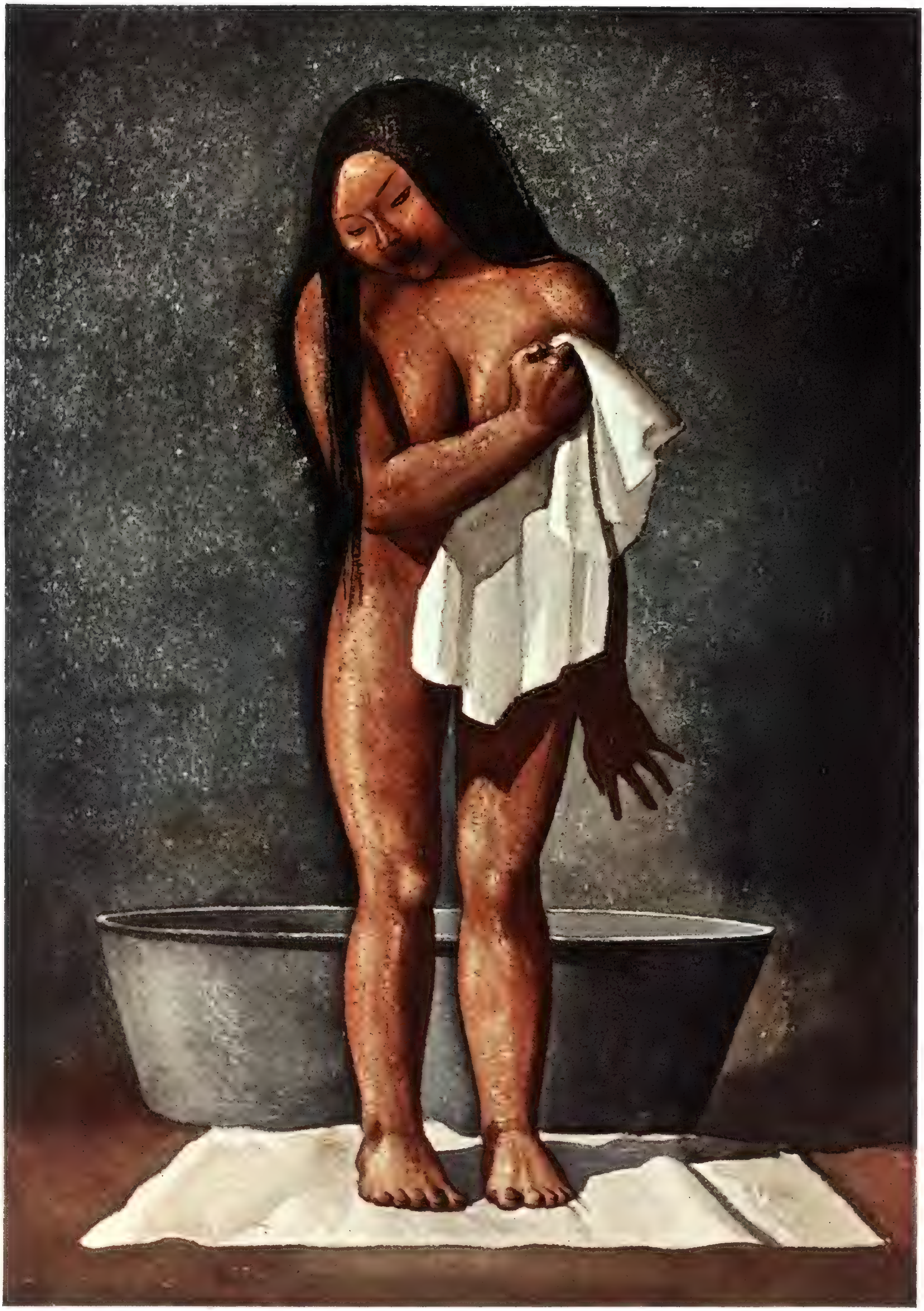
Lot 7. The daughter's first rubber doll, the back and front stuck together and too gummy to save for the grand-children. Teething beads in good condition—never used. Any bids? *Pu*lease!

Lot 8. Ski pants. Guaranteed to remind the bankrupt traveller of blue snow-padded slopes, high in the Juras in Switzerland with gargantuan discs of cheeses served by cow-herders in flowered velvet vests, of bells

Continued on page 153



"Your honor—I was just one of the crowd—I believe in capitalism!"



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE

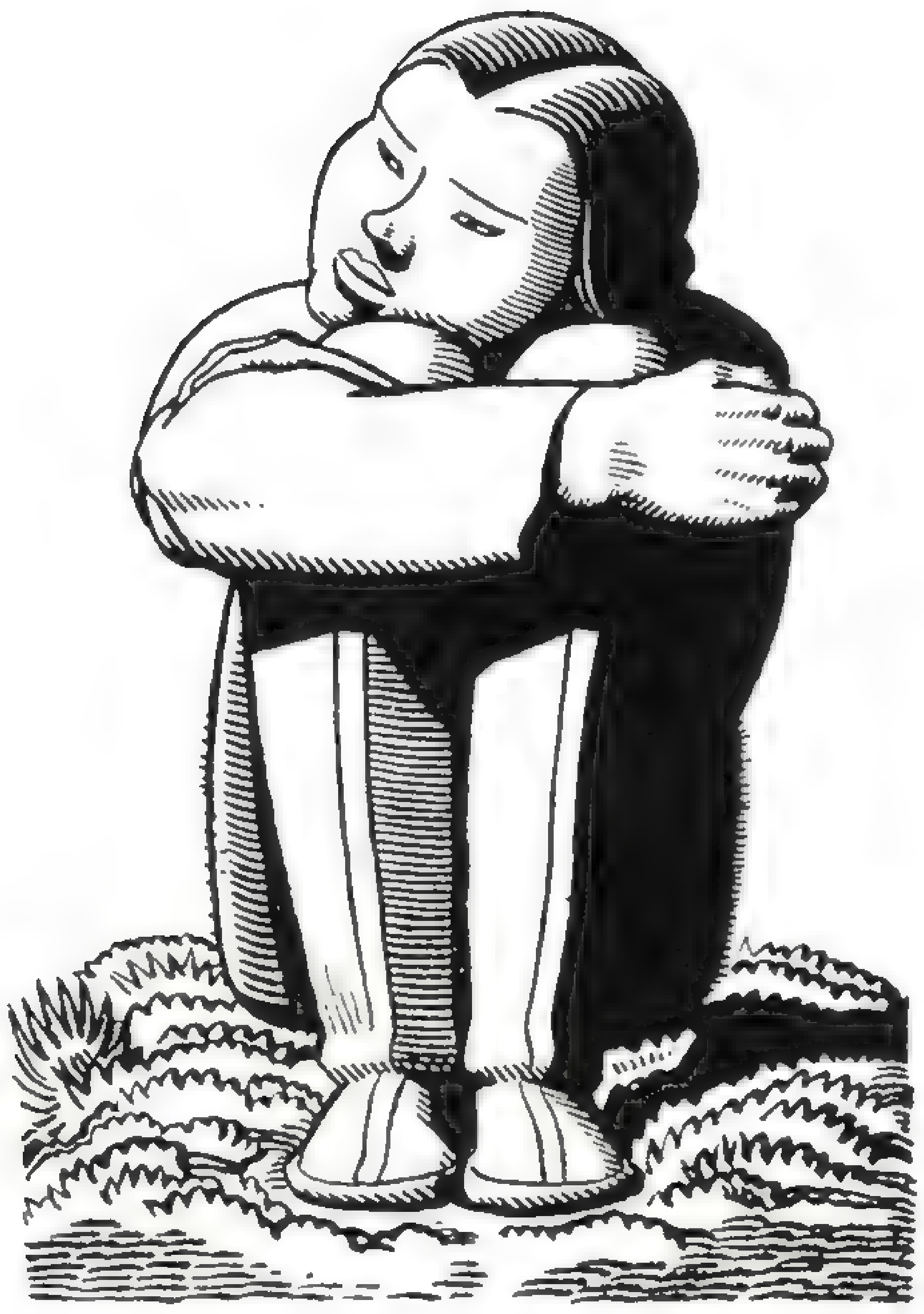
WATER COLOR BY ROCKWELL KENT

"CINDERELLA"

Cinderella in Greenland

The story of the land where life is an open bed, the first of a series written and illustrated

by ROCKWELL KENT



Nobody was doing anything.

The women were not at their housework: they had none.

The men were not hunting: there was nothing to hunt.

The children were not at school: it was vacation time. And everyone was out of doors.

It was a breathless sunlit morning of July in Greenland. God, what a day! we'd cry. And they cried nothing. Only breathed its beauty, drank it in as people would, or do, in Paradise; as people *have* for countless centuries of summers in the north where nothing happens. Then suddenly, a far-off high-pitched cry.

"U-mi-at-si-ar-tor-poq!"

And as a hundred voices roar it back the peace is shattered.

People are running toward the harbor hill, all, old and young, a straggling crowd. A long way there, a long and steep ascent to reach the top: they scramble up. There where their eyes command a Greenland world of sea and far-off mountain range they stand and stare. And on that calm and sunlit waterway they see—still miles away, minute and faint—a speck: a boat! It's worthwhile living in the north where such things happen.

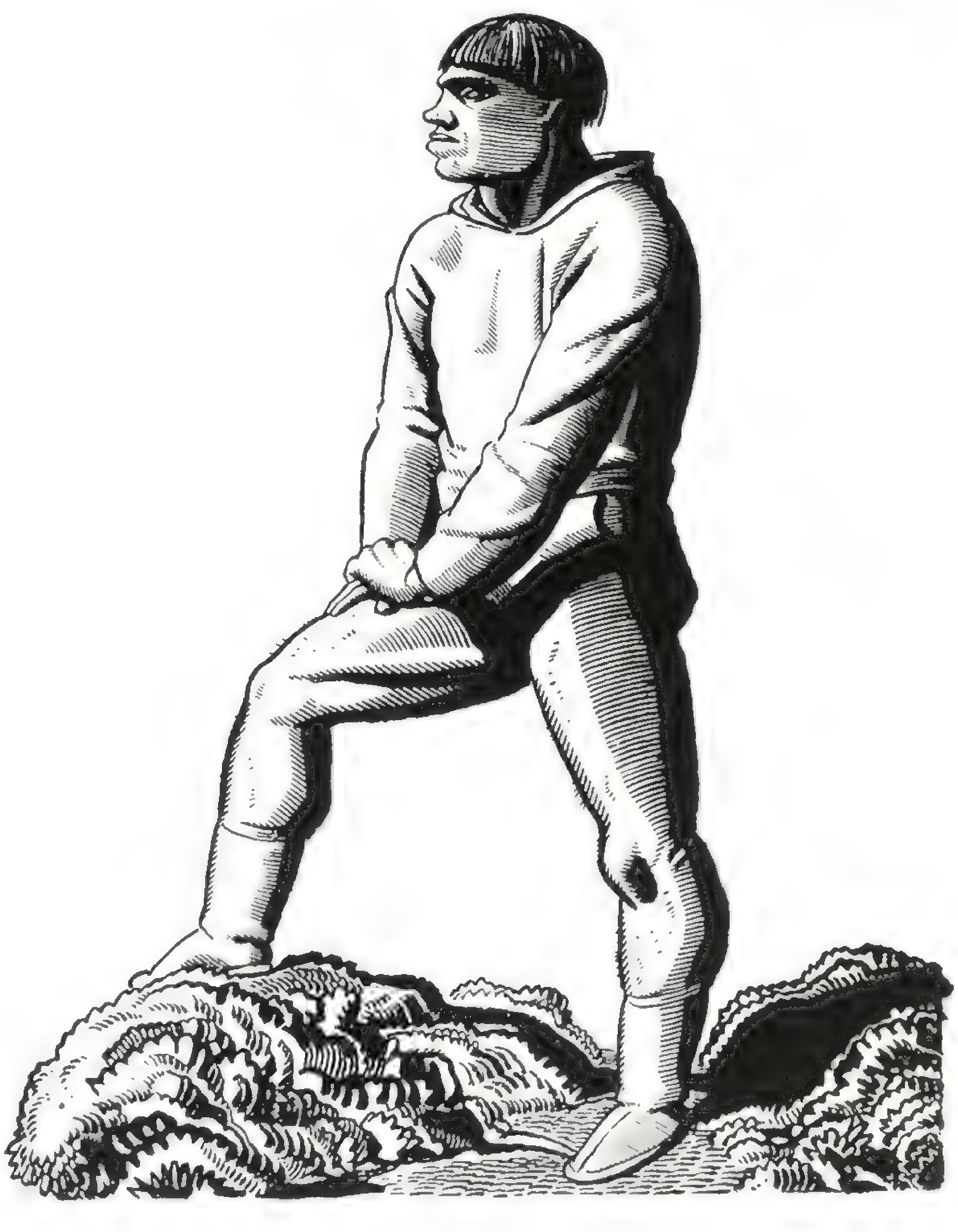
What boat? Who's coming here? Good news, of course; but what? What drama of suspense! How slowly the small craft draws near, with not a mark to judge its progress by! How imperceptibly it grows: from nothing into—being! How, finally, the even chug, chug, chug, chug of the motor comes to be!—as though, like the ticking of a time piece in a silent room, it always had been. Then with what suddenness, with rustling bow wave, it bears down on them, and past. All turn and follow it down hill, along the shore: the mob its escort. And as the little boat drops anchor abreast of the settlement there at the land's edge stands the populace to stare its welcome.

The coming of a stranger, of a white man, and particularly, let us believe, of *any* American (how reluctantly we italicize the word!) to take up residence in a remote Greenland settlement, is, of course, an event of the most terrific local importance. It would, for some reason, cause the bedridden to get up, the cripples to run, the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and girls to prink and wash their faces. Yet the personal satisfaction, the pure deep pleasure, with which, upon appearing on deck, I observed the delight in my looks and bearing of the people in general and, in particular, of the many gayly dressed and fairly ravishing young girls, is not to be, by me, forgotten. O Prince of Wales: we too have our great moments.

How fortune favored me that day! No place to sit down in the overladen skiff. Standing! I'm rowed to land. They draw the skiff up high and dry. Dry shod I step ashore. And with an air of majesty tempered by covert glances right and left I stride through those awe-stricken ranks to make the trader's house and, for a fortnight, home. What follows now I only learned about months later.

In one of the smallest, most dilapidated, and most filthy of the turf houses of the settlement lived the great hunter, honorable man, and leading citizen, Abraham; lived Abraham, his wife, four children, a foster son, and a poor relative—a niece—named Justina. There in that one room house not more than ten feet square and scarcely man's height high lived all of them! They ate from one pot, and they slept all huddled close for warmth and happiness on one broad bed—the sleeping platform. There had the children been conceived and born; there would, at last, the parents die. Life is an open bed to Greenlanders.

Continued on page 151



A Shipment of Mute Fate

A story of the fear that froze a ship's passengers and crew in a cold paralysis of suspense

by MARTIN STORM

Though the Chancay steamed placidly from La Guayra through oily waters, that drowsy afternoon, three of those aboard her were distinctly not themselves. For their several reasons they had lost the tranquillity proper to the captain, the chief steward, and to Mother Willis.

An engineer, humming on his way to wash up, raised a black champion's fist—"Why Mother, I'm surprised! What's wrong today with my darlin'?" He peered reproachfully into the red eyes of his veteran shipmate. Mother was everybody's pet; a stewardess extraordinary, relic and treasure, she had not missed a voyage of the old Chancay for fifteen years.

"Oh, it's the same thing again, Charlie—It's Clara. Mr. Bowman won't stand for an extra cat aboard, but you would think that at a time like this, when she needs the kindest care . . . How could I help it if she came to me and just asked me to take her in, last winter? I tried to find her a good private home in New York—you know that."

"She was a dirty gray skunk, poor little feller." Feeley grinned at a memory. "Mangy, too. She sat there on the anchor chain, all covered with grease and oil. I says to Bowman, 'I'm afraid we'll have that object with us henceforward,' I says, 'moths and all,' and how he swore! Then she saw you."

"Well, it's only one of the exasperating things that's happened on this sailing day. There's no reason for Mr. Bowman to roar out at her. None of the other chief stewards ever used to say a word. He's too new, that's all! And it seems so cruel just at this time. If I only had her back I'd hide her."

"Where's Clara now?"

'He dumped her right off on the mole, before we pulled out. I better go now and fix supper for that lady's baby in 109. Good night, then, Charlie, dear boy."

Feeley patted her shoulder, staring sadly after the fading lights ashore. "Officers all seems to be cranky right at the start of the run—thassa bad sign. I heard that the old man himself was bawling out Bowman, so probably that's what killed the cat. Well, don't you worry, Mother. Night."

Mrs. Willis did worry as she carefully prepared trays for three baby passengers. She thought of the piteous way Clara had just sat there, abandoned, and glared up at the ship as if too miserable to meow or even move. How could she take care of herself now, on the eve of motherhood again? Something too terrible to imagine would happen to her—and why need all this be? Exactly as Charlie had said, everyone was plain cranky, even the captain, whose business it was to be calm, no matter if a particularly special relative of the company were aboard, pestering him with requests out of order.

What Mrs. Willis did not understand was that this young Warner in his way and despite his father's still ponderous fortune, was desperately in earnest about some things—the more wishful because of physical delicacy to distinguish himself for his own nerve and brains. That was why he had spent an insect-tormented and perilous vacation in hostile jungle above the Orinoco when he could have been at Sands Point. It was why he had made a silent, thrilling vow when the assistant in zoölogy, returning to New Haven from a spring reptile hunt, remarked to the group he was tutoring that while other poisonous snakes were a drug on the market, with everybody catching them and presenting them to collections, nowhere could you see a live bushmaster. When at Easter he casually asked his father to fix him up a passage on the Chancay, that gentleman had no idea that his listless son was already capturing bushmasters in his dreams, though as yet he did not even know what the creatures looked like.

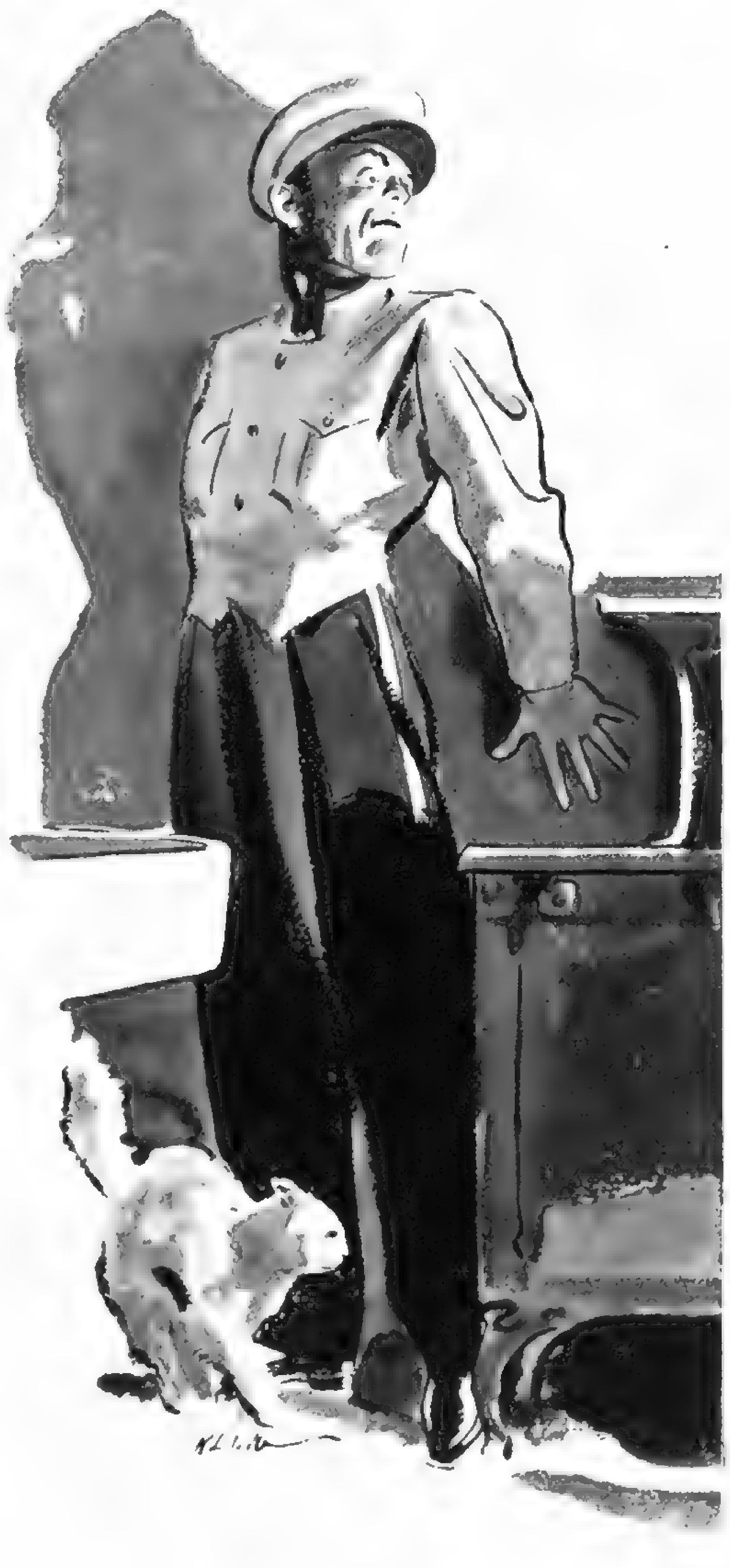
To catch one alive proved a grimly different matter. Once, after weeks on the land and water trail, just once, he had an appalling sight of that mute death coiled upon the forest floor, waiting for them to take the next step, then shifting toward them. No one would help him try to bag it, and presently with insolent leisure it glided back into the depths of jungle. They did not come upon another, to the relief of everybody except Chris Warner, but on the way out the Indians of one unusually ambitious village agreed to see if they could get him any old bushmaster—for an irresistible price. Days after, they returned, bearing the horror in a rubber sack. With shuddering elation he transferred it to his ready canvas.

When the Customs officers learned of the nature of this portion of his baggage, however, they would only exclaim, "Impossible!"—"It is not to be arranged, unfortunately, senor." Since nothing got him any further, Chris wired New York and then went in anxious and indignant haste to his father's employe, Captain Wood of the Chancay. "Skipper, I seem to be in a little jam. Last thing I ever expected, any difficulty at this stage. I've spent a whole summer and a lot of money getting a prize I can't even take home! It looks like the whole expedition's wasted, as far as my part of it's concerned—and I can't tell you how much it means to me!"

"Mighty sorry, Christopher. I just cabled your father that I'd have done it for you if I possibly could. He asked me to."

The boy looked startled at this failure of his last recourse. "But I can't see your logic. You took a jaguar up last trip."

The captain glanced over toward the Customs pier where in a box with small, wire-covered openings, protected by an outer crate, his terrible passenger waited to embark. "The worst thing I know, to carry, is right there—the thing you want to take aboard a ship with women passengers. My judgment won't let me do it, even for you, son. Because something could happen, though I don't know what and there's only



a chance in a thousand that it would. But those are just the things that do happen—know what I mean? I haven't a choice in the matter. Safety of passengers comes first."

"But with proper precautions? They carry snakes all the time."

"Not this snake they don't—I'd have obliged the scientists long ago—and they always want a bushmaster—if it was some other kind. Why are they so scarce, why are you so anxious now, if anybody'll transport one north? And I'm not superstitious, either, but I know what to be afraid of."

Young Warner left the cabin, seething. To be deprived at the last minute, by an old man's pig-headedness and exaggerated caution, of the one glory of his summer's labor! The unexpected obstacle chafed him intolerably. He made a hasty visit to the bank, then carefully composed a longer cable to New York. Within an hour of sailing time the captain sent ashore for him and with a face averted in displeasure laid down certain conditions. The company had cracklingly "desired" him to do this favor for Mr. Warner's son "if possible," which virtually meant, do it anyway.

"You'll have to put the thing into a box. That flimsy crate's no good."

"Tell you how I'll fix it, skipper." Chris was joyful and placatory. "The snake's got to have some air on this long hot voyage, of course, but I'll put the box with the wire-covered hole into another good stout box, quite a bit larger, with a chain and padlock. Then we can prop the lid up, just half an inch or so, with the box still locked."

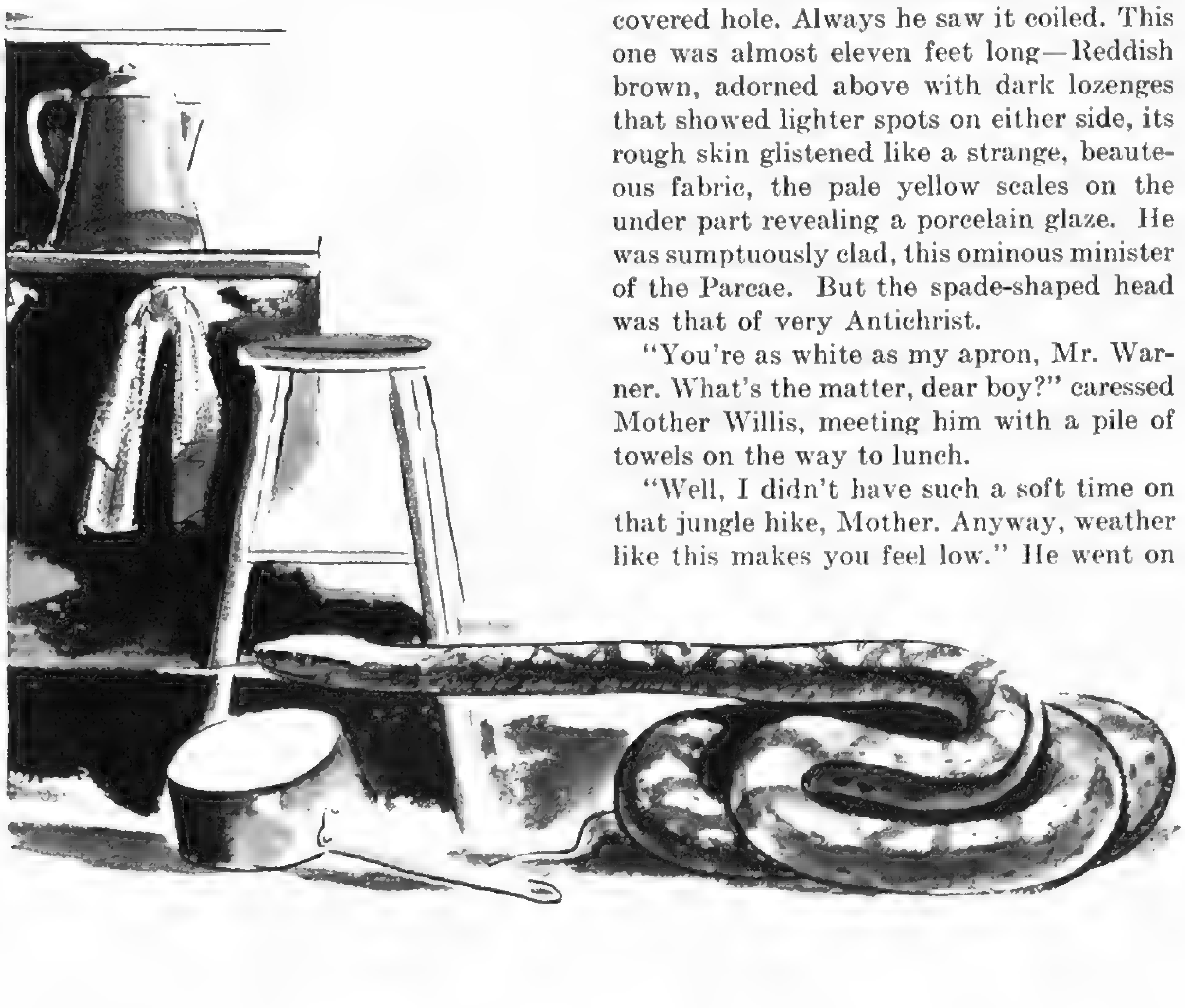
"And in dirty weather the lid'll have to be fastened down tight. I'll take no chances."

"Right."

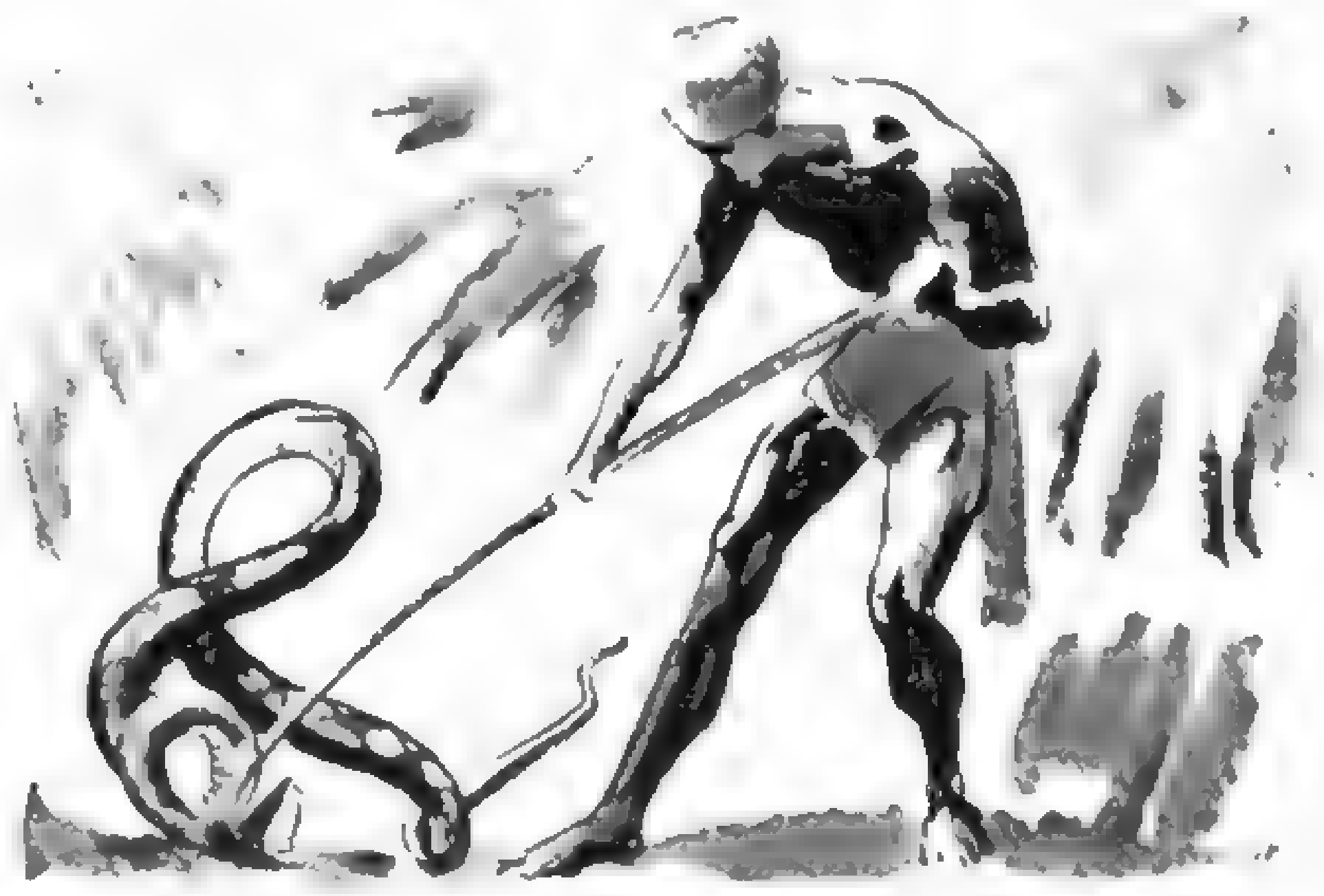
"And the whole thing will be kept during the entire run in my inner cabin, where I sleep. I won't have it in the baggage room." He thought, too late, that it would fortunately have suffocated in the hold.

"Just as you say, skipper, but I was planning to stick the box under my own berth."

As the three blasts of departure sounded from the ship's whistle Captain Wood remembered what was there in his room and his skin prickled, raising up the black hair on his wrists. Then he almost forgot about it, for the steward put a chintz table cover over the mysterious object and they had fine weather through the Caribbean. Not even Chico, the captain's boy, knew that a bushmaster was aboard.



Never for one peaceful instant could Chris Warner forget it. A vague distress brooded over his pleasure in the social life of the voyage. Yet, he kept telling himself, poisonous snakes were shipped often enough—rattlers, copperheads, coral snakes, even cobras could be negotiated if someone responsible were in charge. Why was it different with a bushmaster? Why did every skipper kick, as the captain said they did—and as the scarcity of the serpents proved, even to him—about taking aboard a bushmaster? What could be worse than a cobra? "Cobras will quiet down when they know they're caught," Dr. Sutton had told him last spring. "Some get quite dopey and docile if they're left alone. But a bushmaster's always alert and hostile, even after a feeding. I like most snakes, but not them. Still, I would to God I could get hold of one!"



That sudden glimpse of the creature in the forest returned to him: he saw it lying like a richly colored, horrible mat, with an undulant, S-shaped loop, ready to strike true and instantly at anything. Often it pursued animals not its natural prey with seeming sheer malignance. It boldly followed its own occasions along trails, fearing nothing—never fled. This was the most terrible of all snakes, pantomimed the Indian guide, because it would run right after a man! The natives never attempted a cure for the copious poison that flowed from those great fangs. It bore in earnest its chilling name—Lachesis muta.

On apparently social visits to the captain's quarters he would furtively peer in at his treasure, holding a flashlight to the wire-covered hole. Always he saw it coiled. This one was almost eleven feet long—Reddish brown, adorned above with dark lozenges that showed lighter spots on either side, its rough skin glistened like a strange, beauteous fabric, the pale yellow scales on the under part revealing a porcelain glaze. He was sumptuously clad, this ominous minister of the Parcae. But the spade-shaped head was that of very Antichrist.

"You're as white as my apron, Mr. Warner. What's the matter, dear boy?" caressed Mother Willis, meeting him with a pile of towels on the way to lunch.

"Well, I didn't have such a soft time on that jungle hike, Mother. Anyway, weather like this makes you feel low." He went on into the dining-room and strove to take an interest in Roseanne Crane, who sat next at the captain's table. "You know, this is positively a peculiar ship!" she complained. "I don't know exactly what it is, but it's something solemn—even in the smoking-room. Coming down we were all so jolly—foolishness and fun every minute. These elderly new passengers must be to blame!"

"It'll be all right when we run into nice cool weather," he promised her. "They were getting ready for a hurricane last night, I guess, the way the glass dropped, but apparently it was just a false alarm. It's probably off in the Gulf of Mexico by now."

Fine days met them. The sunlit languors of the Indies vanished, and out on the open Atlantic—"Five miles deep here," an officer at taffrail murmured—played brisk winds and hurrying, foam-laced water. It was on a blowy day when the waves looked huge, yet not phenomenal, though mounted on long swells, that a monster green comber arose alone, slapped the ship terrifically to port and boarded her, racing hungrily over empty decks, carrying away a length of the rail, bashing in windows on the A-deck and falling with fury upon the exposed wheel-house of the old-fashioned liner. Water drove through closed doors and tumbled downstairs in little cataracts. Seamen were bruised and the third officer had his leg broken, being hurled across the bridge. But as the captain had ordered all passengers inside half an hour before, they were only shaken up and scared. The carpenter and the doctor went to work, the decks dried off, the sun smiled, and no brother of the awful wave crossed the subsiding sea. Ladies calmed themselves by dressing for dinner, once wardrobe trunks were righted and puddles mopped up.

At the captain's room Chico gave one look and then went to get mops and another steward to help him. It had almost been carried away, along with the wheelhouse, and water sloshed back and forth on the floor. The pillow on the bed was soaked and the mattress lay disarranged and sodden. The heavy desk had charged right across the room; a chest of drawers had fallen over, mixing bay rum with brine. "We'll be working half the night!" Grumpily they righted furniture. "Whole blooming ship's a mess, but we had to get the worst trick, as usual!"

"Poor old swivel-chair's busted for good. That desk must of carried some tonnage."

"It's what the old man's hoarded inside of it. A lifetime's plunder, if you only knew."

"God, look, what—?"

"What where?"

"Something went out over the sill then when the water sloshed. Like a hoseline or sumpin'."

"Search me. This box that the old man was so choice of, that's stove in too."

"Just put it outside. Tell him about it before it goes over."

They had been mopping for half an hour and the room was once more orderly if still very moist, when Captain Wood came in from the bridge, looking drawn and weary,

Continued on page 137

An Idea for a Story

The re-allocation of the center of modesty, a very fetching idea for a novel never to be written

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

The other day I was thinking of the general laws governing a type of writing which I have always liked, while trying to make a story out of a subject which had amused me. This is the subject: Sexual pleasure has been the basis of an entire civilization, which began about the twelfth century and now seems on the decline. It is possible to argue indefinitely about these two dates, but not, I think, about the phenomenon itself, the birth of romantic love and its astounding influence on the art and morals of Europe. It is rather extraordinary, I said to myself, that a simple physical need should have given rise to such complex emotions and should be the subject of almost every artistic masterpiece, whereas other needs, equally urgent, like hunger and thirst, have remained rather primitive with most people.

A moment's reflection showed me that the difference is easily explained by the completely egotistic satisfaction of hunger and thirst. The civilizing and aesthetic value of love lies in the fact that it presupposes the harmony of two human beings, and that, from the time when both were free, owing to the relative emancipation of women, every kind of harmony and discord entered into their agreement. If human beings had been so constructed, I thought, that the satisfaction of thirst was only possible or agreeable between two people, then thirst would have been the cause of devastating passion and the subject of sublime masterpieces.

Why, I thought, should it not be possible to imagine a race so formed and governed by such desires, and to endow another form of desire with all the passion of love? Then I saw an island on which people like ourselves were living, but they had on their right arm a growth like a breast, only smaller, culminating in a nipple. I could see that this growth enabled them to satisfy each other's thirst, and the picture was somewhat revolting.

I was immediately confronted by a physiological difficulty. Was it not an unlikely supposition that food which was assimilable could come from a creature of the same species?

If these people could live only on the food which they gave each other, where did the liquid they secreted originally come from? Suppose that they secreted this liquid as plants produce sap. But plants draw their sustenance from the earth and from the heat of the sun. Should I endow the inhabitants of my island with green hair and vegetal functions? The more I thought of it the more I could see that the difficulty was not so great as I had imagined. These creatures could feed through the mouth and the digestive tract as we do, but they would require as some sort of supplementary nourishment this juice produced by the human body, just as children need animal milk, and ants need the liquid secreted by plant-lice.

The idea of the island suggested two characters which I had already invented for "The Voyage to the Island of the Articoles," a young French sailor, whom I called Pierre Chambrelan, and his wife, whose name, I believe, was Anne. It was easy to imagine, as Swift did for Gulliver, that these two people, having left the island of the Articoles, had visited other unknown countries, and that one of these was the island on which my monsters lived with breasts on their arms. It was necessary to give these people a name, so I thought it would be natural and euphonic to call them the Erophagi. Erotophagi was a more correct derivation, but pleased me less. I decided that Pierre Chambrelan and his wife, on leaving the Articoles, should arrive at the island of the Erophagi.

At the beginning of the story it would have been clumsy to reveal to the hero and to the reader the key of the narrative and the symbols on which the fiction was based. In the earlier chapters the secret of the intimate life of the Erophagi must not be apparent to the travellers. They must be impressed by the astounding immodesty of this race. The Erophagi would be nudists, a fact explicable by the warmth of the climate, but they would wear on their shoulders an armlet embroidered with lovely ornaments. They would attach no importance to the gestures of physical love, which took place in public amidst general indifference. It would be the custom of the island for people to ask their friends to come and make love, just as we invite people to come to dinner. The Erophagi would be surprised and shocked by the repugnance of Pierre and Anne towards these collective amusements. They would accuse the travellers of not understanding the most innocent joys of humanity.

Gradually the travellers would discover that young Erophagi couples met several times a day and hid themselves in their rooms, and that it was forbidden, in fact inconceivable, to disturb them. "With such freedom, what on earth can they find to do in secret?" Anne and Pierre Chamberlan asked in astonishment. Another phenomenon which seemed curious to them was that these immodest people have a curiously localized form of modesty, which is in their right shoulder. Everybody, both men and women, always keep the top of their right arm covered up. This is all the more extraordinary because these people spend most of their time in the sea. But then both sexes wear bathing armlets, which are swollen out by a curious protuberance. On the beach strict notices declare that bathing with bare shoulders is prohibited.

It is easy to imagine the episodes which would lead the travellers to discover the truth. Suddenly the secret life of the Erophagi would be revealed. They would discover that every Erophagus, man or woman, secretes in the arm a liquid which another person can absorb by suction. This liquid, whose taste is delicious, and which is not otherwise obtainable in nature, is essential to the life of the Erophagi. If they are deprived of it, they do not die, but become prematurely old and are afflicted by slow and deadly diseases.

Obviously the problem is more complicated than would appear from this first outline. If each of these creatures could derive the necessary liquid from any other, then no deep feelings would be aroused by this simple physiological need, but the drama of their lives consists in the fact that, although the chemical composition of the individual liquids is very similar, and an unaccustomed palate could not distinguish one from the

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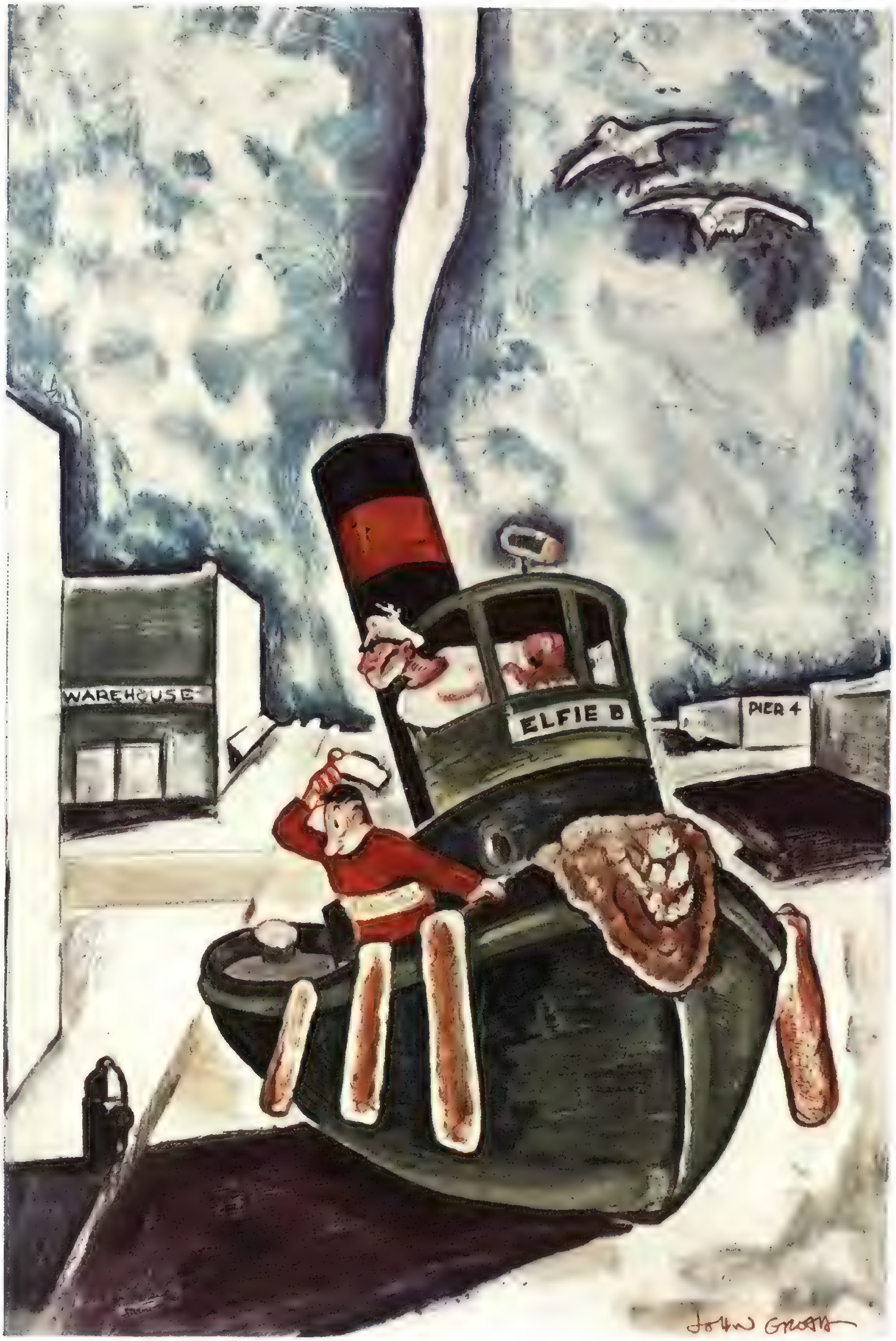
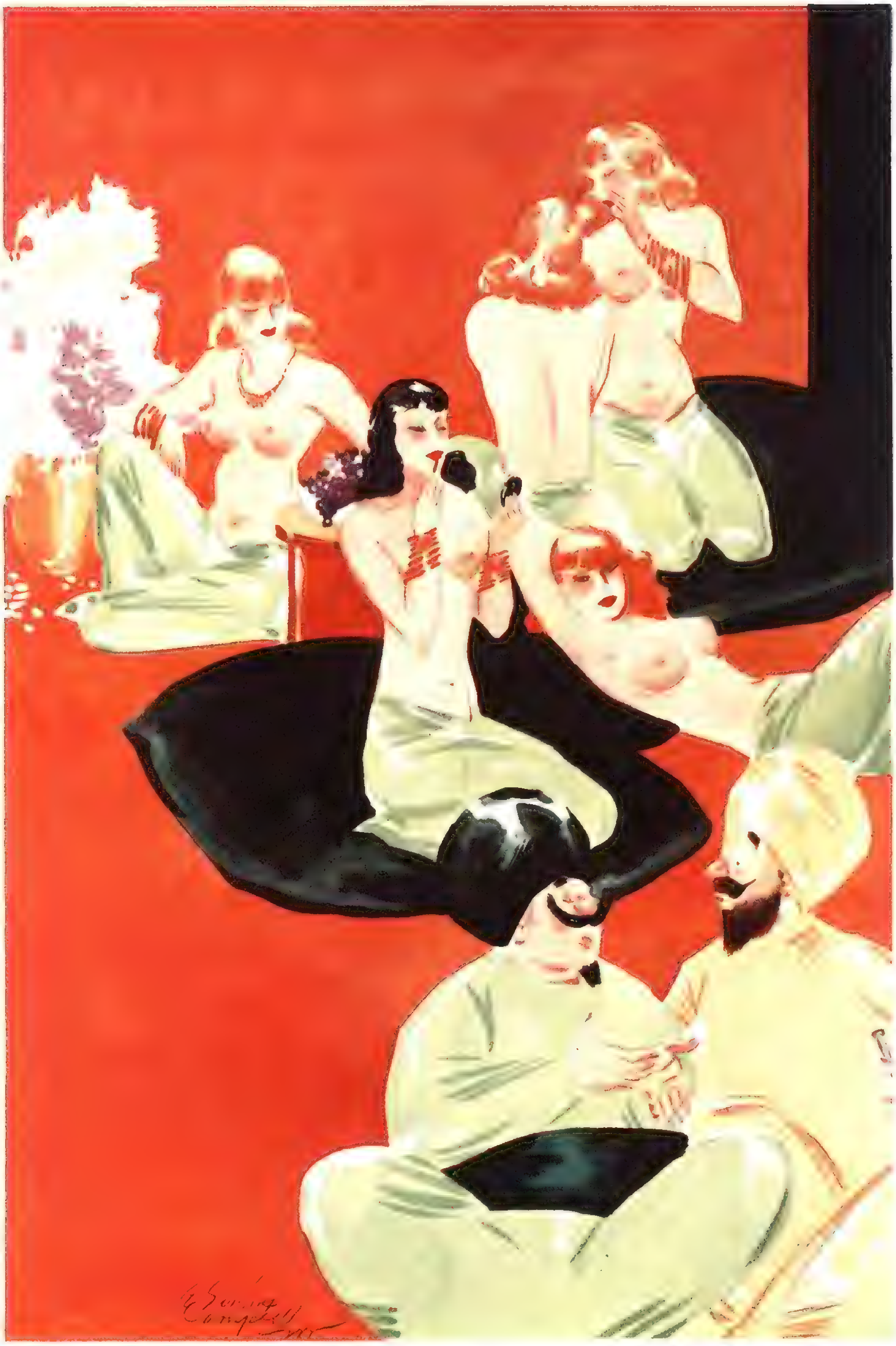

WAREHOUSE
ELFIE B
PIER 4
JOHN GROTH

"Boy, was that a fog last night!"



"I've had it for months. In America they call it insomnia"

The Sphere of Liberty

Urging that free competition should decrease in economics, increase in ideas and opinions

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

LIBERTY, as conceived by eighteenth century reformers, depended upon the economic structure of society at that time. In America, and in France after the Revolution, there were, on the land, large numbers of small independent freeholders; in the towns, artisans could work without borrowed capital, and therefore with a certain degree of independence. The obstacles to liberty, so far as large classes were concerned, were, therefore, political rather than economic, and could be removed, to a great extent, by purely political means.

With the growth of industrialism, the situation changed. When the tools of a wage earner's trade become so expensive that they can only be supplied by the State or by a large company of rich men, the wage earner's economic dependence upon capital becomes so complete that mere political liberty is no longer of any practical value. To have liberty a man must be alive; to be alive he must be able to earn his living; to earn his living he must have access to the means of production. Thus those who control access to the means of production control men's lives, however much the laws may nominally safeguard freedom.

Access to the means of production may not be completely controlled by the nominal owners. Trade unions, for example, have been able to prevent employers from imposing various tyrannical conditions which would otherwise have seemed good to them. If there were no trade unions, it is scarcely disputable that no avowed socialist would be able to get work in a factory or a mine. The possibility of striking is necessary, not only for keeping up wages, but for the preservation of even the barest elements of political freedom. In so far as socialist doctrine has made progress, it has been, in part, because, by combination, men were able to preserve the liberty of political propaganda.

What can be done in this way, however, is limited. The aim of democracy was a just distribution of power; but if this aim is to be achieved, economic as well as political power must belong equally to all. The structure of modern industry makes it impossible to secure economic justice by giving to every man the kind of independence possessed, for instance, by the small freeholder. It would be impossible to divide (let us say) a railway into a number of little bits, and give each worker absolute possession of one of the bits. Justice is only to be secured by collective ownership; economic power, like political power, must be made a matter of democratic government.

Given public ownership of land and capital in a democratic State, economic power, like political power, will be in the hands of the majority. One may, I think, assume, with some confidence, that there will, in such a world, be more justice than in our actual world, and there will also exist a greater possibility of freedom. Whether there will actually be more freedom, will depend upon the mood of the people, and, at first, upon the degree of violence with which the introduction of the new system has been opposed.

It may be said that, given justice, freedom will no longer be important. I do not think that this is true; and I believe that, if the reasons for valuing freedom are wholly forgotten during the struggle, the system ultimately established is likely to have fatal defects.

To begin with: the more important officials in a socialist State will tend to acquire a good deal of the power that is at present enjoyed by capitalists. There will still be need of trade unions and of newspaper publicity to prevent the establishment of a new oligarchy. Since all newspapers will be published by the State, there will have to be explicit arrangements, safeguarded by a vigilant public opinion, if it is to be possible to publish any opinions disliked by officials. And if no such opinions can be published, economic justice will not survive long.

Take, again, the question of freedom for scientific progress. This is a matter which, at first hand, affects only a few intellectuals, but in the long run profoundly concerns the whole life of the community. In the State of Tennessee, it is illegal, in all State institutions, to teach the doctrine of evolution. This is an entirely democratic law, expressing the wishes of ordinary citizens; but most people will agree that it is an undesirable law. It is clear that, when all teaching is controlled by the State, there has to be some explicit provision for experiment and innovation, since otherwise there is danger that important new knowledge will be suppressed. It will be by no means easy to make the right provision, since there will be a risk of opening the door to nonsense; but *some* provision will be absolutely necessary if intellectual sterility is to be avoided.

The problems may be illustrated by the present condition of the medical profession. It is highly desirable that the public should be safeguarded against ignorant quacks, and therefore there must be some authority which decides who is fit to practice medicine. But at present there is a tendency to look askance at innovations that would diminish the earnings of the profession, and it may easily happen that some men who deserve well of the public are disqualified. This illustrates the danger of any authority with a bias against innovations.

Economic liberty, which was preached by the advocates of *laissez faire*, is only *possible* for a small minority in the modern world, and it is not *desirable* in their case, since it gives scope for private tyranny. In the economic sphere, what is wanted is not liberty, but security. Given economic security, however, there remains an important sphere for freedom, which is, broadly speaking, the sphere of opinion. There is very little to be said for free competition in buying and selling, but there is much to be said for competition among ideas—or at any rate for competition having a certain degree of freedom. For such competition is an essential condition of progress, and without it the world would quickly sink into a condition of Byzantine immobility.

The Pigeons

A story about a simple soul who became the unwitting tool of a spy during the great war

by ARNOLD ZWEIG

It was because of her wide-set, greyish blue eyes and her tiny nose that Geneviève Hallaert, though in truth a deeply observant child, had reminded people of the expressionless pale blue flower of Chicory and had always been called "La Chicorée." People had particularly compared her thus because she was considered dull-witted, having never learned to read or write, and because a soft, abashed laugh was her only defense if someone—Monsieur Christophe, for example—teased her. Deep down in her heart she never knew that others could be checked by harsh words. Her way was to show surprise, laugh and remain silent, looking at her annoyer with a long, soft glance until he grew ashamed and shrugged his shoulders at such a slow-witted woman.

Her plump, drab, blue-clad figure had been seen for more than twenty years about the country estate of Monsieur Soen, which lay north of La Madelaine near Lille; and if during this time she had ever hurt a soul, perhaps it was Cousin Christophe who owned the estaminet "À la Bonheur de Roubaix," none other. He dropped in fairly often, as he lived close by, and was beside himself with rage when Chicorée couldn't, or wouldn't, comprehend his sly jests.

Her work was beyond criticism. With never a thought to herself, she took care of the children, superintended the kitchen and looked to the chickens, washed, baked bread and cakes, and could even handle the horses harnessed to the heavy three-wheeled cart; she milked, fed the two goats and, with that soft, joyous laugh of hers, also the four small-headed Belgian cows that were the pride of the farm.

Only a lack of strength kept her from taking the place of a real farmhand—that, and the fact that she gasped with fright at sight of a piece of farm machinery; she would watch these blue-painted implements with such abject terror that they evidently must have represented, to her, the diabolical soul of evil. However useful they might be, when they came trundling along on their noisy wheels, with hidden rollers and frenzied combs, with beating side-wheels and clamorous inner works, to sow and to thresh, to cut the wheat, gather it, bind it and sheave it, aided by no other human hand than that of the driver on his small, high-perched seat—then a petrifying terror gripped her simple nature. Nor did the fear ever leave her that these thundering iron ghouls might some day get free and run amok . . .! No, these fearsome creatures she did not understand as she understood and got along with simple dumb animals.

Animals of every kind would thrive and grow sleek under her care, nobody knew why. Her mind could grasp no suggestion of difference between man and beast; in her own mind she identified herself with the cat which meow'd at her feet or the duckling whose quacking came plaintively from afar, and her own soul was instinct with a deep sense of affinity, humble but definite, with the mute, hidden soul of bird and beast. On Sunday afternoon she was content to sit motionless in the sun and watch how the chicks pecked at her wooden shoes, or how the frisky young dog, half bored, half teasing, invited her to play by gently pulling at her white-striped apron. She loved her brethren, the animals, with all her simple heart. Profoundly, devoutly and naturally she lived her songless, blind, contented life.

The war called Monsieur Soen to the artillery and the two young farmhands to the cavalry.

One day, in October, Cousin Christophe burst in breathlessly, and right afterwards the light carriage departed bearing Madame and the children to the station at La Madelaine, while the servant girl and nurse wept hopelessly without realizing what was happening. A few hours later the carriage returned; it was empty.

Cousin Christophe remained at his inn, and Geneviève was alone on the farm. She cried a good deal; he told her that the Germans were now masters of the countryside.

Two days later Christophe came running once more; the Germans had given orders that all pigeons were to be slaughtered. He would have to obey, he said, but did not trouble to explain to her that this order had to do, really, only with the carrier pigeons which might bear news to the French front. He went so far as to tell her that the Germans were the foes of beast as well as of man, and chuckled with glee when she expressed her horror in confused words.

On Sunday Geneviève confessed to Abbé Détappes that she had prayed to God for the death of the Germans, that she hated them, and why. The youthful father-confessor said nothing for a while; then he chided her in mild words for her sinful feeling and granted her absolution with no extra penance than a few rosemaries before the picture of her Patron Saint, Geneviève. He saw into her guileless soul; he carried his own body bent, had been lonely since early youth, and knew much about human beings.

Geneviève tried hard not to hate the Germans when she saw them in front of the farmhouse; a few, sometimes; many, too, who came solely to look around, others wanting to know how much wheat there was in the barn, how many sacks of potatoes in the cellar, what kind of animals. With slow distrust she answered that she did not know; whereupon they searched every nook and corner, wrote into small books, and rode off.

Quite near the farm they cleared a wide space, which they guarded heavily, and from where they rose into the air in shrieking, roaring, howling machines painted, as if for spite, with black crosses. The sight of these flying monsters sent Geneviève scurrying into the house. Oh, they were surely servants of the devil, they, who called such gruesome vehicles "pigeons!" Her cousin had gloated as he was telling her this, knowing for sure that she would immediately turn her gaze upward to the empty sties on top of the barns . . . For the first time, then, she was not immune to his words, this ugly, old creature!

Late one evening he came stealthily to the farm, bringing her something that wriggled about under the covering black cloth: four pigeons, two rust-red and two tile-blue, with rosy beaks which appeared swollen at their bases. She was to hide them carefully from the Germans. And this he gave her, too: four small tubes of white metal, light as feathers. Her heart beat high with happiness; she blushed as she kissed his hands. Quickly emptying the master's clothes closet, she hid the beloved birds in it, while the tubes were cached in the back of her prayer-book. Daily she nursed and fed the pigeons as if they had been the lovely children of her absent, unheard-from master.

Soon thereafter, late at night, Christophe came, shoved rolled-up bits of paper into two of the tubes which he fastened to the legs of the rust-red pigeons, and surreptitiously took the birds away under his cloak —not without promising to replace them. Geneviève trusted him implicitly.

At dawn she was awakened by the angry drone of low flying airplanes, by the thunderous bellows of cannons and by a series of frightening thunderclaps. The windowpanes rattled and shivered, falling into the rooms in smithereens. From the attic she saw the guarded place aflame.

In the morning she came, in a nearby meadow, upon the smouldering skeleton of a flying machine and a mangled corpse in a French uniform which drove her, shrieking, back to the house.

It was not yet noon when the field-police ferretted out the tile-blue pigeons and the remaining tubes. They tied Geneviève's hands; she answered nothing to questions and threats. They took "the spy" to the citadel at Lille. There she remained silent even during the short and precise court hearing; for she did not comprehend all that had happened and still hated the Germans.

Only to Abbé Détappes, whom she requested as confessor, she told who had given her the pigeons.

He asked no more. He saw with bitter clarity that she had sensed nothing, either of the cause and purpose of these events or of their consequences. A sleepless night convinced him that he had no right to name the guilty one; that he would not thus save Geneviève, anyway.

The following morning—overnight he had grown old—the Abbé gained admittance to the Governor of Lille and pleaded with him to stay the shooting at least until he should have had a chance to win, through the Cardinal at Mecheln, the good offices of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, and through him the magnanimity of the German Emperor to spare the life of the poor servant girl, Geneviève Hallaert. The Governor asked for further details and meanwhile postponed the execution of the sentence passed by a court of war. It was then that Abbé Détappes wrote that passionate, clear and stirring letter in which he said, among other things:

"Every night swallows in their flight bruise their little breasts on the telegraph wires which serve to make our lives happier; and migrating birds crush their tiny skulls against the windows of the lighthouse which blesses our ships. Each law of today's humanity rests vertically upon a dictum of nature herself, thus crossing her; and the more natural a thing is, the deeper it is, the more unsuspecting is he who is crushed by it. The order of men is not the order of life which is the order of God. Thus, and no different from swallow and migrating bird, this simple and pure soul has to perish under the necessarily harsh and strange law of our day, unless the saving hand of the one who stands above the law lift her out of this geometrical confusion . . ."

He wrote the letter, dispatched it . . . and the upshot? Is it necessary to know whether this saving hand actually did reach down to succor the poor and humble servant, to give her into a cell, and then, after peace had come, perhaps return her to freedom? Was it not to be feared that her impulsive submission to such powerful disturbances would crush her forever? And would it not have been the almost flawless end of this tale of a guiltlessly enmeshed life, to know that such a devout, prayerful soul, after the solemn promise of her father-confessor, would be welcomed into a softly gleaming Paradise by her saints? That she, herself softly agleam with the light-blue bloom of the Chicory along the meadow-paths, would be welcomed by her Patron Saint, Geneviève, in her blue dress (as she was painted in the church), she who had named her son Sorrowful and had had him suckled by the hind in the Frankonian forest, once upon a time? . . . It would indeed—had gunshot once again sought a heart against that wall in the Citadelle of Lille.

But this life, which fashions us all and fills us all, prefers unexpected endings to the demanded ones, unimportant ones to the impressive ones; and withal, has still the profound wisdom to make sense for itself out of its own surprises. The shooting of an English nurse had caused a feeling of repulsion to run round the world that made the warriors hesitate before the killing of a defenseless woman. And thus it came to pass that Geneviève Hallaert toiled for the Germans, as a prisoner, as she had toiled in her freedom for the master; no less patiently than before. She was soon entrusted with work in the internment camp, because, when actually incarcerated, her health failed so rapidly; there she washed and scrubbed floors, cooked, and served in the women's delousing establishments. In her work and in her still presence, in her irresistible defenselessness, the unobtrusive but precious mettle of her soul proved itself once again; young women prisoners heeded her gentle counsel, men in misery looked gratefully at her, for she was balm to the eyes of those in pain. The priest who took care of the prison camp one day remarked to the commander that in more believing days saints had been moulded of no different metal.

When, after the turbulent end of the war, Monsieur Soen returned, one-armed, from that mad, strange, other-world, accompanied by grown up children and an aging wife, the farm was built up again; Geneviève Hallaert again sat upon the threshold, new pigeons fluttering around her, a new dog pulling at her apron. And, framed, there hung in her whitewashed room, the picture given her by Abbé Détappes, of the Saint in her blue garment, the soft-eyed hind beside her and the brown, pelt-clad boy. And, in gilt letters pasted underneath by the Abbé, letters she herself was not able to read, were the words of the Scriptures:

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

An Offering to the Sea

Tall tale of a ship that lay in a dead calm until a Jonah was found and put overboard

by CAPT. WM. OUTERSON

The ship lay becalmed on a sea so smooth that it looked solid, like a floor of smoky blue steel stretching unbroken to the skyline. It held the MARGRAVE so still that her decks felt strangely unfamiliar to the feet of her men, as if she were not floating but imbedded in molten stuff that had cooled and set. Her masts pointed at fixed positions in the sky, forlorn in their stark rigidity, and her sails hung motionless as drapes on closed windows. Worried by the long calm, and puzzled to account for it in these latitudes, the skipper paced restlessly back and forth on the poop, strongly inclined, but ashamed, to whistle for a breeze. The helmsman stood listless, his hands hanging limp on the spokes of the useless wheel; the mate roved in moody patience about the hot main deck watching the men at work, squashing at every step bubbles of pitch that boiled from the seams between the planking. Stopping at the main taffrail he watched the bos'n languidly whipping the end of a rope with twine, his jaw making slow and gentle movements as he manipulated a quid of tobacco.

"If we don't get a breeze pretty soon, somebody will be goin' crazy an' jumpin' over the side," the mate remarked wearily.

"I wouldn't be surprised, sir," Larry the bos'n agreed, and lowering his voice he muttered darkly: "It might be a good thing for the ship if someone left her that way."

"What's on your mind?" the mate enquired, staring.

"I've been hearin' things, sir. I ain't got the whole story yet, but I suspicion there's a man aboard of us that would bring bad luck to any ship."

"A Joner! Who is the man?" The mate lowered his voice.

"I don't know, sir, but I'll soon find out. Anyhow, this weather ain't accordin' to nature, an' I guess the skipper knows it. He looks awful worried."

"He does, an' he is. Fourteen days of stinkin' calm in these latitudes, where we've always had a good breeze, would play hell with any skipper. Most of 'em wouldn't be fit to live with, but he keeps a good grip on himself."

"He's too worried to act natural, sir. He knows the sky an' the sea ain't right."

The mate turned his head without answering and stared at the skyline in the spontaneous manner of ancient habit, his eyes turning slowly sidewise as he searched for signs of a breeze. Seeing none he drew away from the taffrail and surveyed the horizon on the port side but observed nothing there to indicate wind and moved silently aft, mounting the poop ladder almost furtively, as if he were to blame for the calm. The skipper ceased his nervous promenade and halted beside him, only the deep crease between his straight brows betraying his anxiety. He was a tall, spare man with hazel eyes in which burned a light of suppressed inner disturbance.

"How long have you been going to sea, Mister Crosby?" he enquired in a somber voice pitched low so as not to reach the long ears of the man at the wheel.

"Something like twenty years, sir," the mate replied, wondering what the old man was driving at, and if worry had affected his memory. He knew perfectly well how long his first officer had been seafaring.

"Have you ever seen a calm like this in that time?"

"I was becalmed for three weeks in the old KELBURN, sir. She rolled like a log, chafin' her canvas to rags, an' didn't make a mile in twenty-one days."

"Rolled!" The skipper repeated the word with emphasis. "But this ship isn't rolling. She's rigid, like a rock. There isn't a movement on the sea or a breath of wind in the sky, and the whole world seems dead. There's something wrong."

"Something wrong, sir?" Larry's recent remarks had not yet passed out of the mate's mind, and the statement of the skipper startled him.

"Damnably wrong! No man has ever seen the sea as lifeless as this. There's no accounting for it. Atmospheric pressure couldn't make it as flat as the top of a table, without the ghost of a swell or motion of any sort, and I know of nothing else that could. Look at the sky. Did you ever see a sky like that?"

"No sir," the mate replied, feeling suddenly nervous. "I never did. I've been tryin' to account for it, one way or another, but it's beyond me. There's no clouds at all, though it ain't very bright. It looks solid, like a wall built round us an' keepin' the wind from comin' through."

"A wall!" The skipper spoke with subdued violence. "That's exactly what it looks and feels like. An inverted bowl of solid stuff cutting us off from the wind and the world."

The mate felt bewildered by this sudden outburst from one who had always behaved with dignity and reserve as became a captain. His description of the sky as having the appearance of a wall had been a simple flight of fancy and not an expression of actual fact, a metaphor which he had supposed the skipper would accept as a mere figure of speech. He stared at him fixedly. After a time, moved by the same impulse, they turned their heads in different directions and gazed at the strange sky and the motionless sea, and when they had finished their uneasy scrutiny the skipper walked away and the mate returned to the main deck, his mind disturbed by the peculiar interview and the ominous remarks of Larry.

The day wore on and in the second dogwatch the men gathered on the forehatch to yarn and smoke and sing the songs that sailors like. But on this day no songs were sung, and the men looked meaningly at each other and cast furtive glances at Scudder, a gaunt unattractive man whose ugly hands possessed cruel strength. His features were the indifferent type supposed to indicate an insignificant personality, but his little eyes gleamed on occasion with a light of ferocious humor that prevented his shipmates from trying to impose on him. Also, they feared his hands.

In one important way he was a favorite, for it seemed that some fairy godmother had laid upon him at birth the mantle of minstrelsy, endowing him according to his station with a notable talent for spinning yarns. Frequently he kept the whole crew sitting in charmed silence through the second dogwatch, transporting them to scenes of love and revelry and thrilling adventure on land and sea. There was one yarn that he had told on this voyage only to Morton, a man who looked like a gangster, with cold eyes and a sneering mouth, and though the tale was related to him in strict secrecy he had given hints of it to various members of the crew, so that most of them knew that Scudder by his own account had been guilty of cold-blooded murder.

"Tell us that yarn about your wife, Scudder," Scotty requested.

"About my wife?" queried Scudder, looking at Morton without any appearance of anger or surprise. "That's a secret. I told it to Morton 'cause I thought he could keep his mouth shut." He stared at Morton with the queer gleam in his eyes that they all knew, but instead of cursing him for a tattler he grinned and glanced round the company.

"If Morton's told it a'ready, there's no use in me tellin' it again."

"We'd ruther hear you tell it, Scudder, so's we can get it right. There ain't nobody aboard the ship can spin a yarn like you," urged Larry, who had come forward from the main hatch and spoke with double meaning.

"A twice-told tale ain't so good," said Scudder coyly. "But I'll tell it again if you want." The unhallowed light glittered in his eyes as he began the story.

"It was like this. About a year ago I was loafin' along the street in 'Frisco, an' jest below Kearney on Market I met the nicest lookin' dame I ever seen. She had blue eyes with an awful pretty glimmer in them, like moonlight on the sea in fine weather, her hair was real golden with a tinge of red, an' she had the finest figure in the world. When I seen her a queer feelin' went all over me an' I stopped to watch her go by. Right then I says to myself—that's the one for me, if I can get her. So I followed her to her house and went around till I found a girl that knowed this golden kid an' made us acquainted. Thelma Robson was her name.

"I wasn't stuck on myself bad enough to think that Thelma would fall for a common sailor like me, but I knowed that dames was funny thataway, an' a bloke might have a better chance with them than he expected, so I took her to shows an' skatin' rinks an' once to a night club, an' we had an awful good time together. She was an awful nice kid, an' after a month or so I reckoned it was about time to find out how I stood with her, so one day I as't her right off the reel if she would marry me. Mebbe you won't believe it, but she said yes. We got married soon as we could, an' there was me with the sweetest wife in the world, settled down in a nice little house that we rented, an' as happy as the day was long. I couldn't go to sea in sailin' ships no more, or even in steamers, an' leave her all by herself, so I got me a job ashore.

"There was a feller by the name of Muggins, a flash sort of a guy, a gambler, that used to be nuts on Thelma before her an' me was married, but after a month or two he began to come around an' showed hisself a good sort of a guy. Me an' him got to be good mates, though Thelma kept tellin' me he was the lowest kind of a skunk an' the biggest liar in the United States. I ought to of listened to her, but I liked Muggins pretty good, him bein' an amusin' sort of a bloke, an' I kept runnin' around with 'im in the evenin's. It was like that for three or four months, then one night he took me into a store to buy a ring, sayin' it was for a girl he liked better than anything on earth an' he was goin' to give it to her next day. I says to him, it was a good thing he'd got over his crush on Thelma, an' he laffed a lot about that whilst he was showin' me the ring, pointin' out the diamonds an' lettin' me hold it so as to admire it. That's how I knowed that ring pretty good an' couldn't be mistook about it if I ever seen it again on the hand of the girl he aimed to give it to. When I as't Muggins who the girl was he laffed a lot more, in the funny way he had of laffin' sort of under his breath, an' said I'd find out pretty soon. It wasn't none of my business nohow, so I didn't think no more about it that night.

"Next evenin' I come home from work, an' it happened I was thinkin' about Muggins bein' so crazy over Thelma before I married her, an' that made me wonder who the dame was that he bought the ring for. With them thoughts in my head I opened the door of my house an' seen my wife standin' before the winder in the back room lookin' very close at somethin' in her hand an' seemin' very pleased about it. She didn't hear me come in, an' I stepped up behind her very quiet to see what she was lookin' at. It was a diamond ring, an' she was turnin' it round an' round on her finger, admirin' it with the sort of a smile that she use'to give to me when we was first married. You can see me standin' there all aback an' shakin'. The first sight I had of the ring I knowed it was the one that Muggins bought the night before, but to be dead sure an' make no mistake I went close up an' grabbed her hand to get a good look, an' so help me it was the very ring. Jest like that. I wasn't six months married an' my wife was double-crossin' me a'ready. I cussed her good an' plenty, but that wasn't no use. Then I as't her where she got it, an' she said that Muggins had give it to her with my consent, jest to show his good feelin's for both of us, an' that he bought it when I was with him an' told me all about it. That yarn sounded half true, but I didn't like the look in her eyes an' I as't her why did she struggle an' try to hide the ring when I came in. She said she wanted to tell me about it first an' explain how she came to have it, so as I wouldn't get to thinkin' things an' get all balled up, which was jest what I done.

"I didn't see Muggins that night, though we had agreed to meet jest like other nights, an' it was quite a spell before I ran acrost him again. I grabbed him by the arm an' put the question to him straight, wantin' to know what was between him an' my wife. 'What do *you* think?' says he, an' twists his arm out of my grip, which I wasn't holdin' him very tight, an' goes hell for leather down the street. That settled it for me an' I went home meanin' to have a showdown with Thelma. She wasn't home, an' I waited till two in the mornin' before she came to the door with Mister Bloody Muggins, so help me, mebbe thinkin' I'd be asleep.

"Awright, I says to myself, this is the clam-ax an' the end of everything, an' I went clean out of my head. I jumped into bed an' shammed bein' asleep when she came in, givin' Muggins time to get far enough away before I got up an' faced her. If I thought she'd be scared or sorry or anything like that I was badly fooled. She sneered at me an' laffed, treatin' me like the dirt under her feet. I could go to hell, she said. I didn't amount to a belch in a gale of wind, an' Muggins was a better man than me any way she looked at me.

"That made me feel funny all over, cold an' crazy, an' I done some thinkin'. If I shot her with my revolver a lot of people would hear the racket an' I'd be jugged. If I cut her heart out with my sheath-knife it would make a nasty mess of blood all over the place, an' that would give me away. If I throwed her off the end of the wharf into the sea I'd have to get her down there first, an' I didn't see how I could do that. Then it came to me all of a sudden how to make a quiet clean job of it—to strangle her with my bare hands." He slowly extended his awful hands, strong and terrible with long crooked fingers, nails like talons and sinews of living steel. A movement like a shudder passed through the tensely listening group of men and they began to draw away from him.

"That's how I done it," he continued, his eyes scintillating with devilish enjoyment. "She was scared by then an' watched me like a cat, but I let on I wasn't worryin' any about her till she got a little bit careless, then I stuck out my hands behind her an' clenched them on her throat. She had an awful pretty neck, an' her skin was lovely to touch, white an' soft an' finer than satin. But all them things made me madder an' madder when I thought of Muggins havin' her all to hisself, laughin' at me an' stealin' what was more precious than all the diamonds in 'Frisco. I felt like they had cast me on a lee shore an' was poundin' me to pieces, so I squeezed harder an' harder. She struggled somethin' awful for a minute or two, then she got quieter an' went limp in my hands, an' I felt the life go out of her. I laid her on the floor an' stood lookin' down at her, not feelin' bad about it 'cause I thought she had it comin'.

"Next thing was to hide the body an' get rid of it so as nobody would suspicion me. That was easy enough. I tied her up very tight, her knees under her chin, an' sewed her into a piece of canvas so that she looked somethin' like a sailor's bag. Then I shoved her into a little steel trunk an' carried it on my shoulder down to the waterfront, where I knowed there was a boat I could use. After puttin' some heavy rocks into the trunk to sink it, I rowed about three miles out an' dropped it over the side into the bay. A day or two later I wised the cops that my wife hadn't come home an' told them mebbe Muggins knowed where she was, but they only grinned an' said—Tough luck, sailor. There was some talk for a while, but lots of dames leave their men in 'Frisco an' nobody loses any sleep over it, so I waited around for a month to keep away

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Songs that Mother Used to Sing

A reminder that the Victorians and Edwardians sang, with a gay frankness, of the facts of life

by ERNEST BOYD

THE eminent Dr. Sigmund Spaeth and others have pointed out, in varying degrees of indignation or astonishment, that the songs of America today leave none of the facts of life unrevealed to the young and younger generation. Let me at once admit that Harlem and Tin Pan Alley have done more for the enlightenment of post-war youth than ever could have been achieved by Krafft-Ebing or Havelock Ellis. Our song writers rushed in where the literati feared to tread, and never a word was heard from John S. Sumner to restrain their suggestive ardor. Where two thousand people, possibly, read "Ulysses" before the age of the New Woolsey Freedom, hundreds of thousands were regaled by such trifles as "The Handy Man" and "Let's Do It."

I should, however, like to point out that those of us who have reached years of maternal and paternal indiscretion are beginning to resent the patronizing suggestion that, in the years of innocence, all our popular songs were of the melancholy vintage of "After the Ball Was Over" and "Two Little Girls in Blue." The slang and the allusions may vary, but I can assure my young friends, as I arthritically arise from my armchair, that we were pretty clearly informed that there were other pastimes in life besides making Daisy look sweet, on a bicycle built for two. Harmony, rather than syncopation, was the method of enlisting our attention, but I humbly submit that nothing was kept from us.

Let me cite, for example, the highly respectable musical play, "Dorothy," in which the song hit was "Why should we wait till tomorrow, you're queen of my heart tonight?" In order that there should be no misunderstanding, this was rendered by the handsome tenor, as he vainly essayed to force open the lady's bedroom door, his *comble* being:

Prudence may come with the light.
So why should we wait till tomorrow,
You're queen of my heart tonight?

Then there was, in the last happy years of the lamented Victoria's reign, a charming ditty which implied very clearly (1) that elderly gents like cuties and (2) that girls frequently are detained by late engagements at night. As witness two choruses:

Gazing, gazing, gazing at the stars,
Winking at Venus, winking at Mars.
There's many a grandpapa has gone on the ra-ta-ta,
Through gazing, gazing, gazing at the stars.

While grandpapa was gazing at theatrical stars, from the front row, his granddaughter was

Gazing, gazing, gazing at the stars,
Winking at Venus, winking at Mars.
There's many a girl, it's true, has left her lodgings through
Gazing, gazing, gazing at the stars.

Cynical views of domestic life were not altogether unknown. Vesta Victoria used to assure us that

He was a good, kind husband,
One of the best of men,
So fond of his home, sweet home,
He never, never wanted to roam.
There he would sit by the fireside,
Such a chilly man was John.
I hope and trust that there's a nice warm fire
Where my old man is gone.

Bathing beauties, in the modest manner of the period, were celebrated in no uncertain terms:

She began to bump a little bit,
Bump, bump, bump just a little bit.
At first she was bashful as could be,
Till she got used to the rolling sea;
Then up and down the little petlet jumps,
And the boys all shouted from the golden shore:
What ho! She bumps!

The possibility of a gay mother outdoing her own daughter was tragically recorded, amidst roars of laughter, as

He used to come and court his little Mary Ann,
I used to think that he was my young man,
But mother caught his eye and they got married on the sly,
And now I've got to call him father.

The complications of illicit love were viewed philosophically in:

We were to be married this morning, at half past ten,
The wedding bells were going to ring,
The dickie birds were going to sing,
But coming along in the carriage,
We had a few words of strife.
Now Daisy's gone back to her husband,
And I'm going back to my wife.

The polygamous ideal was not neglected and George Lashwood, in what is still known as immaculate evening dress, used to plead:

Wise men say there are more women than men in this world,
That's why some girls are single all their lives.
Three women to every man,
O, girls, say, if you can,
Why can't every man,
Have three wives?

The tribulations and consolations of the gay, bachelor life were graphically depicted by two breathless cross talk comedians:

There is a garden we know,
Where strange flowers grow,
Such as tin pots and dead cats and dogs.
And the landlord—it's strange—
He never has change,
While the landlady goes through your togs.

Chorus

It's a grand hotel, is the Grand Hotel,
Where the mice seem to thrive very well.
There's a grand, sliding roof, and it slides every night,
The rain comes in and puts out the light.
And the ghosts come every night,
And sit on the bedposts and yell.

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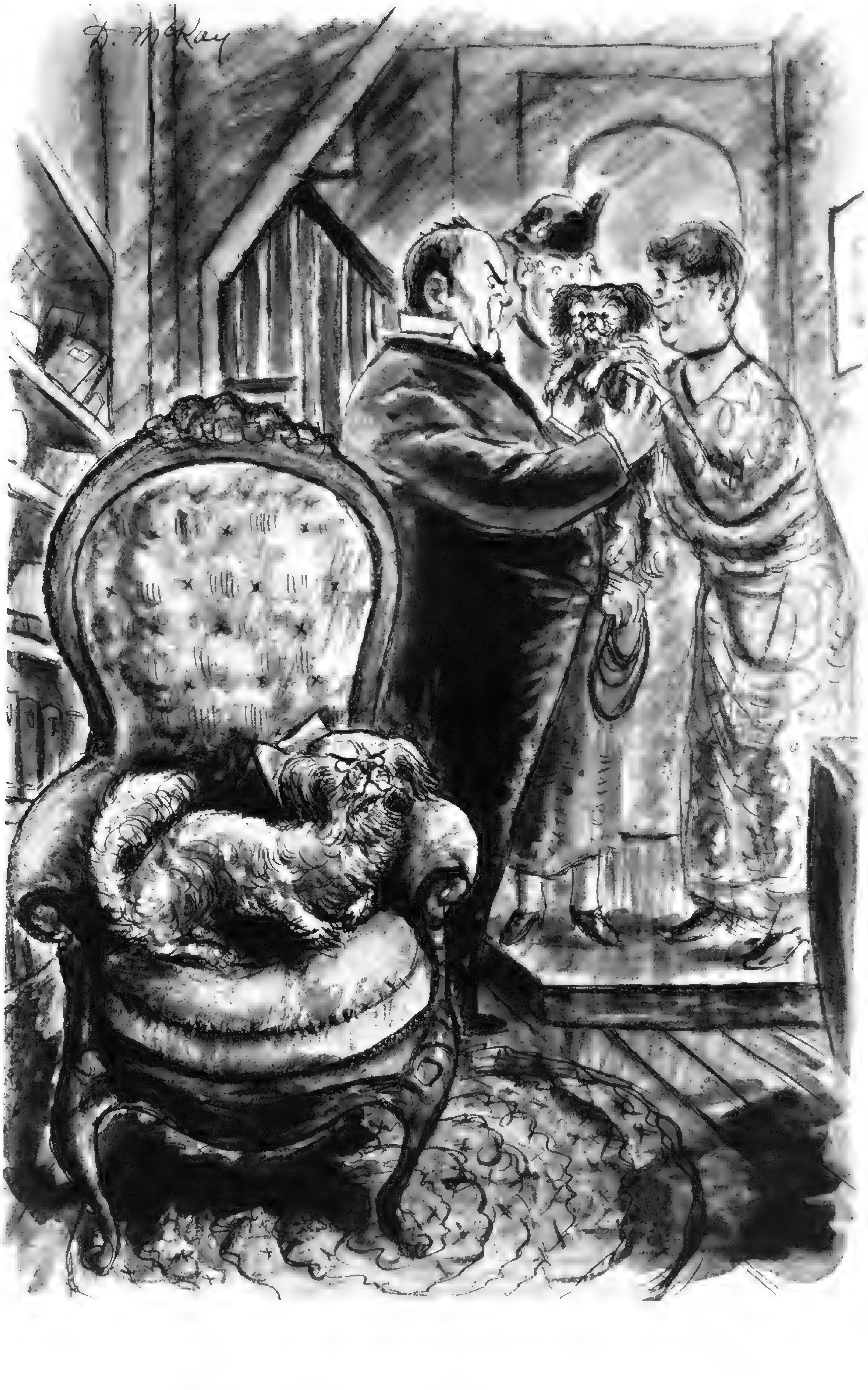


"Here, Hawkins, take Yvonne and introduce her to Michel"

The Fate of Political Exiles

Case histories of the tragi-comic plight of all those men without a country whose great enemy is time

by EMIL LUDWIG

THE New Testament teaches me to love all men, but teachers and speakers tell me to think first of my own country, at any price. Once again a World War is imminent; we all know how it can be avoided. But the cunning or powerful people who gain by war, are arousing in many countries the self-consciousness of their own countries to a feeling of active hostility to others.

Of the eighteen million people who have divided our earth into so many small parts, some five million have been driven from their native land and are living, against their will, in foreign countries. The difference between these emigrants who remain in Europe and those who left Europe to build up America is obvious. Yet, they have one feeling and one motive in common: they could no longer breathe freely in the land of their birth and struggled forth, partly driven by persecution, like the English Quakers, who produced William Penn, partly by banishment. The increasing coarsening of all manners in our century has substituted physical for moral dispossession. Three hundred years ago life was made difficult for the heterdox, today they are simply beaten to death, so that the wise escape before it is too late.

It must be admitted that the spectacle of most exiles first appears tragic, but gradually becomes tragi-comic. If you go into the home of an exiled Russian in Paris, of an Italian in Prague, of a German in London, you will find a man, and possibly a woman, living in a dream world and consciously, even obstinately, resisting reality. In the first place, no exile will admit the changed conditions in his own country, but, at the same time, he tries to differentiate himself from the customs of the land of his adoption. Some years ago, when I recognized by his broken French that a taxi-driver in Paris was a Russian, I addressed him in the few words of his language I knew. Seeing that he was recognized, he raised his hat so politely but unobsequiously that I saw at once he was well educated. I sat beside him and, as I praised the Opera House in passing, he said: "Our Opera in Petersburg was far finer. And to think that I contributed 250,000 roubles when it was restored!"

When I paid him, and did not dare to add a tip, he introduced himself as Prince M. and invited me to come to see him, "any time in the evening after nine; I never drive later. But don't come next Tuesday. We have a naval conference." In answer to my look of astonishment he continued: "The Tsarist admirals and naval officers now working in Paris, who are mostly chauffeurs, always meet at my place on the first Tuesday in the month. Then we discuss plans for the rehabilitation of the fleet, when those criminals—" with a gesture he blew up the soviets. "Now we are getting along pretty well," said the Prince. "For two whole years the commander of my regiment and I drove hired machines, but now we have bought them and are on our own. The worst is over."

This ghostlike naval conference of Parisian chauffeurs actually did meet, as I later found out, every month in the little room of the former Prince, while the revolutionary government in Moscow at that time had already commanded its real fleet for more than ten years. In other cases the exiles restore their former glory by auto-suggestion. They used to tell in Paris about the conversation at the apartment of an impoverished Russian countess, who held her little dog on her lap. Around her sat the exiles talking of old times.

"When I was still Marshal of the King's household," said one. "At that time, when I drove every morning to my office, as managing director of the Electrical Company," another would reply, and so on. The old lady, who had not lost her sense of humor, stroked her little dog and whispered: "I know, I know. And you were once a Saint Bernard."

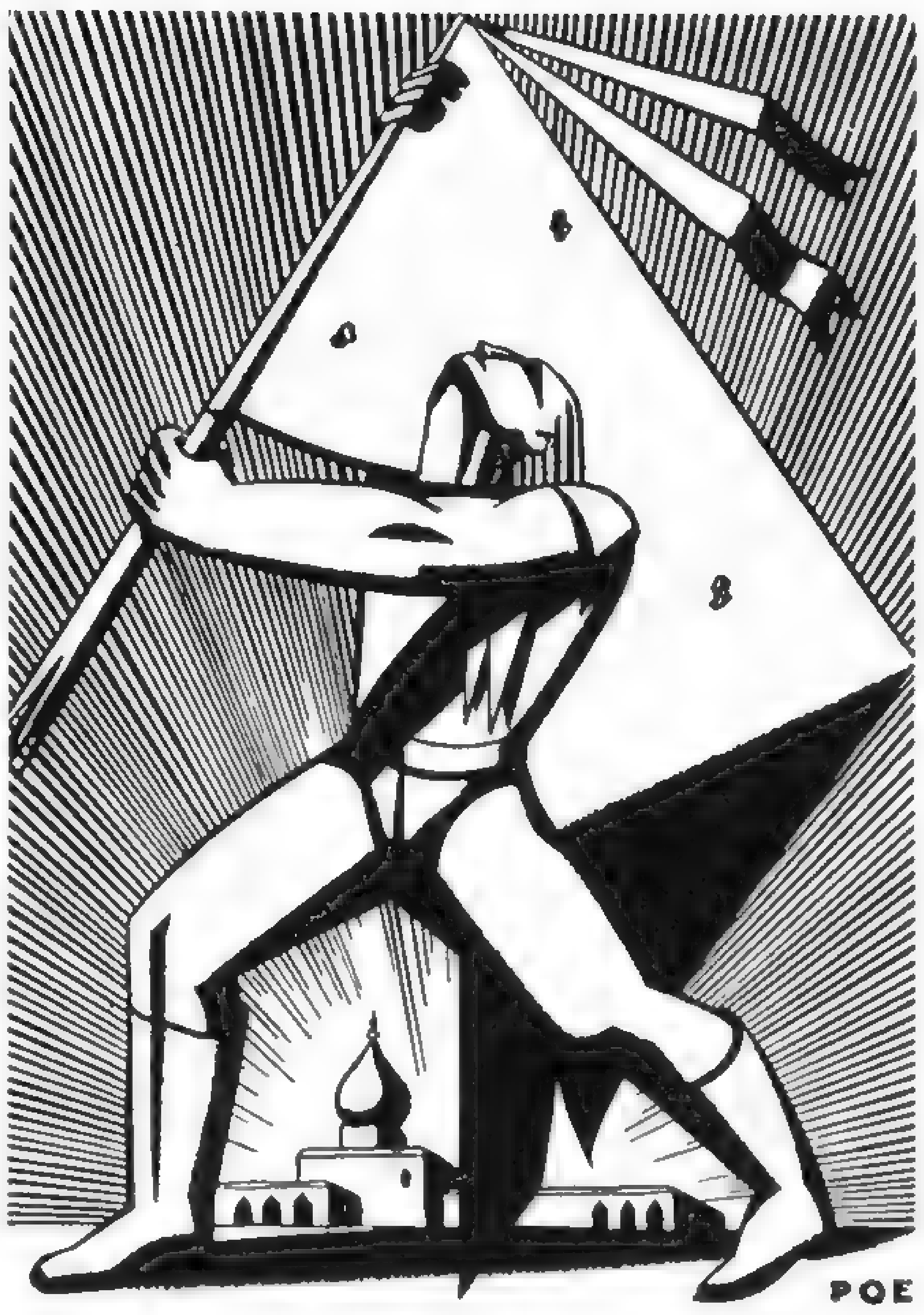
When such illusions develop from personal matters into affairs of state, they become even more laughable. The defeated White Russian General Wrangel, whose defeat in 1920 decided the victory of the Soviets, was naive enough, four years later, to place himself "and his army at the disposal of" the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch, the notorious leader of the Tsar's army. In other words, he offered an army which did not exist, to wage a campaign against the Soviets which could never take place.

At the same time another member of the Romanoff family came forward, and the monarchist exiles divided into two factions, who did not fight each other with arms but with obscure newspapers. This was the Grand Duke Cyril, who, in 1922, that is, five years after the founding of the Soviet Union, issued an "Appeal to the Russian Army" and an "Appeal to the Russian People." In all seriousness he had himself proclaimed "Tsar of all the Russias"—and this in Germany, where he had married a German princess who had also been dispossessed long since. In his "Imperial Chancellery" he conferred orders and titles, got himself a Lord Chamberlain and, if correctly reported in the press, as late as 1926, he "raised" the wife of another Grand Duke, who was a middle-class American woman, to the rank of "Grand Duchess."

The Russian nobility who had been deprived of their power and banished had at first sold their old ornaments in the second-hand clothes market in Moscow, sitting side by side on old, shaky benches, often showing a sense of humor, or at least that true Russian resignation to Fate. Later, in the most fantastic ways, they succeeded in escaping. Then when they joined other banished or escaped Russian intellectuals, in Prague, Berlin and Paris, they entered into the most adventurous enterprises. Grand Duchesses opened dressmaking establishments, their husbands mixed expensive perfumes for the rich American women who could then still travel, others sold automobiles, and others became doormen or riding-masters.

I knew a pretty and plucky Russian woman in Paris who had actually won her husband by conquest. He was a well-known professor of law when Fate, in the shape of an *agent provocateur*, approached him and offered him Kerensky's diary. When he fell into the trap, he was condemned to Siberia by the Soviets. He fled, and merely let his wife at home know that he was gone. In men's clothes, and under unspeakable difficulties, she followed him; and, without any clue of any kind, searched all over the world. In Tientsin she heard some workmen talking Russian, spoke to them and learned that her husband had left that very place a few months earlier and gone to Bulgaria, as a teacher. She followed him there, went through every town and village in Bulgaria, and finally found him at the end of the world in a tiny Balkan hamlet. No movie could be any better.

Some gifted exiles in Berlin started art theatres, wrote and printed books, and we only wondered where so many readers found the money, for there were, in Berlin alone, more than sixty Russian publishers in 1923. On these depended the foremost writers. It was only some years later that even Gorky



returned to the fold, by means of his famous letter to Lenin, after having several times oscillated between Russia and Europe, back and forth.

As the Soviets had also banished their party opponents the moderate Socialists, the latter continued abroad their struggle against the Monarchists. Thus, through congresses and newspapers, Europe really got a proper knowledge of the struggles of the old Russian parties, when these had long since lost their power. Even the Democrats (Cadets) were divided in exile, because their leader Miliukoff—still the head of the Russian Democrats in Paris—had united with his former opponent Kerensky.

In exile few have tried to unlearn, to consider their own mistakes, and begin to see the changed world as it really is. The majority continue, like Don Quixote, their tilting at windmills. Of them all the most tragic has been the fate of the Socialists, who were banned by the Tsar, even before the war, and were again banished by their own brothers. For many years the Russian Social Revolutionaries had worked with the Communists as exiles from Tsarist Russia. For a generation the Menshevists had been the fellow-workers, in theory and practice, of the Bolshevists. Then, when they had at last returned to their country and, after the fall of the Tsar, had coöperated in the government, they were again exiled by their comrades. It is not surprising that these people passionately believe that they will return again, and act as if it were merely a question of a few months. Speaking of Tchernoff's agitation in exile, someone said: "He was the shadow of a stable-boy polishing the shadow of a carriage with the shadow of a brush."

The extent to which the Russian clings to his habits I saw in a play "The Armored Train," which was performed several thousand times in Russia, and in which was shown the struggle of the Bolshevists against the remainder of their enemies in Siberia, during the civil war of 1921. A bourgeois family had been driven further and further through Russia for months, until they had now reached the Pacific Ocean. But they were still dragging their household effects with them: a little piano, their parrot and, above all, their tea utensils. The way in which the wife scolded the old servant because one of the serviettes had been lost in their flight confirmed in moving fashion the tragi-comedy of the fleeing *petit bourgeois*.

Only a few writers kept their heads and felt that that seizure of power is a long way from being a proof of superiority. In the first year of the Soviets, Gorky appealed in an article from abroad: "Take it easy, people. Don't be so ready to hurl accusations of treason. It almost looks as if the whole of Russia were filled with people calling each other traitor."

This passion of everyone against everyone then led, and still leads, to no decision. As every revolution begins as high treason, over night the man who condemned another legally as a traitor, finds himself condemned as one. In the end only one question remains: who has the most rifles and cannons at the decisive moment? This stupid and commonplace argument was decided by Napoleon's *coup d'état* in 1779, exactly as it was decided by the *coups d'état* of Lenin, Mussolini, or Hitler. The rage of the deposed or exiled politicians is still no proof of anything against the new régime, but the retrenchment of a new régime, which was tottering when it began, is equally no proof of its intelligence or historical justification.

In our times the *coups d'état* of the two most furious opponents, the Fascists and the Communists, were not only effected by means of the same force and propaganda, but one side actually learnt its methods from the other, and then turned those methods against their inventors. Ten years from now they will be indistinguishable from one another, except in name.

For this reason the world becomes reconciled to any form of government in another country—however much hated at first—provided that government can keep in power for a few years or decades. The exiles alone never reach the stage of recognizing the actual, factual régime of their enemies.

"Is there any place today where there are no Russian officers?" writes the Russian Duke von Leuchtenberg. "They are felling trees in the Balkan mountains, breaking stones on the roads of Servia, digging coal in the mines of Pernik, sowing in the fields, and gathering grapes in the vineyards; they are living in the cabins of night watchmen, in shacks, in caves, everywhere." If you meet a man who has been deprived for fifteen years of his country, his climate, his speech and his occupation, once he gains confidence, he will speak of people whose names are never heard of, and ask about politicians long since forgotten. He lives in another world; time and place have not changed for him; he refuses to recognize the present because the present will not recognize his rights.

A Circassian colonel, formerly a kind of free Caucasian prince, now doing equestrian acts in a circus, whose origins I had recognized by his pure-bred features in riding-school, sat on my terrace in the sun, drank with enjoyment one brandy after another, and talked of people like an experienced man of the world. Only when I brought up the future of Russia and uttered mild doubts, did he give me an embarrassed smile and say in his broken French: "Tsar will come back. All come back. If not I, then my son."

Many of these sons, however, are now learning, as children in foreign schools, a foreign language and foreign customs. They are beginning to regard as a myth that Russia of which their parents speak as of a lost Paradise. Born and brought up abroad and in the land of the former enemy—Germans in France, Russians in Germany—they will become Germans or Czechs or English, and for this very reason they seem to be the true pioneers of the coming type, the European. For, not through racial purity, which leads to inbreeding, but through racial mixture have the great peoples of history evolved: the Greeks, the Romans, the English, to mention a few examples, and the best example—next to the Americans—is the Germans themselves, the most mixed race in Europe.

However hospitable, no government can cope with the illusions of the immigrant. Only too rapidly he begins to make demands and to declare that he personally has been treated unjustly. In his misfortune he over-estimates the understanding of his host, while the latter likewise over-estimates the foreigner's adaptability. Further, when he emigrates, a man must undergo a great test. Titles, money, relations are no longer effective. Only a strong character, with knowledge, ability, talent, can pull through. Naturally the high nobility, thanks to their foolish education, came off worst. When the Austrian Count B., after the collapse of the Hapsburgs in November, 1918, in flight from the revolution in Vienna, came into Switzerland, without baggage, with only a pearl necklace of his wife's hidden in his hollowed cane, he went into a Zurich shop to buy collars.

"What size?" asked the salesgirl. "I don't know," the statesman answered. "All I can remember is that I wear something size 38." He had never in his whole life bought his own linen. This story, told by himself, shows the complete helplessness of a distinguished exile, who certainly could not know at the time that, a few years later, he would again be able to live on his property as a wealthy man of rank.

Thousands whose names were not distinguished had worse experiences. In general the plight of the exiles has increasingly disimproved. In the beginning it still seemed interesting to rich people to have princes as servants. Today there are no more rich people. The gigantic doorman who let me in every evening at the house of my New York banker friend K. must have been one of the last of the princely doormen and his master one of the last of the princely bankers.

Towards the later exiles, Italians and now particularly Germans, curiosity and, unfortunately, also the sense of human solidarity, have been dulled in foreign countries. The world depression and the recurrence of the problem combine to weaken sympathy. For decades France was accustomed to Italian immigrants. Marseilles always had a colony of a hundred thousand Italian workers, and

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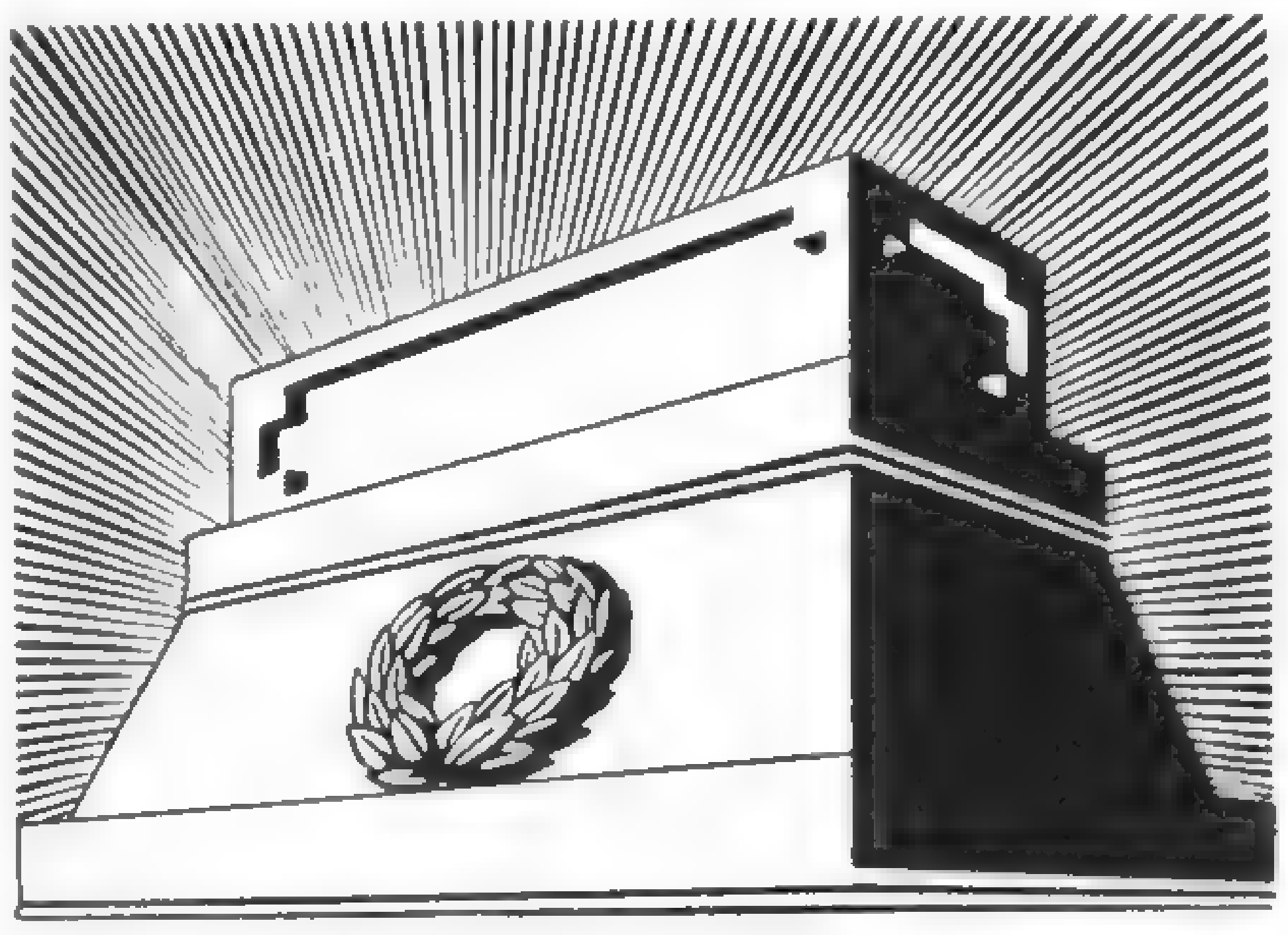

Mrs. Joe Cotton

Juicy irony in the story of the spiritual evolution of a pillar of womanly propriety

by WILLIAM MARCH

Mrs. Joe Cotton, secretary of the Reedyville Temperance and Vice Society, was the terror of small bootleggers and poolroom keepers, and she had tracked down and prosecuted more than one frightened prostitute who had drifted into town from New Orleans or Memphis. She was a large, solidly built woman, with fine, black eyes and wide shoulders, and when she walked down Oak Street with her swinging stride, glancing keenly from side to side, she was a handsome woman still, in spite of her forty-five years.

Before her marriage she was known as Alice Ochs, and she had worked at the cigar counter of a commercial hotel in Atlanta. Naturally she had a great many friends both among traveling salesmen who came regularly to the hotel and strangers in town for a few days. These men were generally bored and lonely, and many of them would come over to Alice's counter and talk to her, drawn by her black hair, pink cheeks and sparkling jet-like eyes. (It was because of her beauty and her ability to attract men that she had been selected for the position she now held, a fact which Alice knew quite well.) Alice was proud of her good-looks and proud, also, of the fact that she was always dressed in the latest style. She had a contempt for dowdy women, and she often told her roommate, a woman named Trix McAllister, that she didn't blame men for being untrue to their wives, considering what most wives looked like after a few years.

It is doubtful, however, if Alice could have made such an excellent appearance on the salary the hotel paid her, but fortunately for her, her men friends were always giving her presents of clothing, jewelry or even money after an evening spent in her company. After her brief liaisons, there was no sense of shame to harrass her, nor was there any feeling of guilt in her mind: on the contrary, the fact that she had given pleasure, and had, herself, remained unaffected gave her a consciousness of superiority to her companion. As the man lay in her arms, exhausted for the time, Alice would kiss his lips and his eyelids in a gentle manner and a feeling of power would come over her.

For awhile Alice's life moved calmly, and then one day in January, 1911, there occurred a series of trivial events which affected her entire existence. The weather, which had been mild and springlike, changed suddenly, and Alice contracted a chest cold. The night before, Trix McAllister had rubbed her with a mixture of turpentine and mutton-suet, and Alice felt considerably better the next morning. The girls arose, somewhat later than usual, and Alice began to dress hurriedly.

Trix watched her in surprise: "Alice Ochs! —You don't mean to tell me that you're not going to wear any more clothes than that!— Why, with your cold, you'll have pneumonia before night!" Alice continued to dress. "Don't worry about me, Trix: I'll be perfectly warm. Don't worry about me at all." (Alice was fond of Trix, a woman somewhat older than herself who was always trying to mother her.) But Trix laughed in a half-provoked way and shook her head. Then she went into the next room and began rummaging in her trunk. In a few minutes she returned carrying across her arm a suit of shapeless, fleece-lined underwear which had belonged to her husband during his lifetime. "You put this on, and don't be silly," she said.

Alice protested vehemently. She took a great deal of pride in her personal appearance and she was particularly proud of her beautiful, hand-made underwear. She had found that men always admired elaborate underwear—embroidered corset-covers and heavily starched petticoats—scented with violet sachet powder and decorated with cherry-colored ribbons. Alice glanced at the grayish, rust-stained union-suit which lay across Trix's arm and contrasted it with the pair of cambric drawers she had laid out to wear that day, with their yards of cream colored lace and insertion, through which she was running pink and blue ribbons, and the sight of the woolen underwear with its clumsy buttons, shapeless square seat and baggy knees, made her shudder with distaste.

"No, Trix," she said, "I'll be perfectly all right as I am. Don't you worry about me."

But Trix was insistent and Alice, after much protesting, put on the woolen garment. Afterward, she went to work, as usual. She chatted with her customers and rolled poker-dice with them for cigars or coupons. Among Alice's friends was a man named Joseph L. Cotton, who traveled for a textile house and who, when calling upon a new account, opened the conversation by saying: "My name's Cotton and I sell *cotton* piece goods!" Then he would laugh in a friendly way and show his fine teeth. Joe had blonde hair which was very curly. He liked to think that he knew a great deal about life, but he was, in reality, very simple.

He was in Atlanta that day, and, as usual, he came up to Alice's counter to talk to her and to joke her about being too proud to have a date with a plain drummer. (He had wanted to go out with her several times in the past, but Alice had always had something better to do.) This afternoon Joe also asked for a date and finally, to his surprise, Alice gave him one. They planned having dinner together and going later to a theater.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, and after the theater was over, Joe suggested that Alice come with him to his room. Alice consented as a matter of course. When they were in the room, Joe locked the door and winked mysteriously: "We don't have to worry about the house dick," he said, "because he's a personal friend of mine."

"All right, Mr. Fixer," said Alice languidly. She lighted a cigarette and began to inhale deeply, her head thrown back. Joe's blue eyes became bright. Then he took Alice in his arms, kissing her throat and her lips, and they stood for a time embracing and murmuring words of love. Then Joe sat down on the bed and began unlacing his shoes. Alice picked up her cigarette, which was still burning, and drew a puff of smoke through her lungs. The smoke irritated her throat and she began to cough slightly. "I'd better let Trix rub my chest with mutton-suet again," she thought vaguely. Then she sat up suddenly, her languid manner gone. She had remembered about the woolen union suit which Trix has persuaded her to wear. For a moment she became panic stricken. She knew she would die of humiliation if any man caught her wearing baggy, woolen drawers. The very thought of such a thing filled her with shame. She got up quickly and put on her hat.

Joe walked to her in his stocking-feet:

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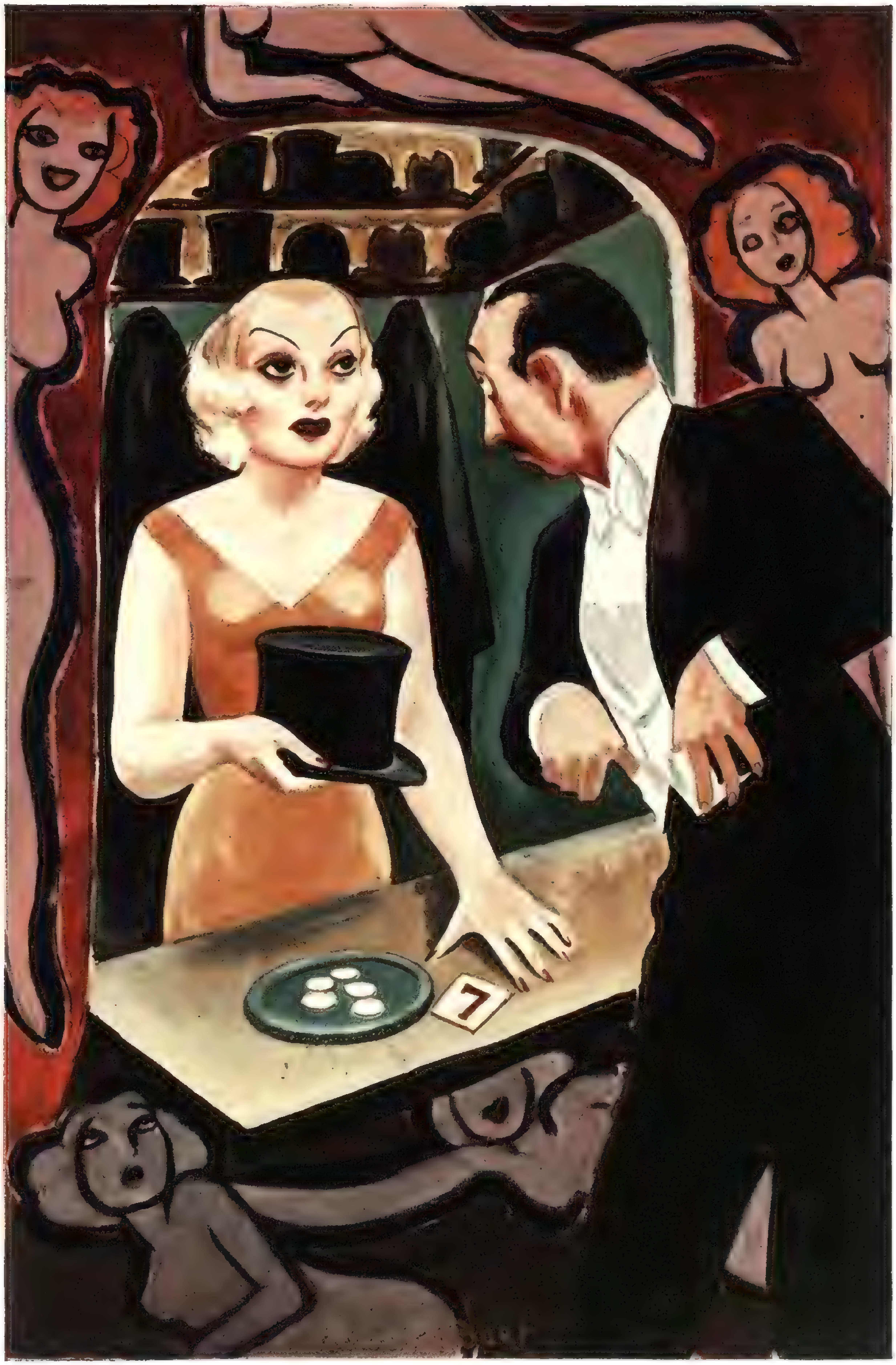
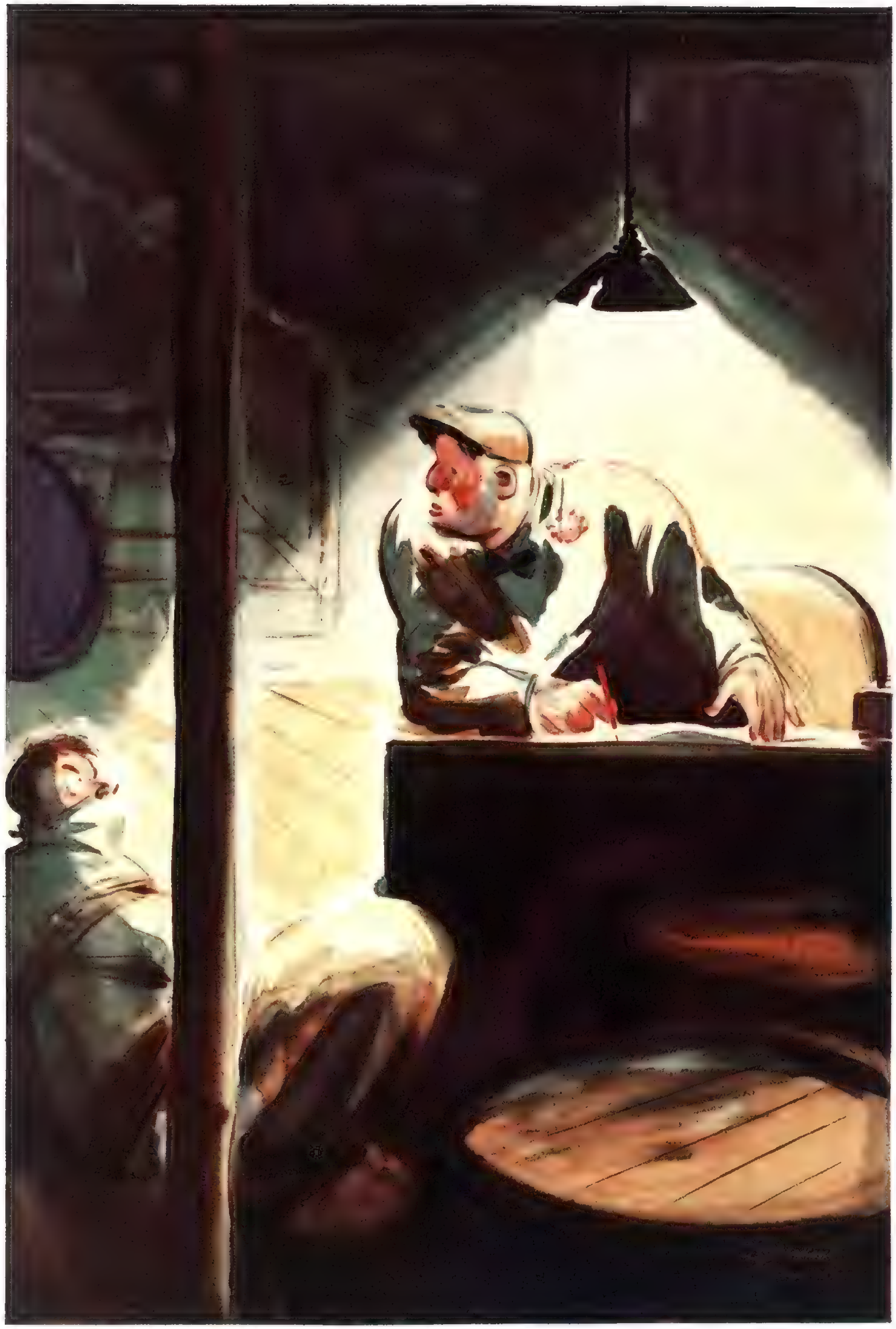


ENEMIES OF MAN No. 4: VENUS OF THE HAT SHELF

You plunk your reluctant quarter down with the sombre knowledge that it is not for her, that she is not the queen of her own racket but only a lady-in-waiting, and that at best your money goes at the rate of a nickel for service and twenty cents for tribute—tribute to some Greasy Gus, lolling in a glittering limousine, who owns this concession and a dozen others. That thought is not pretty—even if she is. Unlike her partner in crime, the cigarette girl, she gives you nothing but a smile when you cross her palm with silver. At that, it's a break. It could be a hearty horse-laugh.



"Are there two p's in kidnapped?"

How Women Tell Right from Left

Conscientious effort to compile a guide, in lieu of a compass, for the use of girls who go places

by GREGORY MASON

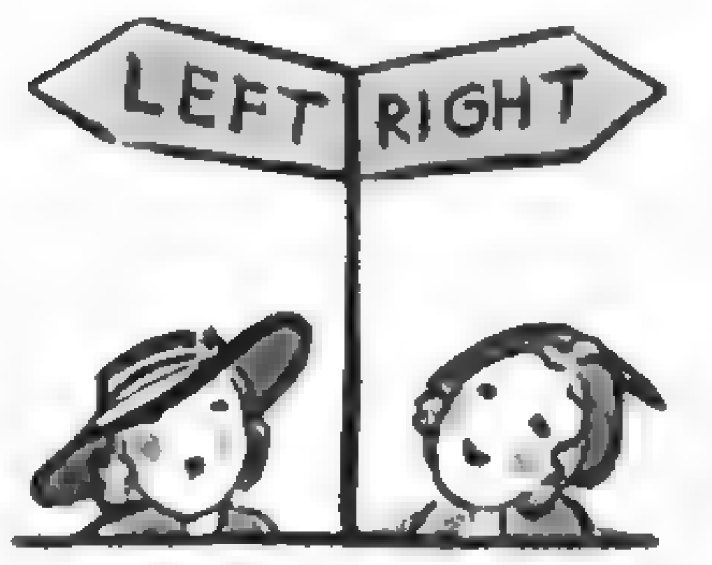
For years men have been amused and puzzled by the fact that numbers of women seem to have a lot of trouble to distinguish right from left.

Of course some women will deny this, but on a little reflection those who are honest will agree with all observant males that it is a fact that a great many girls have a terrible time distinguishing port from starboard. This feminine weakness is so well known that it will be sufficient as an example merely to recall that those suffrage parades in the days before women got the vote all had male guides. I know that, because I used to be one. Yes, I used to be a male guide for suffrage parades.

I well remember how one parade that tried to do without male guides got all balled up when it reached Fifth Avenue coming east along Fifty-ninth Street, because the printed directions for this point said "Turn right on Fifth Avenue," and the women didn't know which *was* right.

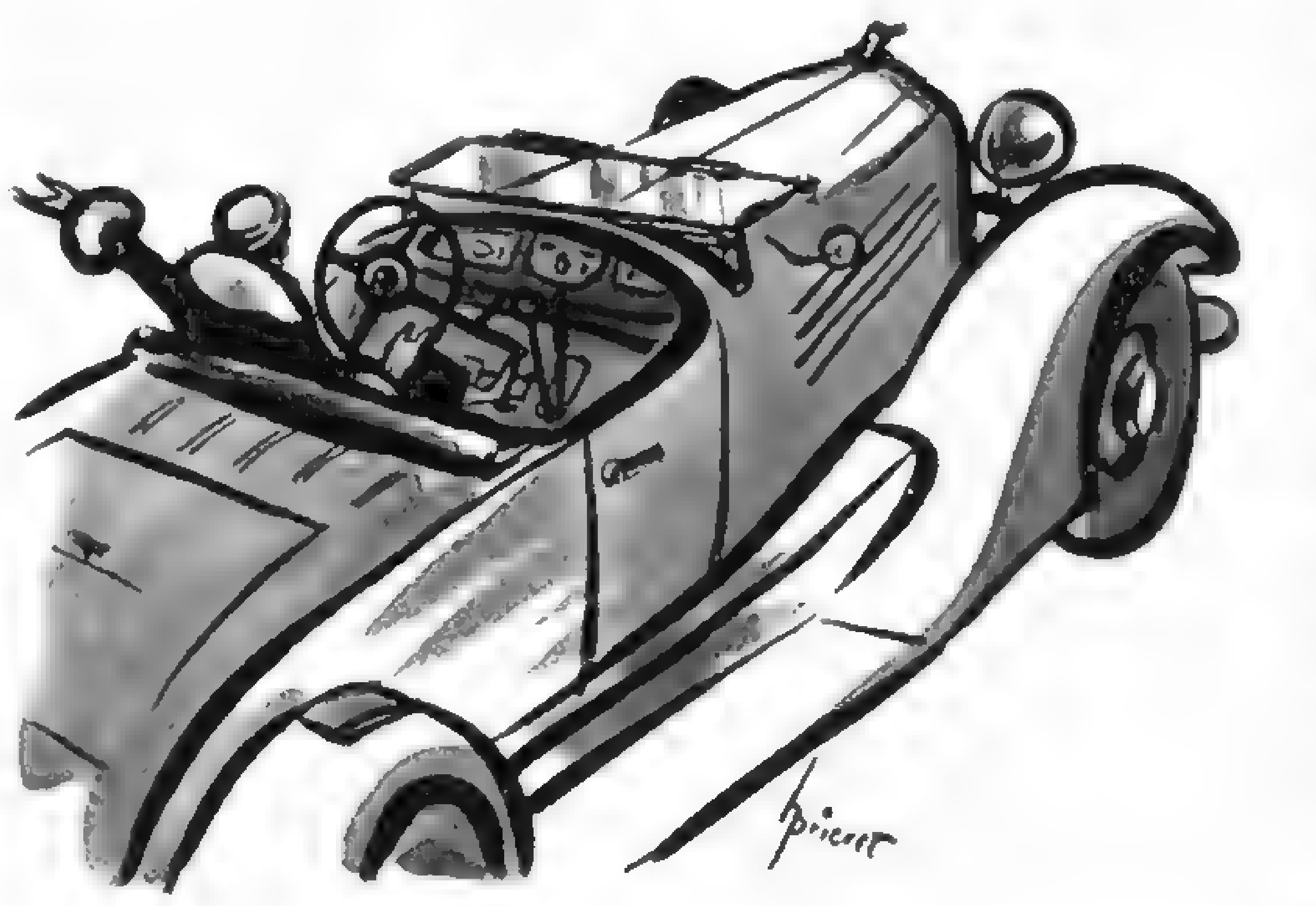
If the directions had said "Turn downtown" every woman would have known what to do, because *downtown* was toward the expensive shops where they had charge accounts. But not a single woman *knew offhand* which was right or left turning into Fifth Avenue.

I believe one reason that many of our sisters have this blind spot is that women are pre-eminently social, and hence, much less concerned with bearings and directions than with grades and ranks. In matters of dress they have learned to accept the authority of the Parisians, and these same French have seriously obfuscated this whole matter of starboard and port by laying down the rule that a man's wife or fiancee or sister sits at his right in a taxi, whereas his mistress sits at his left. This thing got noised abroad and has been a large contributing cause of the difficult traffic problem which has worn out one police commissioner after another in New York. Every woman has been insisting on sitting on the right in taxis. Now, as an automobile normally draws up to a curb at its right, and as a girl naturally gets into a vehicle ahead of her beau, her insistence on sitting in the right-hand corner of the car means that her cavalier must stumble over her feet and knees when he gets in. Police Commissioner Ryan has reported to the New York Chamber of Commerce that his researches show that at least twenty-two per cent of such male escorts are precipitated out the opposite door of the taxi, bewildering drivers and causing no little traffic delay.



"My researches show that at least twenty-two per cent of such male escorts are precipitated out the opposite door of the taxi, bewildering drivers and causing no little traffic delay" said Commissioner Ryan.

Now, you may ask, if women are so dumb about right and left how do they know which is the right side of a taxi? That's too easy. They just instinctively know which side will make a man stumble. And fairness compels us to admit that for those of more scientific turn of mind, who have taken the trouble to look up the rules of the road, it is not difficult to figure out that the right or *wife side*, by the French rule, is the side toward the curb. Which suggests that women really need have no trouble about right and left if they just weren't stubborn. But more of this later, as the fellow said when he beat his wife.



Speaking of traffic, it stumps men to know how so many of the sex who don't take the trouble to learn left from right ever get a license to drive a car. Again, too easy. They just use their sex appeal—oh, unconsciously, no doubt—on the examiner, who is always a man. He will say, "At the next corner, Madame, turn right" but instinctively he will always wave his hand in the direction meant, and the woman candidate, with the cunning of her sex, will notice this and act accordingly, which is perhaps the first time in her life she has acted accordingly for any man.

But what of it, you may ask, "What harm if women don't know starboard from port?"

Ah, Sir, a great deal of it. For one thing, consider the havoc to children's clothes, which are designed by women. Did you ever try to dress your four-year-old son, Sir? Then you get me. For another thing, consider the wear and tear on a husband's nerves when in the midst of traffic he says, "Right, dear, *right*," and she chirps, "Which *is* right, John?" while a Mack truck bears down on the port bow.

However, I am sure that the main trouble is that the girls just aren't interested in this subject. If only we can increase their *ambition* to learn starboard from port, I am sure that we men all agree that they have the *ability* to learn. Particularly as there are so many ready aids at hand.

I myself can offer the following homely means of making it easier for ladies to orientate themselves. I have found them very satisfactory to those of my feminine friends who have tried them, and I am glad to put them at the disposal of the entire sex. There is no egotism about my position in this matter—nothing patronizing I trust, if I say that the problem was clarified largely by the assistance of my own lady friends.

One of them said she could always tell right from left in the thickest traffic of any town by just stopping her car and imagining herself back on the main street of her old home town in Ohio. In that village she had first learned to know right from left by the fact that when she went downtown to market from her house there were three lightning-struck trees on the right side of Main Street. With a quick flashback of memory to this childhood scene she can get her bearings today almost instantly, or, at least, usually in time to avoid getting run over on the street or dealing the wrong way at bridge.

For ladies who are temperamentally unfitted to use this *childhood-memory* test (perhaps they have lost their memory, for instance), or who mayhap consider it not quite *chic*, there are many other easy methods.

First, the clock test. The hands of the clock turn to the right, of course, but when a woman is in a hurry and her watch has no second hand this is an annoyingly slow test. It is much simpler merely to *memorize* the fact that *three* is at the right of the clock's dial and *ten* is at the left. *Four* and *eleven*

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The Luck of the Bozo

Some useful advice on fishing—unless, like the Bozo's, your luck is the kind that's born, not made

by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

When we went to the Nipigon, it was more than a mere fishing excursion. For years, myself and Billy Robinson, my regular fishing companion, had been hearing rumors of a lake somewhere in that region where small mouthed black bass (*Micopterous dolomieu*) grew in profusion. It seemed bizarre; the Nipigon Region of mid-western Ontario has been known for years for trout; the River is the most famous speckled trout stream in the universe; even the Prince of Wales has yielded to its charms. The big lake affords tremendous Great Northern Pike, pickerel and lake trout. But no one ever had heard of small mouth black bass in the region.

Therefore Billy and I had asked Jack McKirdy, the outfitter, to set every one of his Ojibway guides on the trail of those black bass. He had reported them as found—in a chain of lakes some eighty miles by launch, canoe and portage, from his place at the bottom of the lake. So now, in the interests of the tourist department of the Canadian National Railways, for whom Billy is the official photographer, we were on our way to make a motion picture of pioneer fishing in a hitherto unheralded district. The Big Bozo, who is my brother-in-law, was only along for experience. Naturally he could not be expected to understand all the extraneous things which enter into fishing.

For fishing, after all, is not entirely devoted to catching fish. It is greater than that. It is the ability to paddle a canoe, and grit your teeth and take it when the mosquitoes are heavy, to find a trail through heavy bush, to appreciate the beauties which lie about one, to know distance, tension of line, accuracy—and if you master all those eventualities, it naturally follows that you will catch fish, providing the fish are there. It is an exact science.

Anyway, the next day, after many portages, we went fishing.

"Understand," I said to the Bozo, "I'm not distrusting you. I believe, however, that you'd better start with a steel rod. Otherwise, you might become nervous, and that is tabu. Coolness, accuracy, watching your distance, and, with a flick of the rod, casting your plug exactly to the desired spot. We will use plugs here, of course, to insure a catch for the movies."

"Sure, that's the idea!"

"Just what do you know about it?" I asked. "One thing you must learn in fishing—be humble. When you're with a man who can catch more fish in a day than you'll ever catch in ten years, respect his judgment."

"Well, Ryle," mumbled the Bozo, "I was just trying to be polite."

"But you said: 'Sure, that's the idea,' when you don't even know the difference between a Parmachene Belle and a Colorado Spinner. Am I correct?"

"Oh, sure, you're right, Ryle." He took the steel rod and whipped at a weed with it.

"And don't do that!" After all, a fellow can lose patience. "Don't you realize that that thing in your hand is a tempered sabre-steel fishing rod? It's not a lawn-mower. Those are genuine agate guides—"

"Gosh, are they?" he asked, noticing them for the first time. "The same sort of stuff we used to play marbles with. I'm a sonvagun."

"The point is," I argued, "that I'm trying to show you something about casting."

But first I must show him how to put the rod together, how to seat the reel, how to thread the line through the guides, how to loop on the wire snap-leader, and how to snap on the plug. Then I adjusted the anti-backlash brake of the reel and explained its operation.

"If you'll use the brains of a crow and not try to throw the bait over a mountain, you won't have any trouble with back-lashes."

He studied that carefully.

"Back-lashes. That's when the bait goes back of you, isn't it?"

"No," I said between my teeth, "a back-lash is when you cast the bait so hard that the reel runs too fast, and winds up the line the wrong way. Then you must pick out the resulting tangle."

"Oh, if that's back-lashing—you won't have to worry about me. I won't back-lash."

"Sure not," said Billy in a thin voice "nobody ever does."

So then I took the rod and pointed out a half-sunken log about a hundred feet out in the lake. I told the Bozo just what I would do: cast the plug so that it would hesitate in the air about two feet over that log, then drop gently into the water as if some morsel of food, like a frog, had just jumped into the lake. I explained then the theory of artificial bait casting—that it is surprise, illusion, the creation of a picture which does not exist. A fish is lying in wait for whatever food may come along. To his surprise, a strange morsel, apparently a wounded minnow or an insouciant frog, suddenly plunks into the water near him. Naturally the quarry seizes it, and if the fisherman uses scientific methods, is thereby killed. As I explained to the Bozo, if one studies the habits of fish, their feeding spots, their manners and idiosyncrasies, one gets fish. If one does not, one gets skunked. He seemed to understand the point, so I made the cast.

It was a beautiful piece of work, if I may say so. My rod moved ever so slightly, a quick, flipping movement—the perfect cast is best done by an emulation of the boyhood practice of spatting mud balls from the end of the stick. I explained this to the Bozo as my line went out, straight and true until the proper distance was reached, and my thumb exerted its pressure on the spinning reel.

Naturally, being the fisherman that I am, I feel somewhat amateurish at the thought of using a back-lash attachment, although I always have one in case some amateur borrows my reel. The bait struck the water. As I had opined, a bass had been resting there. He was not large, but good enough for experimental purposes.

He lunged at the plug, and with proper finesse, lowering my rod to head him down when he leaped, playing him in gently and with the supposition that I was using light tackle instead of steel equipment, brought him, as we anglers say, to net. The Bozo beamed.

"Gee, that's a cinch, ain't it?" he exclaimed. "One cast and you get a fish."

I handed him the rod silently. Billy rubbed his chin.

"Sure, it's a pushover," he said thinly. "It didn't take Coop more'n twenty years to learn how to do that." Then he moved quite close. "Let's get t'hell out of here," he muttered.

So Billy and I pulled away with our guide. We didn't see the Bozo until about ten o'clock. Then we noticed a streak of white, broken water. The Bozo was waving frantically.

"Hey, Ryle!" he shouted, "there's something wrong with this plug."

"What's wrong with that plug?" I asked. "That's a good plug—it came out of my tackle box. I carry only good plugs."

"Well," he said weakly, "the paint ain't much good on it."

I looked at the plug. There was no paint remaining.

The Ojibway in the bow made wild motions with one arm. Then he said:

"Much big strong man never hit water. All time slam plug on rocks, way up on bank."

I looked at the Bozo.

"Do you remember," I asked icily, "that I said to use finesse? Take it easy—flip it—flip it. As for this plug, you'll have to continue using it. That will teach you to keep your casts in the water."

"Let's get over in the next bay," said Billy. "The light isn't much good here for pictures."

So we paddled into the next bay. Ten minutes later, the Bozo's canoe pursued us.

"Hey, Ryle," shouted the Bozo. "There's something wrong with this rod."

I took the rod. I turned to Billy.

"William," I began, "I wish you to witness a strange phenomenon. Here is a rod of tempered sabre-steel, welded at the ferrule into a bushing of brass.

"But by some strange action, perhaps chemical, perhaps erosion or the advent of the Ice Age, this rod, of its own free will, has broken absolutely clean of that brass bushing."

"Marvelous!" said Billy.

The Indian in the bow swept his paddle through the air in a great arc.

"Strong like husky dog team," he grunted.

I repaired the rod. Then Billy and I went over into the next bay. The camera ground as I, working prettily to bring the quarry straight into the lens, landed a beautiful bass in a close-up. It was a wonderful piece of work, although not as large a bass as I would have liked to have killed.

That done, we paused. A queer sound came from the next bay.

"That sounds like axes!" I said.

There was a tremendous crash.

"It was axes," Billy agreed. "Somebody's cut down a tree."

We edged around the bend. The Bozo sat in the middle of the canoe with his shoulders hunched, while the Indians pawed about in the top of a felled tree to extract the bass plug which had lodged there. Bozo looked up at our approach.

"Now, never mind bawling me out," he begged. "I'll admit I did throw it a little too far."

The Indian in the bow held his hands to his head.

"Strong like hellbent for Moosejaw!" he gurgled.

"Listen, Man Mountain," I asked, "may I give you just one piece of advice? Fish do not grow in trees."

With that we left him, still hunched in the canoe, picking dully at a back-lash.

The other side of the lake appeared promising, so we headed toward it; I cast along shoal water as we went. I never did more beautiful work than on that day; my casts were even, exact, and when the fish struck it was a pleasure, even to me, accustomed to years of good fishing technique, to note that I missed not the slightest item of perfect mastery over my quarry. Billy got some marvelous footage, especially on casting and close-ups at the net; excellent filler stuff, we agreed, for, to our disappointment, the run was not large, rarely over two pounds. I swept the opposite bank with a keen glance, searching for a feeding bed.

"I believe we'll hit for those islands," I said. Billy looked over his shoulder.

"Primo Carnera's heading this way," he mumbled.

"If he gets within a mile of camp, he'll catch the cook," I observed.

Our Indians paddled on, passing marsh grass and weed beds which I ignored. Long experience had taught me that while apparently conducive to good fishing, these spots at this time of the day were more prone to yield the common or grass pike (*Esox reticulatus*), a thin, snaky variety, dull of wit and quite the opposite of the plunging Great Northern Pike. But as we paddled along, Billy raised in the canoe.

"Wonder if a stream flows in behind this weed bed?" he asked.

"Only an optical illusion," I said.

"The trees look like a stream runs in there."

"Yes, a bare space, undoubtedly—that's what creates the illusion." I dismissed the matter, heading the Indian paddlers toward a reef which promised great sport. We could see numerous bass in the depths, but they would not rise. I tried first one lure, then another; my experience has told me that often, during such off-feeding times as this, the lure in which one always has placed the least dependence will incite the quarry to ferocious attack. But although I used spinners with pork rind, deep running baits, spoons, wobblers, surface baits, and even went to flies, the bass refused interest. I was just starting on the contents of my second tackle box when I suddenly was frozen at weird cries from somewhere down the lake.

"Paddle down there," I shouted. "The Bozo's in trouble."

White water flashed from paddle blades, Billy and I lending a hand with the extras. We forced the big canoe to a lathered speed, finally turning in at that weed patch where Billy had questioned the possibility of a small stream.

We could see now that the Bozo had pushed his canoe in there. Then we heard him shout:

"Hey, Billy! Where's that camera? Hey, Billy—I detest sentences beginning with "Hey!"—"Get out that old motion picture camera. I'll show you some bass!"

"Maybe we'd better paddle closer," said Billy anxiously.

We pushed through the heavy reeds. There was the Bozo, casting not more than twenty feet of line.

"Cast farther out!" I shouted.

"Can't—I'm all back-lashed. As tangled up as a crossword puzzle."

"Listen," I yelled in desperation. "You can't catch fish casting a line that short." Certainly if he had sighted bass here, it was to the interest of the picture to catch them. After all, I had made a slight error regarding this place. A stream, queerly enough, did enter here; there were numerous old logs, and rocks and deep pools about. I shouted again: "Cast a longer line! You can't catch fish casting a short line."

"Gee," said the Bozo. "That's funny! I've caught five already. *And here's another one!*"

"How big is he?" yelled Billy.

"Must be five pounds!"

Billy cleared his throat.

"Coop," he said deferentially, "I've been wondering if the Bozo's feelings wouldn't be hurt if we didn't put him somewhere in this picture?"

"Oh," I agreed, "maybe so. Run a few feet on him."

Billy, however, shot a tremendous amount of footage. For some strange reason, the fish at this spot, perhaps never having sighted humans before, performed in almost

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Was Ring Lardner a Humorist?

A thumb-to-nose for the highbrow tendency to praise Lardner, like Chaplin, for his secondary traits

by GILBERT SELDES

For several months I have been spending a great part of my time with the newspaper, magazine, and syndicated articles of Ring Lardner, giving myself, for several hours a day, one of the great pleasures of life—the encounter with a man of genius, and suffering because it was my function to select from several hundred items only as many as could be crowded into a single book. When a producer returned a manuscript of a play to Oscar Wilde, suggesting some changes, Wilde replied, "Who am I to tamper with a masterpiece?" and that is how I felt about the Lardner pieces. There were, to be sure, articles in which I was not interested, columns of type written when Lardner was tired or sick or profoundly indifferent to the world; but there was hardly a paragraph which, as Edmund Wilson said, "in its blending of freshness with irony, does not convey the sense of a distinguished intelligence and an interesting temperament." Wilson was speaking of Lardner's fiction, his major work; the surprising thing is that in reporting a ball game or a political convention, in writing wild burlesques of guides to good manners, in filling a specified space every week on any topic whatever, the same qualities occur. These non-fictions are not works of art, as the stories are, but I thought as I read (and tried to rank) them, that they might correct the one glaring misunderstanding of Lardner's work which threatens to become standard. I mean the idea that Lardner was not a humorist.

I put it in the simplest terms: for years Lardner was engaged in writing for newspapers and magazines articles intended to amuse their readers; during that time he also wrote short stories which the editors of popular magazines believed capable of accomplishing the same object; and for years millions of Americans found all the pleasures a humorist can give in these works. Like all the great comic artists, from Aristophanes, through Moliere, to Mark Twain, Lardner offered to the world a sour commentary on life, but the medium he chose was humor. Let us say that some of the things he said about women (in Say It With Oil) are as unflattering as the things said by Arthur Schopenhauer in that essay which undergraduates so dearly love; it would still remain true that a fundamental difference exists between Schopenhauer and Lardner, and that difference is that when you read Lardner's remarks you frequently roar with laughter and when you read Schopenhauer's remarks you do not. I have always believed that two or three pages of The Big Town tell more about Babbittry than all the works of Sinclair Lewis, but among those pages you will find paragraphs like these:

"Saturday nights (at a resort hotel) everybody puts on their evening clothes like something was going to happen. But it don't. Sunday mornings the husbands and bachelors gets up earlier than usual to go to their real business, which is golf. The women-folks are in full possession of the hotel till Sunday night supper and wives and husbands don't see one another all day long, but it don't seem as long as if they did. Most of them's approaching their golden-wedding jubilee and haven't nothing to say to each other that you could call a novelty. The husband may make the remark, Sunday night, that he would of broke one hundred and twenty in the afternoon if the caddy hadn't of handed him a spoon when he asked for a nut pick, and the wife'll probably reply that she's got to go in Town some day soon and see a chiropodist . . .

"The hotel's got all the modern conveniences like artificial light and a stopper in the bathtubs. They even got a barber and a valet but you can't get a shave while he's pressing your clothes, so it's pretty near impossible for a man to look their best at the same time."

If you have that kind of mind, you can analyse the foregoing and discover that Lardner hates humanity, scoffs at business, is contemptuous of marriage, and has seen through the hypocrisy of progress; but if I granted all those things, I would still think he was fundamentally and professionally a humorist not only because he put in the feeble joke about the spoon and the nutpick, but because of the whole tone and character of what he had written. And particularly because in the last sentence I have quoted he has, by a superb manhandling of grammar, reproduced to perfection a confusion of thought not his own, for the purpose of calling out your sympathetic laughter.

Or take his account of the pleasures of home life:

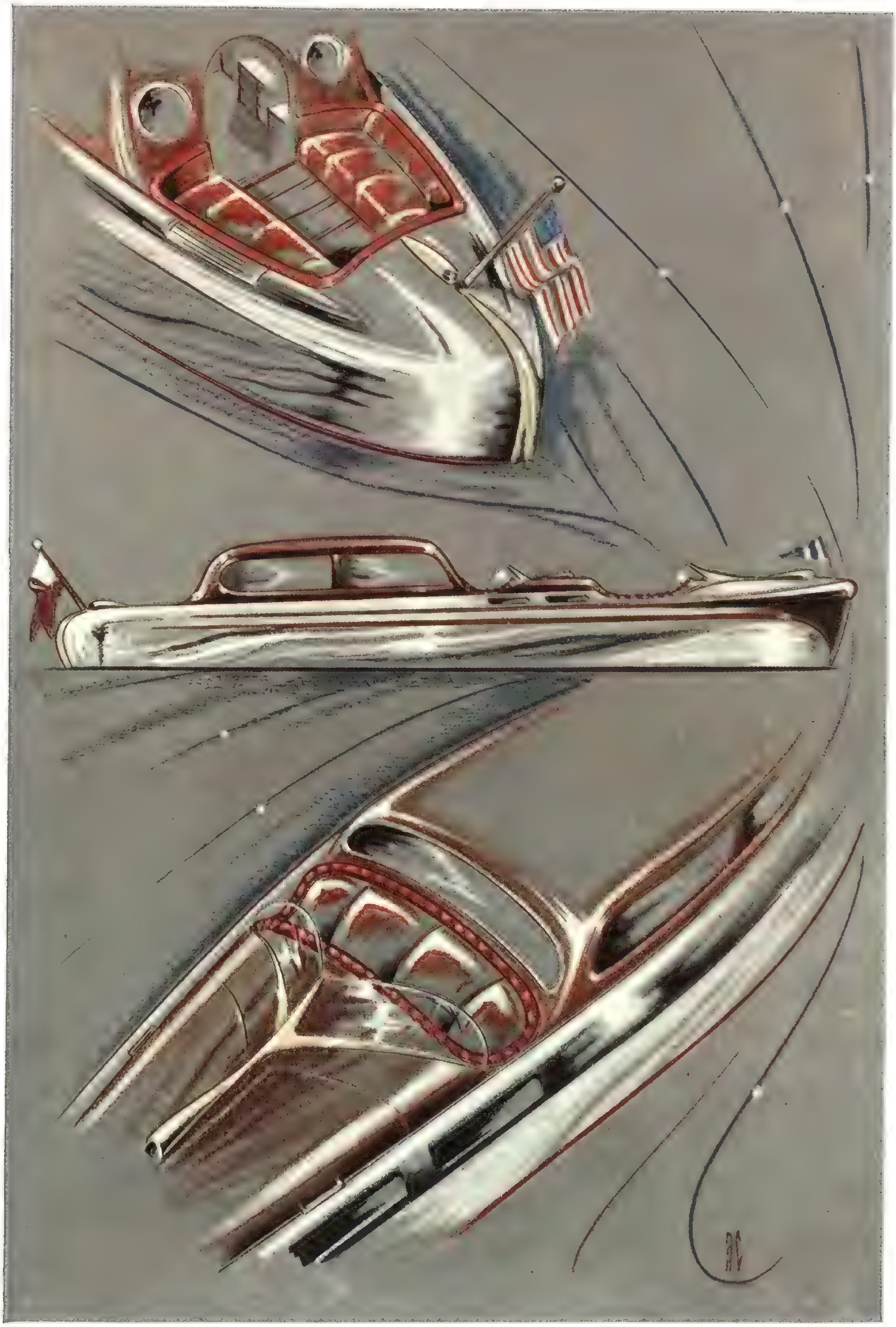
"At 29 home was like they say on the vaudeville stage, a place to go when all the other joints was closed up . . . But at 35 you spell it with a big H. Its where you can take off your shoes. Its where you can have more soup. Its where you don't half to say nothing when they's nothing to say. Its where they don't wait till the meal is all over and then give you an eye dropper full of coffee raw. Its where you don't half to listen. Its where they don't smear everything with cheese dressing. Its where you can pan everybody without it going no further. Its where they know you like doughnuts and what you think about a banana."

When Lardner says "the ladies (God use his own judgment!)" he may be expressing a temperamental hatred of all womankind, but he is being funny, and to that I'm afraid I am going to stick.

There is a second half-wrong idea about Lardner's work which the same quotations ought to correct. When people say that he was a master of American slang they are incorrect and when they say that he recorded the American language with flawless accuracy they are right, but they ought to emphasize one thing: that it is not the words, but the music, of the American song that Lardner, above all others, has recorded. There is a tune to which all spoken language goes, which will enable a moderately good linguist to distinguish Italian from French, for instance, even if he cannot catch a single word of a conversation, and which separates Irish from English and English from American far more than the difference of words or pronunciation can do. The tune, the rhythm, the pace of American speech, Lardner has perfectly heard and reproduced. Restore the ordinary spelling "have" for "half," and the sentences would still fall on the ear as American speech falls on the ear.

Lardner wrote too little and died too young to become a "figure" in American letters; there will be no official biographies and only the pressure of writers, I suspect, will get him into the Hall of Fame. There may be essays proving that he was "spoiled" as an artist because he succumbed to the American way of life, and when these essays are published they will make me sick. For Lardner was never, in any way, a minor writer. He began as a newspaperman, a sports writer. His first Busher story was written in one day and was sold to The Saturday Evening Post; he became instantly popular. After newspapers and magazines, he tried a third mass-appeal, the stage. He appreciated the esteem of critics, but so far as I know, he never, from first to last, wished to write for their esteem alone. That he wished, sometimes, not to write at all, I can well believe.

For me he was a great writer and a great man. It is one of the satisfactions of my life that I was, in a small way, associated with him.

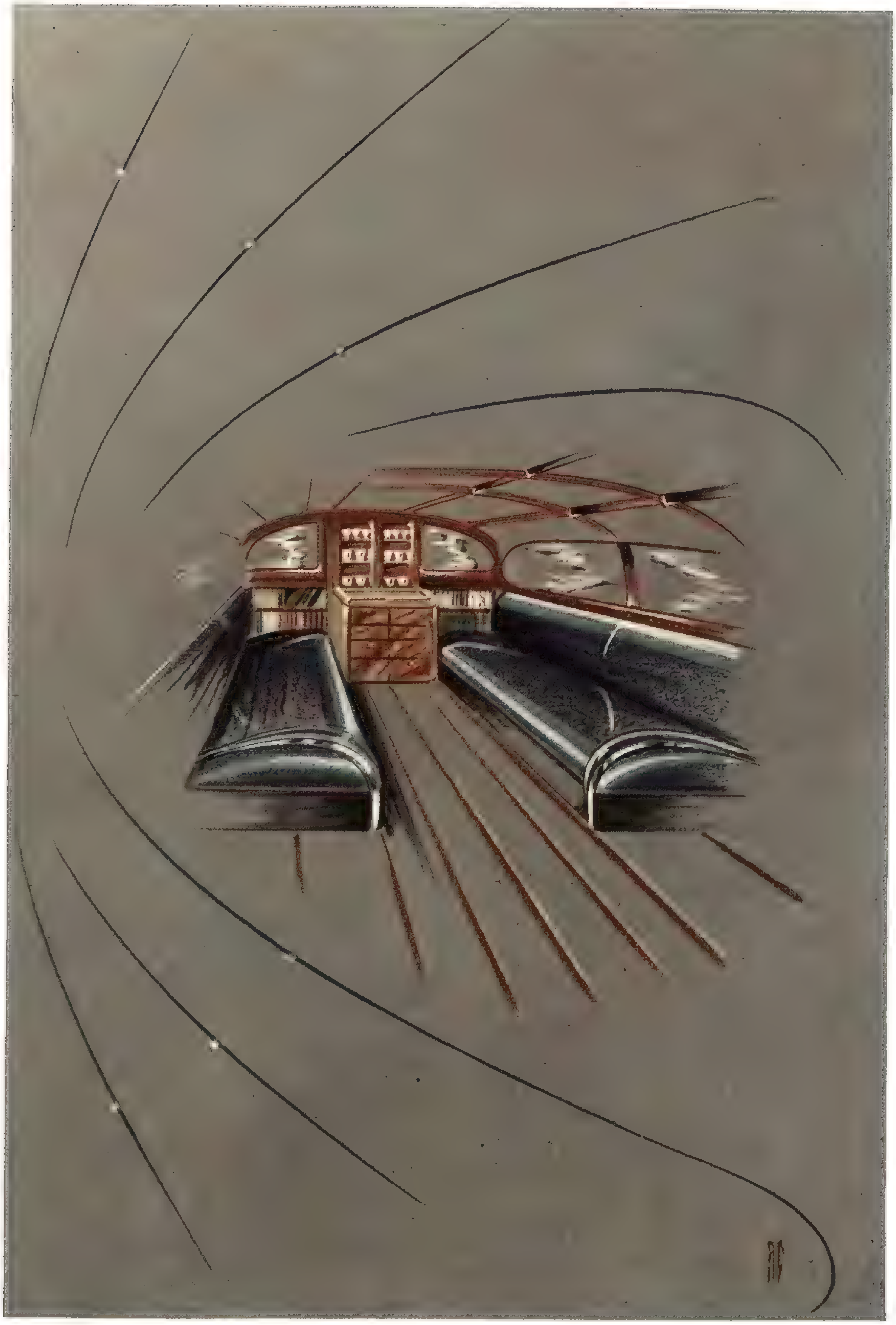


WATER-WAY COMMUTERS

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

The boat in the above illustration, known as a commuter, is a happy solution to the transportation problem, and incidentally, a very popular one, among people who live close to large cities that are conveniently located near water-ways.

Since this type of boat is becoming increasingly popular, we have contrived to bring up to date its rather old fashioned lines. According to the usual procedure, we started to modernize it by shaving off, here and there, those sharp edges which tend to suggest a cheap construction. We then gave it simpler, speedier, more aerodynamic lines, and fin-



WATER-WAY COMMUTERS

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

ished by introducing brilliant touches of color.

On the outside of the commuter, as the preceding illustrations show, we relied principally on the bright highlights of the polished brass metal parts to add glamour to the conservative mahogany and white, and used occasional red and blue accents.

The detail sketch above shows that these red and blue tones, repeated in the interior, have become the predominant factors in its color scheme. The interior is fairly conservative in treatment, except for the modern chrome armrests, and the chrome rail which decorates the small bar at the front.

Tennis without Aces

Proposed rule changes with a hope of minimizing the present advantages of the tall player

by RAY JONES

FOOTBALL is rather outstanding among America's sports as the game in which changes in the rules are considered necessary with the approach of every season.

This is due primarily to the attendant danger to life and limb which it seems impossible to entirely eliminate, but which Utopia the Rules Committee is always working toward. The list of proposed changes this year is more imposing than usual, and is directed both toward elimination of dangerous factors and to the retention and furtherance of plays which will furnish the spectacular features which make Football the biggest gate attraction in American history.

The playing rules of other sports change at only infrequent intervals, and it is seldom that Baseball, Basketball, Tennis or Golf experience the necessity of alteration. The comparative absence of bodily injury in these sports is the main contributing factor in the even trend of the playing rules.

However, the suggestion of eliminating one of the two tries allowed in the Service in Tennis is brought into discussion every few years. There have been distinct cycles in the predominating style of play in Tennis. Play at the net in the infancy of the game was unknown and all play was necessarily of the base-line type. It was not until the appearance of Maurice McLoughlin that Tennis witnessed a player who had to get to the net immediately to play an effective game. His whole game was based on a remarkably severe serve and a quick dash to the net where his volleying was usually decisive enough to bring the rally quickly to a close. His ground strokes were mediocre, and while receiving service he was distinctly at a disadvantage until he could forge a way to the net. His style of play was as distinctly an extreme as was the style he superseded, and it is the general consensus of opinion that the tremendous exertion involved caused the brevity of his reign at the top. In effect, he burnt out in a few years due to his strenuous style of play.

From a judicious combination of these two divergent types there evolved the "all-court" game so beautifully exemplified in the play of the man who is generally conceded to have been at his peak the greatest player of all time, William T. Tilden. With every stroke of the game at his finger tips and an uncanny instinct at picking the right stroke at the right time, he did not have to rely on any one method of scoring points. If he went to the net, it was after carefully developing the play to a point where it was comparatively safe for him to go up.

In singles, with the "all-court" type of game now in favor, the advantage of the serve is not so preponderant as it once was. Of course, in doubles, the serve is supreme in giving that side the first opportunity to get to the all-important net position. In singles, the main advantage of the serve is that it gives a tall man the privilege to try one "grand swat" before he puts the ball in play. The first serves of the ranking players vary greatly, usually according to the height of the player and therefore his chance of success with a "cannon ball serve." The second serve, however, is, with almost all of them, the conventional American Twist with the emphasis on the twist. Without considerable spin the average second serve would be quite innocuous. It is unquestionable that the elimination of one serve would be fairer to the smaller tennis player. Needless to say, Bitsy Grant, barely over five feet tall, has no cannon ball serve. Why should Tilden, Vines, Shields, Stoefen and other tall players be "subsidized" with the privilege of wasting one effort at an ace with a second ball in reserve? With only one serve allowed, the tall player would still have a great advantage in having a larger share of the court open to his serve than has the shorter player who must start his shot from a lower point. Is there any more reason for giving two tries at the first stroke than at the subsequent ones? After all, the basic function of the serve is to start the ball in play, and the basic object in Tennis is to work the other player out of position with a series of shots. Service aces are a by-product of the game, but give the server considerable advantage over the receiver.

In doubles play, the very obvious advantage of the server in having the first opportunity to reach the net with his partner, who has already taken up his position there, has resulted in an unbalancing of doubles play such that the serving side in an evenly matched contest will win approximately 90% of the games. While this is as fair to one side as the other, it again favors the tall player and it removes some of the interest in a match to have it a foregone conclusion that a certain side will win any given game. As in singles, the first serve is usually spent in a desperate gamble for an ace. This policy is of such questionable value in doubles that George Lott, one of the greatest doubles players, has made it almost a maxim to "put the first one in." He believes that the usually weak second serve is so dangerous that it is more advantageous to give up the chance of an ace and get the ball into play with a moderately effective serve. The majority of players use an entirely different swing for the two serves, the first being hit practically "flat," very similar to the smash of a lob. Then an entirely different movement is used to deliver the highly spun American Twist style on the second serve. This removes practically all value in gauging the hitting of the second in accordance with the results of the first, as may be done if the same movement is employed.

There is present also in the first serve of many players a sort of carelessness based on the subconscious knowledge that there is another chance to fall back on. I believe that the elimination of one try would result in the development of more consistently effective serving and that after a year or so of adjustment, the number of double faults would be increased little or none over the number now committed. For the reasons just stated, very little value is derived from the first serve in delivering the second and it would not be sorely missed. If it is considered that this change would swing the pendulum too far in the other direction and give the receiving side too much advantage, the length of the service court could be increased one foot, for instance, to 22 feet. This would decrease the tendency to double-fault and would allow a slightly more severe serve to be delivered. Such a change in the dimensions of the court should not

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Man Into Bird

An article on sailflight that has a vicarious thrill for the most firmly land-anchored feet

by HANS GROENHOFF

Towering white clouds over the horizon and deep blue sky above. A hot midsummer day. The air is calm and seems lifeless except for a big soaring bird drawing wide circles high in the ether. There is something fascinating in the way this bird floats in space, majestically and at ease without a stroke of its wings and without a sound lest it disturb the silent calmness of the air. Now it is drifting around slowly into the wind, standing motionless for a moment, the graceful curves of its wings standing out sharply against the blue dome overhead, then it is leaning over on one wing simultaneously pointing its nose downward and diving with increased speed as if chasing an invisible playmate, only to level out and to repeat its capricious and ever-varying maneuvers.

Far below, many pairs of eager eyes follow its movements yearning to have wings like this bird and to learn its secrets of soaring in lofty space. A century-old dream of mankind. Only a dream, a futile desire, so it seemed. Again and again the attempts of man to imitate birdflight had met with disaster and had become the laughing stock of their contemporaries. But this huge soaring bird is no buzzard nor a hawk ready to shoot down to earth and bury its claws in the flesh of helpless prey to carry it away with powerful strokes of the wings. It is a manbird, the fulfillment of the dreams of our forefathers. It has wings like those of a real bird but they were formed by human hands out of many small pieces of light wood, and covered with thin transparent cloth. Like the body of a bird the fuselage is streamlined to perfection; and enclosed in its frail skin of wooden sheets is a man, the brain of the giant bird. With keen eyes he scans the white cloudwall which is approaching from the horizon constantly changing its shape and gaining ever greater dimensions. Now and then he glances at the instruments on the board in front of him and by quick moves of hands and feet he counteracts each gust of the winds. He has learned to feel the invisible forces of the air as they grasp the wings, and obediently the bird responds to the slightest touch of the controls. He and his sailbird are one. Their vast arena is the lofty air and their opponent the wind, a tireless and whimsical fighter. There is no motor to utter its roar of defiance, no propeller to whip the winds with a howling sneer. His sole weapons are a brain and a heart, and the innate human urge to conquer the secrets of nature. The same urge that kept the mind of the great Leonardo de Vinci restless and made his hands draw designs of queer wings which in his dreams would carry him high into space nearer to the sun. The same urge that led to the first glider flights by Otto Lilienthal from a small sandhill which he had erected by his own hands, and that made Orville and Wilbur Wright labor day and night in spite of disappointments and ridicule until they succeeded in their triumphant flights at Kitty Hawk that were the heralds of the new era of aviation.

Training glider being launched

While the original flying machines were gliders and the first flights made by man were short glides down the slopes of hills, with the advent of the powered plane which followed so closely upon the heels of the first successful flying experiments, gliding became a forgotten and seemingly futile art of human flight. Naturally only the powered plane could open the doors for the triumphant conquest of the air by man and man-made machines during the past two decades, moreover only the power of the whirling propeller could surmount so rapidly the innumerous obstacles which the winds would have put in the way of a slow and painstaking development of aviation through the school of powerless sailflight. Once the pioneers had cleared the roads for aviation the development of this new science made such rapid progress that there was simply no room left for a thought about motorless flight in the minds of aviators and engineers who were striving hard to keep pace with the new discoveries and inventions that followed each other in quick succession. Only a temporary standstill in this fast stride, a period of rest, could have given them a chance to trace back their steps and, with their added knowledge, to start again where the Wright brothers had left off when they installed a gasoline engine and a propeller in their glider.

This is exactly what happened in Germany after the war. According to the Treaty of Versailles more than 3000 warplanes, practically the entire airforce of Germany, had to be destroyed, and furthermore, strict limitations were imposed on the construction of new flying machines lest Germany might again become a mighty and threatening airpower. But there were a great number of pilots trained to fly these planes who were now without wings, and once they had experienced the thrills of flight they would never again be satisfied with staying on the ground merely looking up longingly to the soaring birds under the sky. They simply had to fly again even if it had to be done without the aid of a motor, and so they started again from scratch, they built hang-gliders as their predecessor Lilienthal had done many years before, which they tried from the tops of hills and small mountains. Theirs was a knowledge and an experience, however, which Lilienthal could not call his own in his days: they knew how the wings had to be curved in order to get the most lift out of the winds and they had experienced in many flights behind a propeller how to steer a plane through the air. With this knowledge and experience and with the enthusiasm of real adventurers a handful of former war pilots established the first glidercamp on the Wasserkuppe, a bare mountain top 2800 feet high, and here on the Wasserkuppe a new queen of sports, sailflight, was born.

Unlike its sister, the sailboat, the sailplane does not depend solely upon the horizontal air currents, or winds as they are commonly known. While in its early years motorless flight seemed possible only over the slopes of hills and mountains where the horizontal currents, the winds, are being broken and bent upwards thus constituting a lifting force under the widespread wings of the glider, soon it became known that the air actually is an immense reservoir of manifold sources of energy, a turbulent whirlpool of vertical as well as horizontal currents.

True adventurers of the air, the birdmen nesting on the Wasserkuppe mountain made it their task to search and to explore these invisible forces that would carry them over ever greater distances and would lift them up to ever higher altitudes. Workshops and laboratories sprang out of the ground where the young enthusiasts designed and built their ships, one excelling the other in looks and performance, incorporating therein the experiences brought home by their winged explorers who were soaring majestically high above their heads.

Sailplane soaring in up-currents beneath a cloud

After many days and long nights behind the drawing board and the workbench one sunny summer morning a huge new sail bird would rest on the mountain top, shining glamorously in the midst of its smaller and battle-scarred brothers and indifferent at the busy doings of the men around who were eagerly getting ready to launch the bird on its first flight. Once more the constructor lets his hands glide over the highly polished surfaces of the wings to make sure that there is not the least obtrusion which might have escaped even his trained eye, like a father would stroke a dear son before sending him off into the hard struggle of life. Now he steps back and watches the boys of the starting crew take their places at both ends of a long rubber shockcord which in its center is hooked onto the nose of the sailplane. The pilot covers himself with the hood leaving only a small hole on each side through which his head is visible like the eyes of a prehistoric monster of the air. A short command, and the crew walks slowly downhill stretching the shockcord while the bird is being held back by its tail. "Run," the calm voice of the pilot pierces the silent tension around him; the long rubber lines are now tightly stretched and a slight tremble goes through the bird which is tearing nervously on the reins that still hold it to the ground. And the instant the word "let go" is heard the sailplane shoots over the heads of the stumbling and falling crew out into open space. A faint singing sound vibrates through the air and everything is silent once more. Attentively all eyes watch the plane rise slowly, make a ninety-degree turn and proceed on its course alongside the ridge of the mountain, now gaining some height, then dropping back a little and again climbing foot by foot. Success! Over the far valley it drifts around gracefully and as it returns, already high over the starting point, a spontaneous cheer rises from the ground to be answered by a jubilant shout from the human bird.

So it soars back and forth, climbing steadily with the aid of the strong slope-winds. Now it has pointed its nose away from the ridge and its safe upward currents and heads straight toward the towering wall of cumulus clouds approaching from the horizon, only a tiny black streak against the bright sky.

Huge white pillows, the cumuli seem to invite the sailflyer for rest and repose, but once he has penetrated their glittering walls he will suddenly find himself flying blind in a pandemonium of treacherous winds. With powerful grip they seize the wings and with the speed of an elevator the sailplane shoots upwards through the turbulent dimness of the cloud.

There is no motor to outroar the elements, irate at the earthling who dared to enter their sanctuary, no comforting sound of a propeller whipping the winds into submission, only a man on man-made wings confident that he can outwit the mighty raw forces of his unknown opponent.

Steadfastly he keeps his eyes fixed on his instruments flying wide spirals through the dark mist and skillfully parrying each attack of the winds with a quick move of the controls.

While his faithful bird groans under the strain the needle of the altimeter moves consistently from mark to mark, 5000, 5500, 6000 feet, and all of a sudden bright light permeates the dusk of the cloud and clear blue sky appears overhead; at the same time the turmoil fades away, calmness and silence return, and the tension in man and bird recedes. With a sigh of relief but rejoicing at his victory the pilot stretches his weary limbs, and his faithful bird again soars forth humming its familiar melody of flight, the only sound under the sky. Up here, so many thousand feet nearer infinity, sublime tranquillity prevails; no human soul, no noise far and wide to spoil its grandeur. Far below is the earth with its cramped houses, smoking factories, busy highways and glittering roads of steel, small and petty compared with the immense blue dome overhead and the mighty white clouds on the sides.

No longer need man envy the soaring birds, sailflight is the fulfillment of his dream. It is a sport full of adventure, not one flight like the other. Yesterday flying blind in a cumulus cloud, a whirlpool of treacherous winds, today soaring thermal currents in a seemingly calm air under a sunny sky, and tomorrow experiencing the thrill of thrills, a flight in a thunderstorm.

Thermal currents are warm air masses forming in certain places of the surface of the earth, which expand under the rays of a hot sun and eventually force their way up through the upper colder layers of the air thus rising through the forced leaks or funnels to great heights. On warm summer days many such funnels of rising warm air move from place to place, even though no wind may be blowing and the air may seem to be entirely calm. However, the fine senses of a sailplane pilot will make him feel one of these sources of aerial energy as soon as his ship enters its environs. Careful not to leave its bounds he will wind his way up through the funnel and after gaining sufficient altitude he can risk abandoning its supporting flow for a long glide cross-country until a slight lift indicates that he has again reached another "thermal" which will enable him to regain the altitude lost in the glide. Flying thermal upcurrents perhaps is

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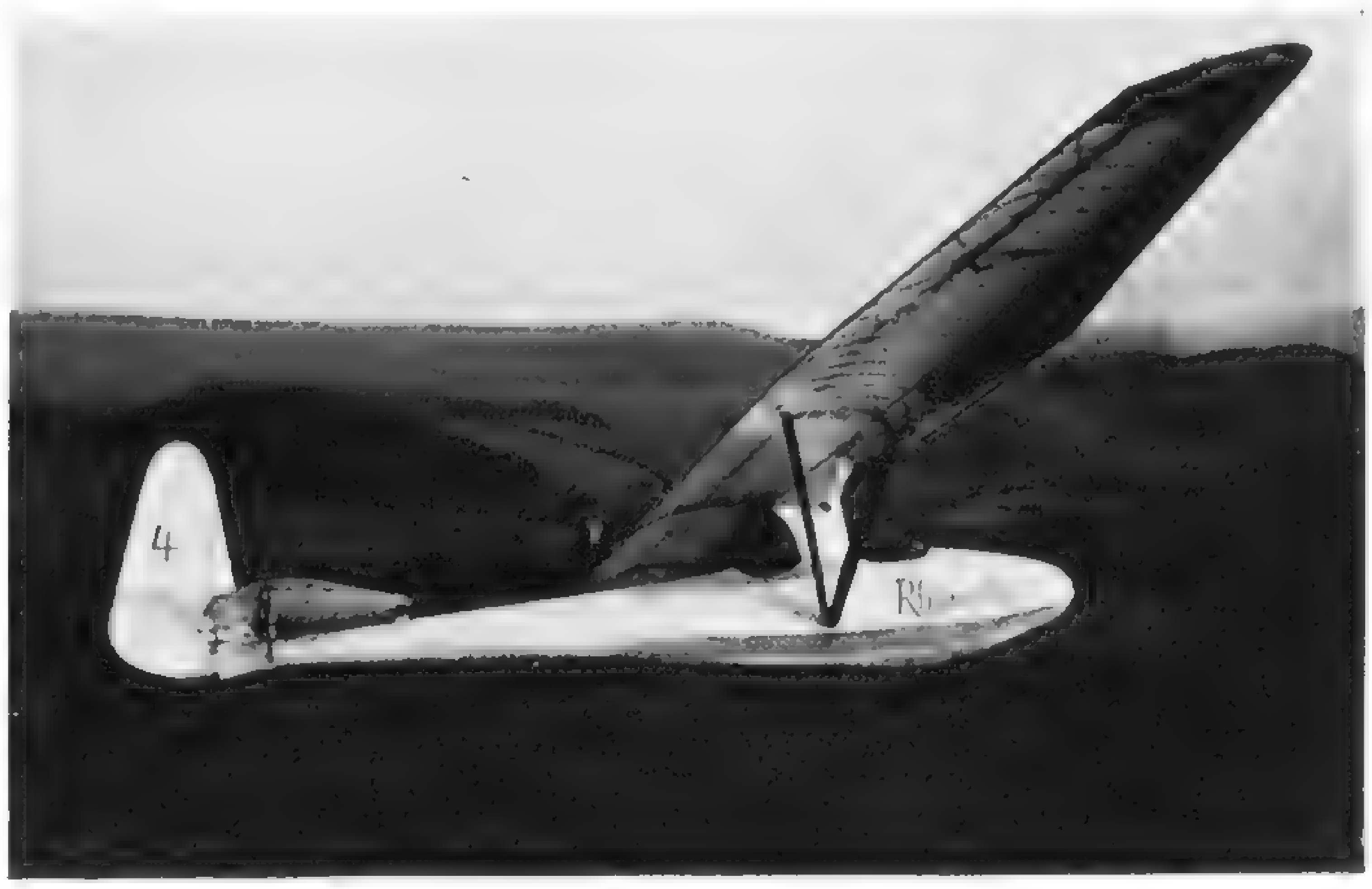
Radio-equipped American Franklin glider



Two-seater sailplane of German design

Polo Goes Democratic

Facts and figures on the phenomenon of polo coming down from its high horse

by ROBERT ORDWAY FOOTE

Polo has ceased to be a social function. It has become a sporting event. It has ceased to be just a Long Island game and has become a national pastime. It is no longer exclusively for horsy millionaires and has become a sport which may be played—after a fashion—for a very modest purse. It has even ceased to be altogether polite and has become a popular outdoor diversion for the mob, at which the spectators may call the player "Big Bo" instead of the proper Mr. Boeseke of a while back; where they can yell "Go get it, Tommy!" rather than "Well ridden, Hitchcock!"

Thus does the oldest of all known sports follow the path of less ancient tennis and golf, out of the realm of country club exclusiveness into that of democratic acceptance over the wide range of the United States. In fact, over the entire globe.

To hear the polo nabobs discuss the present situation, one must conclude that the game in this country never intended to be exclusive, except in the exclusiveness which expense always entails. That snobbish attitude of "polo for its playing circle only" may have prevailed abroad, they admit, when the King of Spain or the Prince of Wales happened to be engaged and did not want his subjects to realize his exact status as a sportsman. But not in this country.

However, for generations the polo nabobs forgot to take the public into their confidence about this matter of polo not being exclusive, until they chanced to realize that the heavy expenses of the game might, in part, be met by what is vulgarly known as "the gate." Then press agents, always called directors of public relations, were hired, to coax in the crowd.

So, from the spectators' standpoint, polo ceased to be exclusive. No longer was attendance restricted to club members and friends. Anyone with from fifty cents to three dollars could attend, was urgently invited to attend and was well cared for on arrival, in stands that may not be divided up into boxes, as on the "club-house side" of most fields, but commanding just as good a view of the game, with all the attention that is given club members and with the line of automobiles along the public side often out-swanking that on the club side.

What the crowds thus invited saw was a sport so exciting that it made their ordinary baseball and tennis fare fade into mauve tameness. Here was a game where the players—those supposedly aristocratic sissies who first introduced the wrist watch to the public—rode wildly plunging horses, hit a white ball or themselves indiscriminately with a long mallet and took chances with their necks, and particularly their collar-bones, through sixty actual minutes of play, divided into eight periods, quaintly called chukkers. Chances such as were not to be witnessed elsewhere in athletics except, perhaps, in football and hockey. Something worth watching had been uncovered to eyes anxious for just such thrills.

Nor is the playing of polo the exclusive thing popularly supposed, though it must be understood in this connection that there is polo and high-goal polo, the former being the kind most poloists play and the latter the sort the public pays to watch.

When the so-called gas-buggy displaced the horse as a means of transportation, the horse became a plaything, at least in civilized sections; an adjunct to sports. Riding academies sprang up everywhere about the big cities. At first it was swank enough to say one rode. Then fair young things began inquiring, "Do you play polo?" So one must play polo, if no more expertly than to ride up beside a ball, stop, hit it, and urge the mount forward in pursuit. To meet the demand almost every riding academy put in a polo field.

Let's have a few comparisons of costs and determine what a man who knows how to ride well enough to win the confidence of a riding master, now has to pay to play polo, compared to what the old time player paid and what the high-goal men still must expend:

To belong to an exclusive polo club costs anywhere from $2000 to $10,000 for a membership. In addition to the regular club dues, the polo player is assessed a playing charge by his club. At Meadowbrook on Long Island, the great home of polo in America, the fee will be $500 for such a polo charge. At Midwick in California, the Meadowbrook of the West, the same fee is only $125 a year. In between this special charge varies as much as a cost of membership.

To keep up a polo pony today averages one dollar a day, if you have several or join with someone else who has a small string. Most club players feel they must have eight horses; some like Stephen "Laddie" Sanford have about twenty available when they play.

If the club member has an average sized string and plays three times a week, it costs him, for his mounts' upkeep, about twenty dollars a game. Few do play that often. If he averaged but one game a week, the cost, of course, jumps to sixty dollars for the sixty minutes.

Now, the riding academy player seldom gets in more than one game a week. He will pay anywhere from one dollar to two dollars and a half a chukker, or period, for the use of horses and if he plays a full game the total will be from $8 to $20 a game. If, however, he is playing three times a week at the more expensive places, like Miami, he spends as much on his game as does the club player.

But do not overlook the initial expense of purchasing horses, which the riding academy player altogether eludes. It is not as heavy an outlay as it once was. The days when a Sanford will pay $22,000 for a "Jupiter" on which to play polo are past. The highest price paid last year for a polo mount was $3500. A good, "made" animal can be secured for from $500 to $800 today and many a lad in Texas or the Midwest has picked up a promising colt for less than a hundred dollars and educated the animal himself. But at its lowest, even with only four ponies, the initial investment in a string would average $2000. Then there is shipping expense, in toting animals about the country for competition, something the riding academy player never has to think about.

True, the casual, renting player does not have anything like as fine mounts as the horse owner, though if he shows he can really play the academy master is likely to trot out unexpectedly fine horses. But at least, the rider will be playing polo—or something he likes to tell his friends is polo.

Incidental expenses run about the same in both high and low circles of polo. No matter

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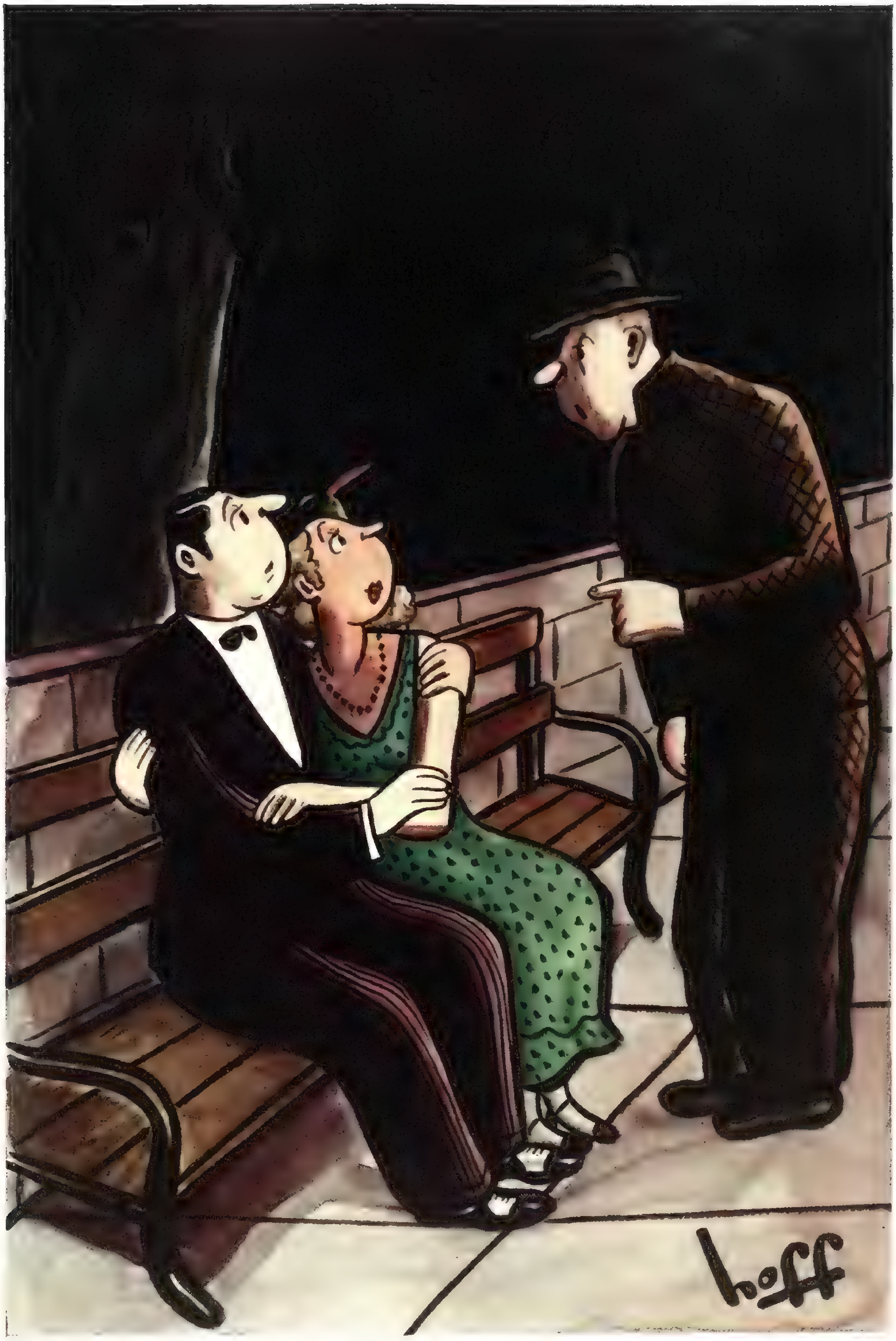
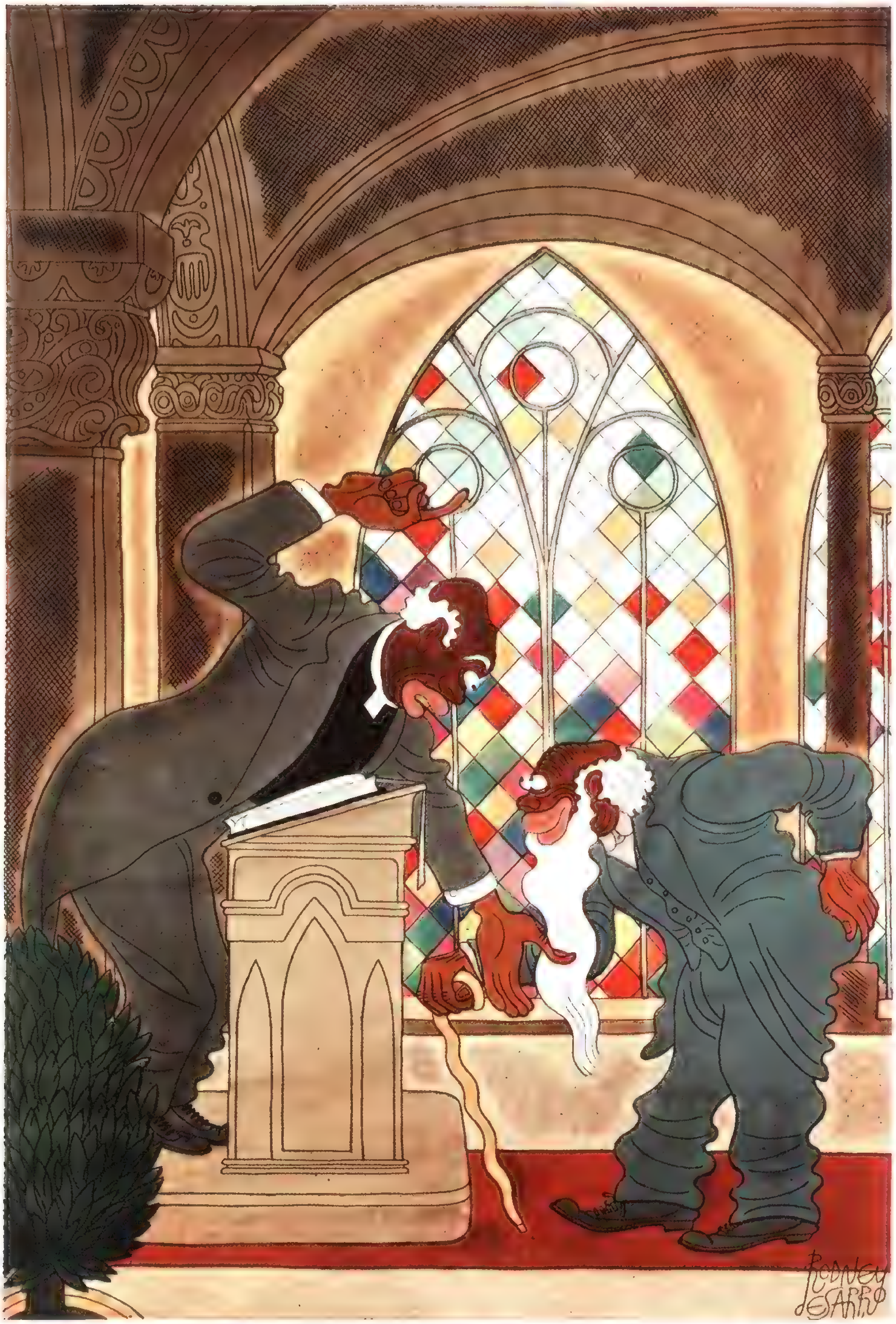


"Can she spare a kiss, buddy? I'm love starved"


Rodney deSarro

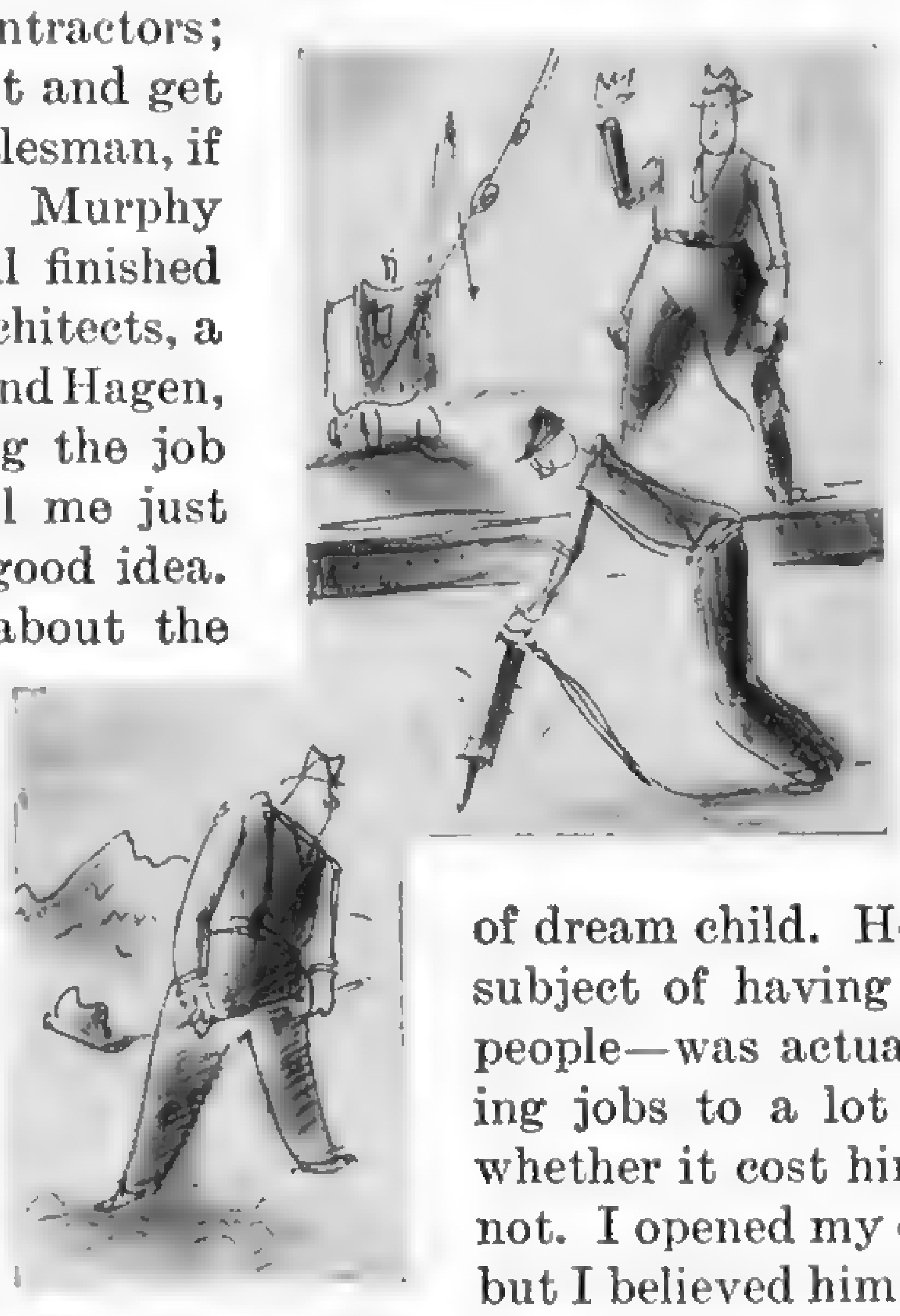
"Brothah, you ain't confessin', you's braggin'!"

Hew to the Line

Story of that ultimate cheat who chips a woman's heart for the "sign on the dotted line"

by ALAN BARTH

Murphy called me into his office on a Thursday afternoon and told me he wanted me to shoot up to Ogdensburg that night. Of course I couldn't have been more pleased if he'd asked me to hurry off to jail. A few of the big business magnates of Ogdensburg wanted to put up the biggest building in upper New York State. Putting up buildings was our business — Roy-Murphy, Inc., General Contractors; my end of it was to go out and get the buildings to put up—salesman, if you want to call it that. Murphy told me the plans were all finished and O.K'd and that the architects, a firm by the name of Sayre and Hagen, were going to try to swing the job over to us. He didn't tell me just why, but I had a pretty good idea. Do you know anything about the construction game? Congratulations, if you don't.



"Your cue," said Murphy, as though I were still in school, "is to sell 'em on having a big New York firm handle the job. They been talking about letting the thing out locally. Tell 'em we'll use local labor; tell 'em anything you want, but knock that idea out of their heads." Murphy's a good construction man, but when he starts in to tell me how to sell, it gives me a kind of weak feeling down near the pit of my stomach. "Now the man for you to see is a bird named Patterson. He's got more than half the dough that's going into this thing, so what he says goes, see? Sayre says he's an old-fashioned duck, full of noble ideals about service to the community and all that sort of bunk, so play up to him, get me?"

I said I got him and settled down for a half-hour fight talk on how to handle old-fashioned businessmen. Murphy finished up by telling me what a cinch this thing ought to be. He always does that, just to be sure, in case I do land the job, I won't expect any credit for it. He told me to camp out in Ogdensburg until I closed the deal. "And just bear in mind," he said, "the place isn't a health resort, and we're not sending you up there for your nerves or your tonsils or a vacation. We want that job."

I told him I could think of a couple of places for a vacation I'd put on my list before Ogdensburg.

I tell you what, there's something about doing business in a small town you never get when you're in a big city—not in New York at any rate. Even if you're selling hair tonic or life insurance, a small town businessman will tell you he's glad to see you.

This fellow Patterson turned out to be a lot pleasanter than what I'd expected from Murphy's description. I looked him up first thing Friday morning when I pulled into Ogdensburg, and we sat around and talked for about an hour—mostly about business conditions in general, what the government was doing, and so on. I let him do most of the talking and acted very young and respectful. I don't care how smart a fellow is, he'll always fall for that, if you can get him to talk. After a while he started to tell me about his building.

I could see that he thought of it as a kind of dream child. He was very hipped on the subject of having the work done by local people—was actually concerned about giving jobs to a lot of Ogdensburg laborers, whether it cost him a little more money or not. I opened my eyes a bit when he said it, but I believed him. You run into Boy Scoutmasters like that every now and then.

Of course I told him how much I admired his attitude. I said that what the country needed nowadays was men with his vision and courage. He looked at me hard, and I was afraid for a minute I'd laid it on a bit too thick. He seemed to take it all right, though, because he gave me a bid to come out to dinner at his home that evening. Naturally I said I'd be delighted. I was, too. The best time to do business, after all, is outside of business hours.

I imagined Patterson would have a pretty swanky home; but he didn't at all. It was a big house, but old-fashioned and ugly. Well, not ugly exactly, but it had too many gables and it was too square. It had a big veranda around two sides and a nice lawn with huge old trees, but it wasn't terribly impressive.

I rang the bell and waited for the butler to open the door. But there wasn't any butler. A woman answered my ring—the cook, I guess—wiping her hands on an apron. She stared at me suspiciously for half a minute, then said: "Oh, you must be that Mr. Randall that's come for supper. Come on in."

I came in and she said: "You can go on in the parlor if you want. Miss Mabel's in there."

"Thanks," I said. But she had already walked off. An instant later a door at my right opened, and a young woman came out. "How do you do," she said. "You're Mr. Randall, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes, I am. How do you do," and she came over rather shyly and offered me her hand.

"I'm Mabel Patterson," she said. "I'm Mr. Patterson's daughter."

Nobody had told me that Patterson had a daughter. I looked her over as we went into the living room and figured it wouldn't hurt me any to be nice to the girl. She wasn't bad-looking, but she was too big. Not fat at all, but big-boned, inclined to heftiness, if you get what I mean. She wasn't any youngster any more, either. I guess she must have been well along in the twenties. Maybe she was thirty, I don't know.

"I think you're in the most thrilling business in the world, Mr. Randall," she said.

"Why do you think that?" I asked her.

"Well, because you actually create something—something you can see and touch. It must be terribly exciting to be able to point to a skyscraper and say to yourself 'I built that—I put it up and it's there to stay'."

"Yes," I said, "to me it's much more than just a means of earning a living. I'd hate to be in a business where I could only sell something for a profit—something which someone else had manufactured."

"I wish I could do something like that. I wish I could point even to a single thing and say 'That's the work of my hands'." It's a fact; she honestly talked like that. She had the same naive enthusiasm as her father. She resembled him remarkably—the same clear, high complexion and gray eyes with a sense of humor in them.

"Of course," I went on modestly, "no one man can say that about a building. It's the work of a thousand hands, each one of which is indispensable to the safety and beauty and permanence of the whole. But to direct those thousand hands, to co-ordinate their effort, and to see your mind's image taking form in stone and steel — that's the thrilling thing." Really, I worked myself into quite a poetic frenzy about it. I was good, I'm not kidding you. I could see she was sopping it up, too. She probably pictured me in khaki trousers, balanced on a girder fifty stories up, telling riveters where to rivet and bricklayers where to brick. The truth is I

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With Other Eyes

A story in which the action is entirely restricted to the arena of a woman's mind

by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

As she turned away from the window, with a sigh, Anna noticed that her husband had forgotten that morning to disturb his bed, as was his custom when he did not want the servants to know that he had not slept in his own bedroom. She leaned her elbows on the bed and then stretched out, pressing her blonde head on the pillows and closing her eyes as if to enjoy in the freshness of the linen her husband's dreams.

Her husband was going away that evening, and she had come into his room to prepare his bags. When she opened the wardrobe she heard a squeak in one of the inside compartments, and started back in alarm. Gathering her skirts around her legs, she took a walking stick with a curved handle from the corner and tried to open the door with it. When she pulled, instead of the door, a bright steel blade came out of the stick. This was so unexpected that she shuddered and let the handle of the stick fall.

Kicking aside the sword blade, she pulled out the compartment, full of old discarded clothes of her husband. In a sudden burst of curiosity she began to arrange them and, as she replaced a faded old jacket, she felt something in the pocket which crackled like a letter. She wondered what the letter could be which had lain there forgotten for so many years. In this way Anna discovered the photograph of her husband's first wife.

Pale with excitement she ran to the window, and stood for quite a while staring at this unknown image.

The huge cape and old-fashioned clothes prevented her at first from seeing how beautiful that face was. But as soon as she realized the features, disconnecting them from the clothes of the period, she was struck by the eyes, and was filled with a feeling of jealousy and hatred; her jealousy was posthumous, but her hate was mixed with the contempt which she had felt for the other woman, when she had married her present husband. That was eleven years after the domestic tragedy which had suddenly destroyed his first household.

Anna had hated that woman, because she could not understand how she could have been unfaithful to the man whom she now adored. She also hated her because her own parents had opposed her marriage to Brivio, as if he were responsible for the disgrace and violent death of the unfaithful wife.

She knew this must be Victor's first wife; the woman who had killed herself! This was proved by the inscription on the back of the photograph: "To my darling Victor, from his Almira. November 11, 1913."

Anna's knowledge of her death was very vague. All she knew was that, when her husband discovered he was being deceived, with the impassiveness of a judge, he compelled her to take her own life.

At the moment she recalled with satisfaction her husband's condemnation, because she was exasperated by that "darling Victor" and that "his Almira," as if that woman had wanted to show how close were the bonds which existed between her and Victor, just simply to annoy her.

This first emotion of hate prompted by her sense of rivalry was followed by a feminine curiosity to examine the features of that face, a curiosity almost restrained by that strange consternation which one experiences on seeing something that has belonged to someone who died a tragic death, a consternation all the more profound in her case because it was bound up with her love for the husband, who had once belonged to this other woman.

Looking at the face, Anna immediately noticed how unlike her own it was. And at once she wondered in her heart how on earth her husband could ever have loved this woman—though he certainly must have thought her beautiful—if he could then fall in love with a person as different as herself.

Even to her this face seemed beautiful, much more beautiful than her own, and in the picture she seemed to be a brunette, and to think that those lips had kissed her husband's! But why those sad lines around the mouth? Why the melancholy in those intense eyes? The whole face inspired deep sympathy, and Anna was almost annoyed by the gentle and real kindness which these features expressed. With a sudden movement of repulsion and disgust she seemed to see in those eyes the same expression as she noticed in her own, when she looked at herself in the mirror in the morning, and thought of her husband, after they had spent the night together.

She had scarcely time to hide the photograph in her pocket when her husband appeared in the doorway and jokingly said:

"What have you been doing? As usual, you've been putting things in order, I suppose! God help me, now I'll never be able to find anything!"

Noticing the sword stick on the ground, he added:

"Aha! So you've been fencing with the clothes in the wardrobe?"

He gave one of those laughs of his which seemed to issue only from his throat, and as he laughed he looked at his wife as if he were asking her the reason for his laughter. As he looked at her, his sharp, black, restless eyes blinked rapidly.

Victor Brivio treated his wife like a child who was incapable of anything more than that ingenuous and almost infantile love with which she had surrounded him, which often bored him, and to which he had proposed to pay attention only from time to time, even then, showing a certain condescension mixed with irony. It was as if he wanted to say: "Oh, very well! For the time being I'll be a child like you. A man has to do that sort of thing, but don't let us waste too much time over it!"

Anna had let the old jacket fall, in which she had found the photograph. He picked it up with the point of the stick, went to the window and called to his servant in the garden. When the boy appeared in front of the window, Brivio threw the faded coat in his face saying: "This is for you."

"Now you will have less to dust," he added, turning to his wife, "and to set in order, I hope!"

Again he uttered that forced laugh of his, his eyelids blinking rapidly.

Her husband had often before left the city, and not only for a day, but also for a night, as on this occasion. Affected by the discovery of the photograph, Anna had a curious fear of being alone, as she weepingly confessed to her husband.

Victor Brivio was completely absorbed in his own affairs and was fussing about being late, so he did not receive his wife's unusual complaint very sympathetically.

"What! Why? Come, come, don't be a baby!"

He left the house in a rage without even saying goodbye.

Anna started, as the door banged behind him. There were tears in her eyes as she hastened to her room to go to bed.

"You can go," said Anna to her maid who was waiting. "I'll undress myself. Good night."

She began to undress rapidly, staring at the floor in front of her. As her clothes slipped to the floor, she remembered that the photograph was there, and she had the feeling that those sad eyes were looking at her compassionately. She stooped resolutely to pick up her clothes, and threw them, without folding them, on a chair at the foot of the bed, as if she would thus be able to avoid the image of the dead woman, by leaving the photograph hidden.

As soon as she was in bed, she closed her eyes, and forced herself to think of the route her husband would take to the railway station. She was anxiously fighting the thoughts which had compelled her all day to observe and study her husband. She knew what obsession had caused her to do this, and she wanted to get rid of it.

She had the vague sensation that for the last three years, from the moment that she left her father's house, she had been living in a vacuum of which she was only just beginning to be conscious. She had not noticed this emptiness before, because she had filled it with her love, all unaided. Now she noticed it, because during the entire day she had held her love in abeyance, in order to see, to watch, to judge.

"He did not even say goodbye," she thought, and again she began to cry, as if this thought were the real reason for her tears.

She sat up in bed, and suddenly reached out her hand to get her handkerchief. Now it was useless to pretend that she should not and could not look again at the photograph. She found it and turned on the light again.

How differently she had imagined this woman! Now that she looked at the real face, she had a sense of remorse for the feelings which the imaginary picture had inspired in her. She had imagined a rather stout and rubicund woman, with laughing, flashing eyes, and full of vulgar merriment. Instead, here was the picture of a young girl whose features expressed a deep and melancholy soul. A different woman from herself, it is true, but not in the worst sense, as she had previously imagined. On the contrary, this melancholy mouth looked as if it had never smiled, whereas her own had smiled so often and so happily. Certainly, as appeared from the photograph, she was a brunette, and lacked her own blonde, rosy, smiling face.

But why, why, was she so sad?

A horrible thought suddenly struck her mind and took her thoughts away from this woman. Unexpectedly she had stumbled upon a threat, not only to her peace, to her love, which had already been deeply wounded, but also to her pride as an honest woman, who had never entertained the remotest doubt concerning her husband. This other woman had had a lover, and it was because of her lover, and not because of her husband, that she was so sad!

She threw the photograph on to the night table and turned out the light, hoping to fall asleep this time without thinking of this woman, with whom she now had nothing in common. But, when she closed her eyes, she could not help seeing the eyes of the dead woman, and it was in vain that she tried to drive away the vision.

"It was not for his sake, not for him!" she murmured obstinately, as if she could get rid of this woman by insulting her.

She tried hard to recall whatever she had heard of that other man, the lover, in an effort to direct that glance and the sadness of those eyes towards the lover, and not towards herself, the lover of whom she knew nothing but the name, Arthur Valli. She knew that he had married a few years later, as if to prove that he was innocent of the crime of which Brivio accused him. He had refused emphatically to fight a duel with the latter, on the ground that he did not fight with homicidal maniacs. After that, Victor had threatened to kill him wherever he might meet him, even if in church. Then he had left the country with his wife and did not return until Victor went abroad after his second marriage.

Suddenly, Anna was completely filled with the sadness of the events she had recalled: the vileness of Valli and, after so many years, her husband's indifference, which had enabled him to remarry and start life again, as if nothing had happened; the happiness which she herself had experienced on becoming his wife, the three years which she had spent without ever thinking of that other woman. The picture came vividly before her, but as if from a great distance, and it seemed as if those eyes, full of such intense unhappiness, were saying, with a shake of the head: "All of you people are alive, but I alone am dead!"

She felt terribly alone in the house, and she was afraid. It is true, she was alive, but for three years, ever since the day of her marriage, she had never even once seen her parents and her sister. She, who had adored them and had always been obedient and trusting, she had risen in revolt against their wishes and against their advice, because of her love for this man. For love of him she had fallen mortally ill, and she would have died, if the doctors had not induced her father to consent to the marriage. Her father did not consent, but he surrendered, swearing that, as far as he and the family were concerned, she would be as if she had never existed. There was not only the difference of age, her husband being eighteen years older than she, but the even more serious obstacle, from her father's point of view, of his financial position, which was subject to rapid ups and downs, by reason of the risky undertakings in which he became involved, because of his rash faith in himself and in his luck.

In her three years of marriage, surrounded by comforts, Anna had concluded that her father's views were unjust or dictated by prejudice, so far as her husband's fortune was concerned, about which in her ignorance she entertained the same faith as he had in himself. As for the difference in their ages, there had been no disillusionment for her, so far, and no subject of surprise for other people. Victor Brivio did not feel the damage of time in his vivacious and nervous body, and even less in his mind, which was filled with indefatigable energy and eager restlessness.

Now that she was considering her life for the first time, without suspecting it, with the eyes of the dead woman, she found reason to complain of her husband. It is true, that she had been wounded on several occasions by his almost contemptuous indifference towards her, but never so deeply as today. Now, for the first time, she felt desperately alone, separated from her parents, who seemed at this moment to have abandoned her, as if, by marrying Victor, she had something in common with his dead wife and was not worthy of other companionship. Her husband, who ought to have consoled her, appeared unwilling to give her any credit for the sacrifice she had made to him of her filial and family affection, as if that had cost her nothing, as if he had a right to this sacrifice, and therefore no duty on his part could compensate her for it. Perhaps he had a right, but then why did she so hopelessly fall in love with him? Surely it was then his duty to compensate her? Instead of which . . .

"That is always the way!" It seemed to Anna that these words came to her from the sad lips of the dead woman.

She turned on the light again and, as she looked at the photograph, she was struck by the expression in the eyes. So you, too, have really suffered through him? You, too, have felt that heartbreaking emptiness, when you saw that you were no longer loved?

"Really? Really?" Anna asked the picture, choked with tears.

Then it seemed to her that those kindly eyes, filled with passion, were pitying her in their turn, sympathizing with her in her abandonment, sympathizing with her unrewarded sacrifice, with the love which remained locked up in her breast, like a treasure, locked in a coffer, to which he had the keys, which he never used, like a miser.

A Matter of Honour

Ironical dialogue proving, for any who can split a hair, that the British are an honourable race

by LORD DUNSANY

SCENE: *The bedroom of a dying man*
TIME: *Late 19th century*

Nurse (In door)—Goodbye, Doctor.

Sir John—Is he gone?

Nurse—Yes, Sir John.

Sir John—That's good. What's the time?

Nurse—Five to twelve.

Sir John—Nurse, how long have I got?

Nurse—Oh, come, come.

Sir John—How long have I got?

Nurse—But you mustn't take that gloomy view.

Sir John—Have I got twenty minutes?

Nurse—Of course you have, if only you won't worry yourself.

Sir John—A man can't help doing that, if his mind's not at ease.

Nurse—Now you mustn't be thinking of little worries.

Sir John—It's no trifle.

Nurse—Isn't it? I was speaking to the vicar yesterday, and he promised to come round at one o'clock. Will you have a talk with him? He's very understanding.

Sir John—The vicar? No, no. He's not a man of the world. He'd never understand.

Nurse—A talk with him might ease your mind.

Sir John—No, no. He'd never understand. It's a delicate point, and few men whose opinion I'd ask. But isn't it twelve?

Nurse—No, not yet, Sir John.

Sir John—Look out of the window, would you, Nurse? And tell me if you see two men coming. (*She Goes*)

Nurse—Not yet, Sir John.

Sir John—There is no one more punctilious than Griggs. He promised to come at twelve. Your watch must be wrong.

Nurse—It's not twelve yet, Sir John.

Sir John—But you should see them coming by now. They'd never be late, either of them. Griggs' word, small things or great, he never broke it. You see him?

Nurse—Not yet, Sir John. Yes, yes, I do. Two gentlemen walking.

Sir John—I told you so, Nurse. I had his word for it.

Nurse—Yes, they're both coming up to the door.

Sir John—Nurse, never mind my poor body. There's a weight on my mind. We must try and get that off first. So leave me, will you, for a little while when they come.

Nurse—I'll be in the next room, Sir John.

Sir John—Thank you, nurse, thank you.

Nurse—And he'll put your mind at ease.

Sir John—I hope so, nurse. He'll tell me one way or the other. But he's so straight himself, that if it's the other, he'll say it.

Nurse—How nice to have a friend like that.

Sir John—Straight as a die.

Nurse—Is he really?

Sir John—Both of them.

Nurse—But you will see the vicar afterwards, won't you?

Sir John—Well, we'll see. We'll see what Sir Algernon can do for me.

(*Enter Sir Algernon Griggs and Mr. Smew*)

Sir John (*To Sir Algernon*)—My dear old boy. (*To Smew*)—My dear Arthur.

Sir Algernon—Well, well.

Sir John—Algy old boy, I asked you to come. And you, Arthur.

Sir Algernon—And glad to come, my dear boy. But sorry to see you like this.

Smew—Yes, yes indeed.

Sir John—Well never mind that. One has to go. Never mind that, so long as one's lived straight.

Sir Algernon—None straighter, old boy, none straighter.

Smew—None straighter.

Sir John—That's the point.

Sir Algernon—Eh?

Sir John—That's why I sent for you. I want to ask you old man.

Sir Algernon—Eh?

Sir John—Remember that Bishop's wife?

Sir Algernon—He-he-he. Yes, indeed. She beat you old boy. (*To Smew*)—It was his only defeat wasn't it? But she beat you. Even the greatest conquerors you know . . .

Sir John—You remember how you bet me two hundred and fifty each, that she would defeat me.

Sir Algernon—Yes, yes. And we had a dinner on your five hundred.

Smew—Yes, it *was* a dinner.

Sir Algernon—That was in the summer of the year, let me see.

Sir John—And you remember that if I won I was to give my word of honour that it was so, to you two alone.

Sir Algernon—Yes, yes, of course. The only way to decide it.

Sir John—Of course; it was the only way.

Sir Algernon—Well you lost your bet, old man, and you paid up at once. What's the matter?

Sir John—I gave my word of honour to tell you if I won.

Sir Algernon—Yes, yes. But you didn't.

Smew—My dear old boy it was your only defeat.

Sir John—She was so horrified, so downcast, so sad; that I somehow got the idea that no-one should know of it.

Sir Algernon—My dear old boy what are you talking of? You lost your bet, you paid up and we had that dinner.

Sir John—No, I won it really.

Sir Algernon—You won it?

Sir John—Yes, she's dead now, I read that she died three years ago; and I won it really.

Sir Algernon—You won it?

Smew—Won it really?

Sir John—Now I was bound in honour to tell you, for the purpose of winning your money. If I gave up the money was I still bound? I fear I was. I can't work it out; my mind's not clear enough, and there's this great weight on it.

Smew—Of course not old boy.

Sir Algernon (*To Smew*)—It's a knotty question.

Sir John—I know you will tell me the truth; fully and not just . . .

Sir Algernon—As it is a point of honour I must (*To Smew*)—I'd like to talk it over with you for a moment. You see I never met a case quite like . . .

(*Sir Algernon and Smew walk to window, stand close and talk low. And so some moments pass*)

Sir John—Don't be too long, old boy. There isn't so much time as all that.

Sir Algernon—No, we won't be a moment.

(*A little more time elapses. Sir Algernon and Smew return smiling from the window*)

Well, old boy, I'm glad to tell you the case is like this.

Sir John—It's all right is it, Algy?

Sir Algernon—In my opinion it's like this.

Sir John—There's no one in the world whose opinion I'd take before yours.

Smew—No, no indeed.

Sir Algernon—Well, it's like this. In the matter of a bet one must go by the strict letter. There's no other way. And this was a bet. But then your word of honour was definitely brought into it. And as a matter of honour is more important than a bet, we must treat it as a matter of honour. In such matters the spirit counts before everything.

Sir John—Yes, that's so.

Sir Algernon—Well the spirit of the arrangement was that you should tell us what really happened in order to get the money. When you let the money slide you were free of your obligation.

Sir John—Are you certain sure Algy?

Sir Algernon—Absolutely.

Smew—Both of us.

Sir John—Then I die a man of honour.

Sir Algernon—As you have always lived old man.

Smew—As you have always lived.

(*Handshakes and silent farewells. Sir John lies still*)

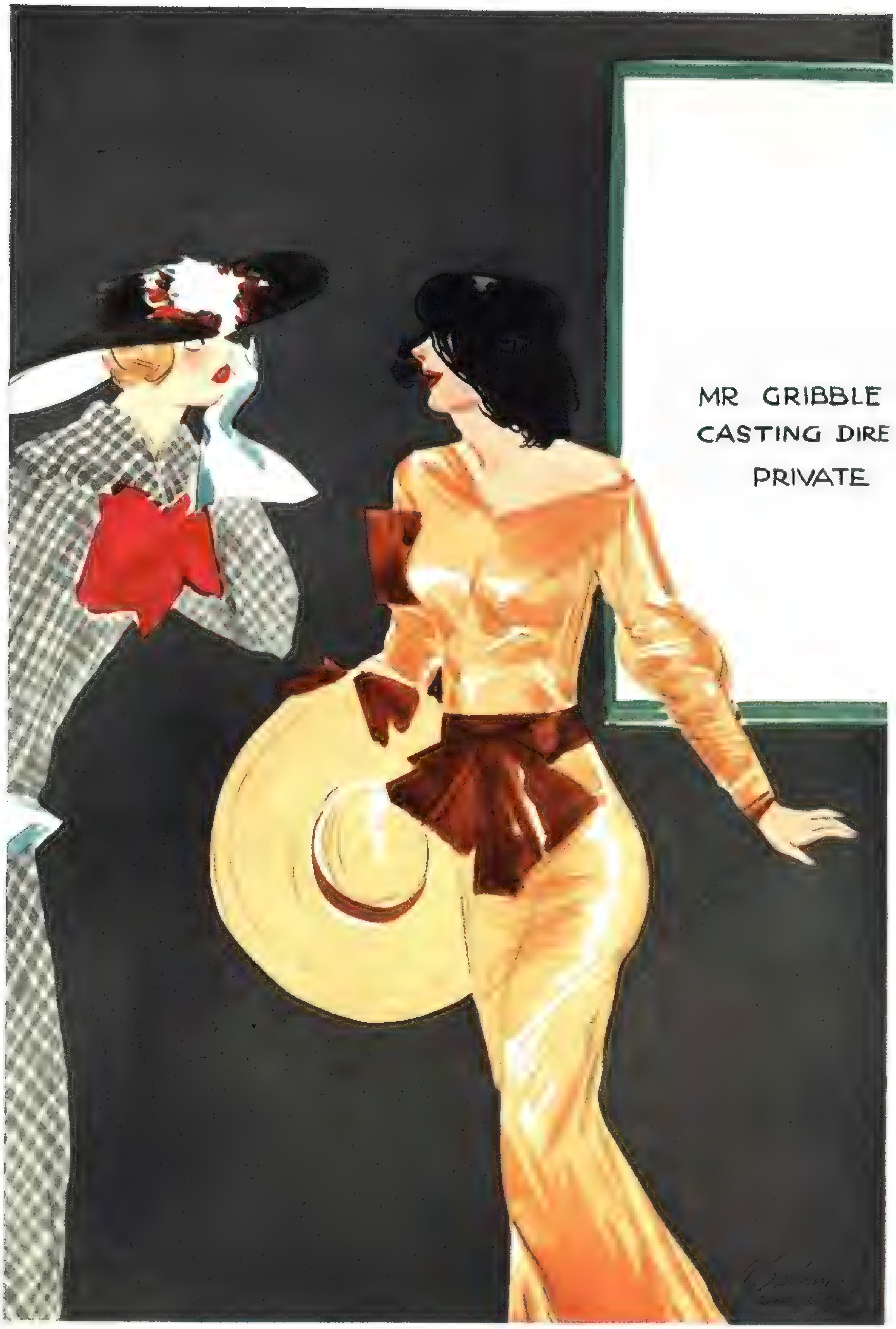
Sir John (*feebly*)—Nurse. (*She hurries in*) Nurse.

Nurse—Yes.

Sir John—Tell (*she bends anxiously nearer to get the message*)—Tell that vicar—

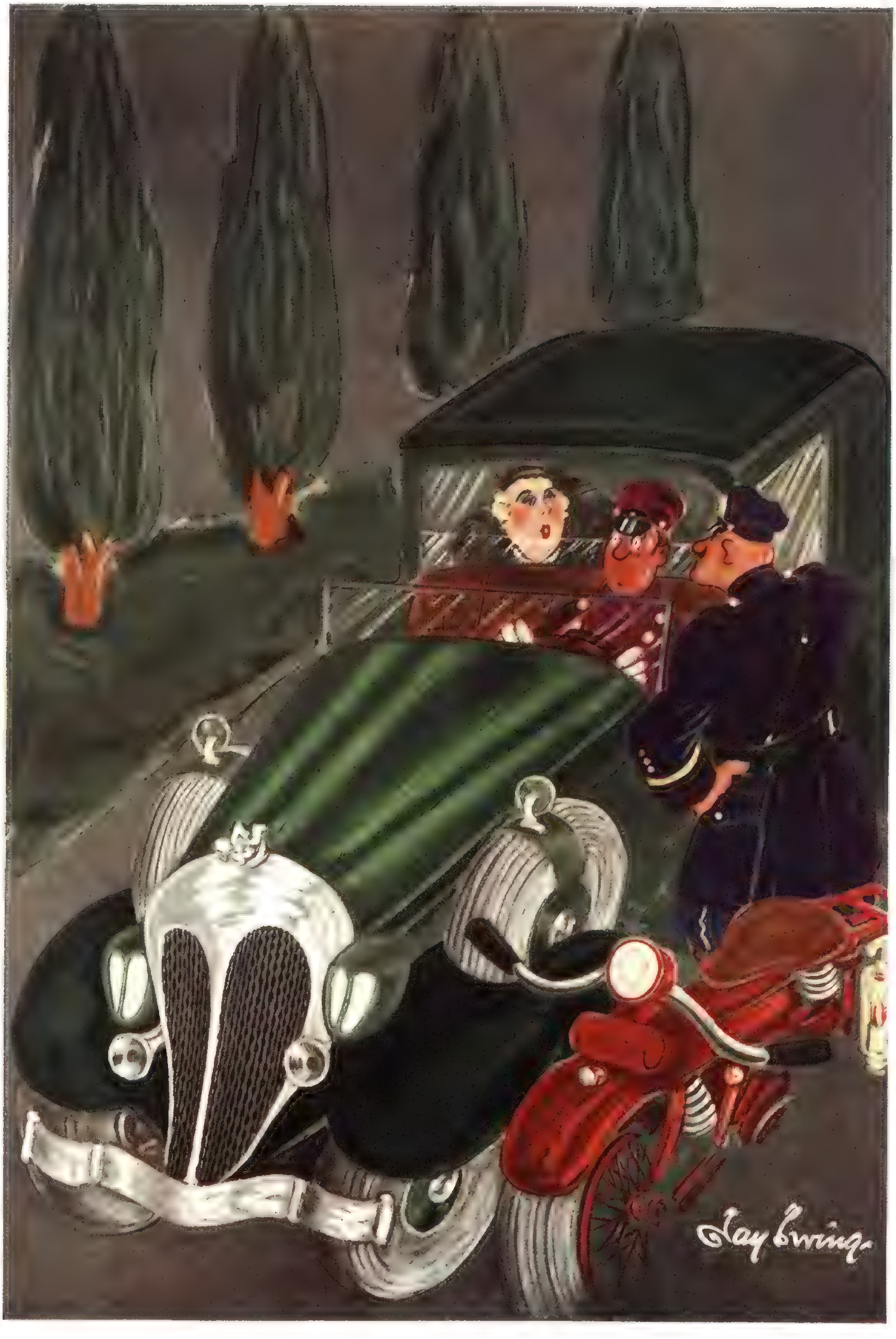
Nurse—Yes? Yes?

Sir John—He can go to hell. (*He dies*)



MR GRIBBLE
CASTING DIRE
PRIVATE

"Guess what—I got the job!"



"Come, come, Horace! Tell the man you're sorry and let's get going!"

Tonight and Forever

The sleeper on the park bench tells of man's deepest fright: the eternal, relentless tomorrow

by GUIDO D'AGOSTINO

WHAT the end will be I cannot tell. Nobody can. But here as I sit in the park with my hands dug deep in my pockets and the smoke from a little fire made of damp sticks blowing in my face, I think of the many things that have happened to me and about how I am and wonder what will become of me.

All is quiet save for the occasional crackling of the fire and the slow monotonous breathing of my two companions. They are old in this sort of life and have no trouble sleeping, while I, I can only remain awake with the thoughts which occupy my mind and watch for the policeman who will eventually come to chase us away.

The night is raw and the flesh tightens all over my body. I dig my hands deeper into my pockets and move closer to the fire. Curious this feeling of misery and discomfort. Almost it seems I never have known anything else. And except for vague pictures which flash before my eyes now and then carrying me back to other days, I could be sure that I had always sat here as now with sharp chills running up and down my spine, weariness in my legs, and staring into the fire.

By way of stretching my legs I get up and throw a few more sticks on the languishing fire. On the bench are several newspapers. I take a few sheets and spread them over my companions on the ground, then wrapping the remainder about my legs and high up around my waist I sit down again. My companions! I gaze at the worn faces made still more haggard by flickering shadows. They look so peaceful lying there on the damp earth as though they were asleep in soft beds without a single worry. My companions! How bitterly the words strike me. Yet it is so, and in the face of the stars and the night and the whole world it is so. No so by my own volition, but just so. This latter thought comforts me and I repeat it over and over again to myself. Not so by my own volition, but just so.

An insidious little demon jumps forward. Really, there is no difference at all between you and these men. The only difference is Time, and that only as intervening between two phases of something which always remains the same. Fundamentally you and they are one person and what you see here is the reflection of yourself grown old.

No, I protest. It cannot be so. Impossible to be so at all. In me are certain traits to prevent me from ever becoming like these wretched men before me on the ground. A craving for finer things, a deep inner pride, these will sustain me. Absurd! And tomorrow at the crack of dawn I will be up and about. I will canvass the town from top to bottom, from river to river, until I find some sort of a job. I'll work my fingers to the bone; I'll wash dishes, shine shoes, run errands, sweep floors—anything! No longer this stinking poverty that blasts the soul and strangles initiative. I'll work. God, how I'll work. I'll do anything—anything.

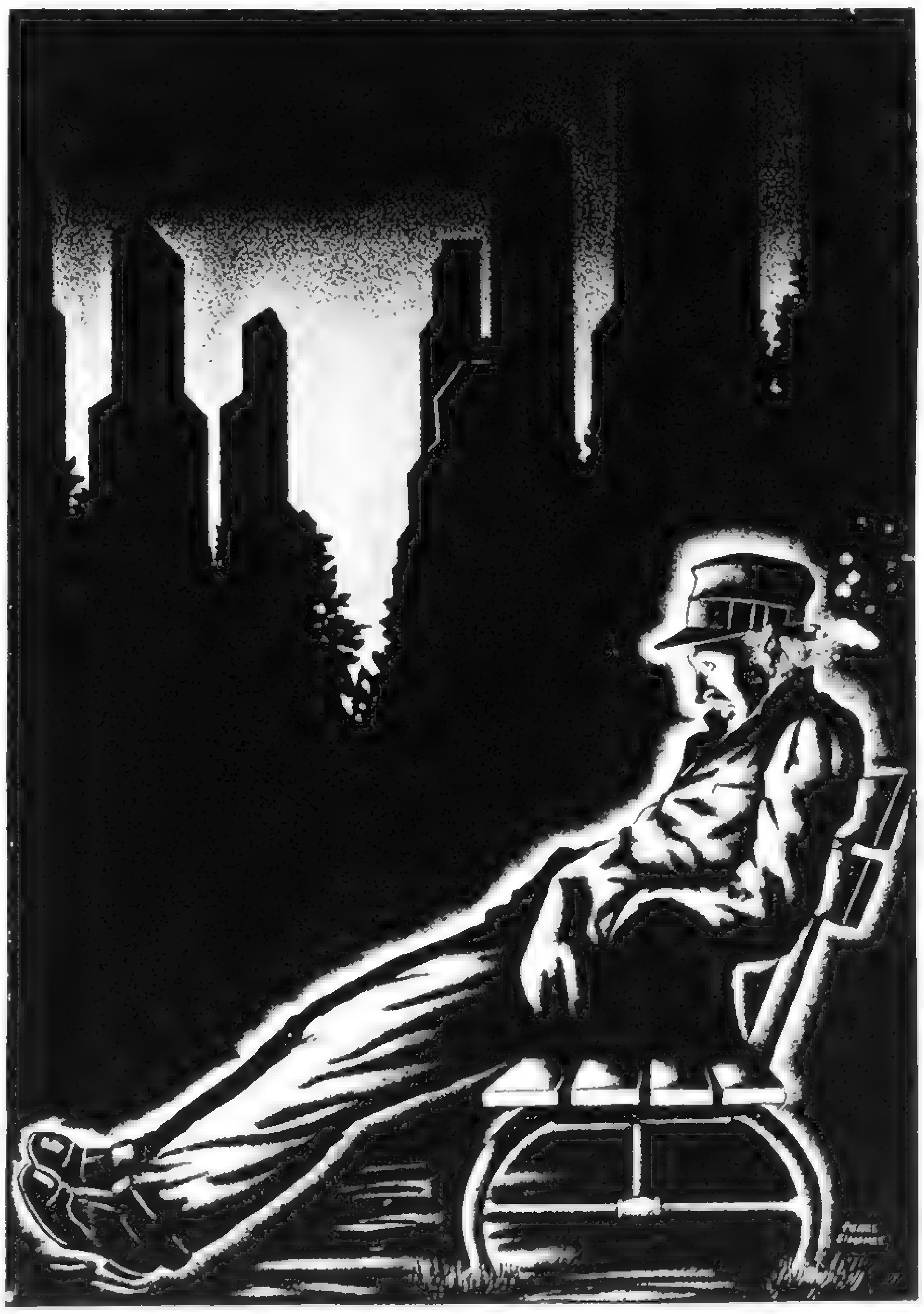
I jump up, carried away by the vehemence of my own words, and pace back and forth before the bench. My nerves vibrate, my blood tingles and I feel sick with impatience. I curse the interminable night and the hours before daylight when I shall be able to rush forth to prove in deed my determination. I use powerful words extolling my great strength of will and unflagging character, the better to impress myself. At last I have found myself! Inertia is conquered. At last! Even tears come to my eyes at the marvelous change that has taken place in me and I pretend I am the happiest man on earth.

But with all the enthusiasm I can call to aid, which seems to sap strength from my very vitals, I cannot be rid of the demon who pokes spears at my brain and laughs hideously. Monster! Wretch! I cry. Begone! Can't you see this time I am really sincere? By the blood of my mother I swear it. And if by tomorrow night I have not found work I pray the earth may split open and swallow me. Believe me, I whimper. Please believe me.

The battle weakens me. My impoverished mind is unable to hold up against the mockery of a deeper truth. My will slowly crumbles and I lapse into a kind of lethargy. Thoughts, glorious intentions, wilt like so many dry leaves and fall to earth leaving me coldly desolate. Gossamer veils of hope and desire dissolve into thin air and all that remains is the dull, monotonous throbbing of being. Complete is the exhaustion of living for I lack even the strength to weep at my nothingness.

When I rouse from this torpor a smouldering fire lies before me and the chill night air penetrates through to my bones. I am conscious of a feeling of numbness and as I stare at the fire I think how wise it would be if I got up and threw some more wood on it. But I make no motion, I just think about it. I judge the distance between myself and the wood and go through the whole process a dozen times. First I'll have to take my hands out of my pockets, then get up and walk over to the wood, bend down and pick it up, throw it on the fire and come back and sit down again. How complicated the whole thing seems. Am I really as cold as I think I am or is it merely an impression? And if I do put the wood on the fire will it make much difference? That is to say will the warmth I'll feel be equal to the energy required in doing all this? It disturbs me, this problem. It disturbs me that I can't make up my mind. But you can't sit here all night and freeze, I say. No, that would be foolish. So I grumble and get up.

What if I just sat there and froze? Who would care—anyone? It probably would be uncomfortable for a while until my body became numb all over and my eyes closed. Then in the morning they'd find me on the bench stiff as a board. I wonder if I'd freeze nicely or would I resemble an iced mackerel? Ha, ha! that would be funny—blue and striped like an iced mackerel! In the magazines would appear editorials about an inhuman civilization that allows a man to freeze to death in a public park. There'd be a great fuss and wealthy



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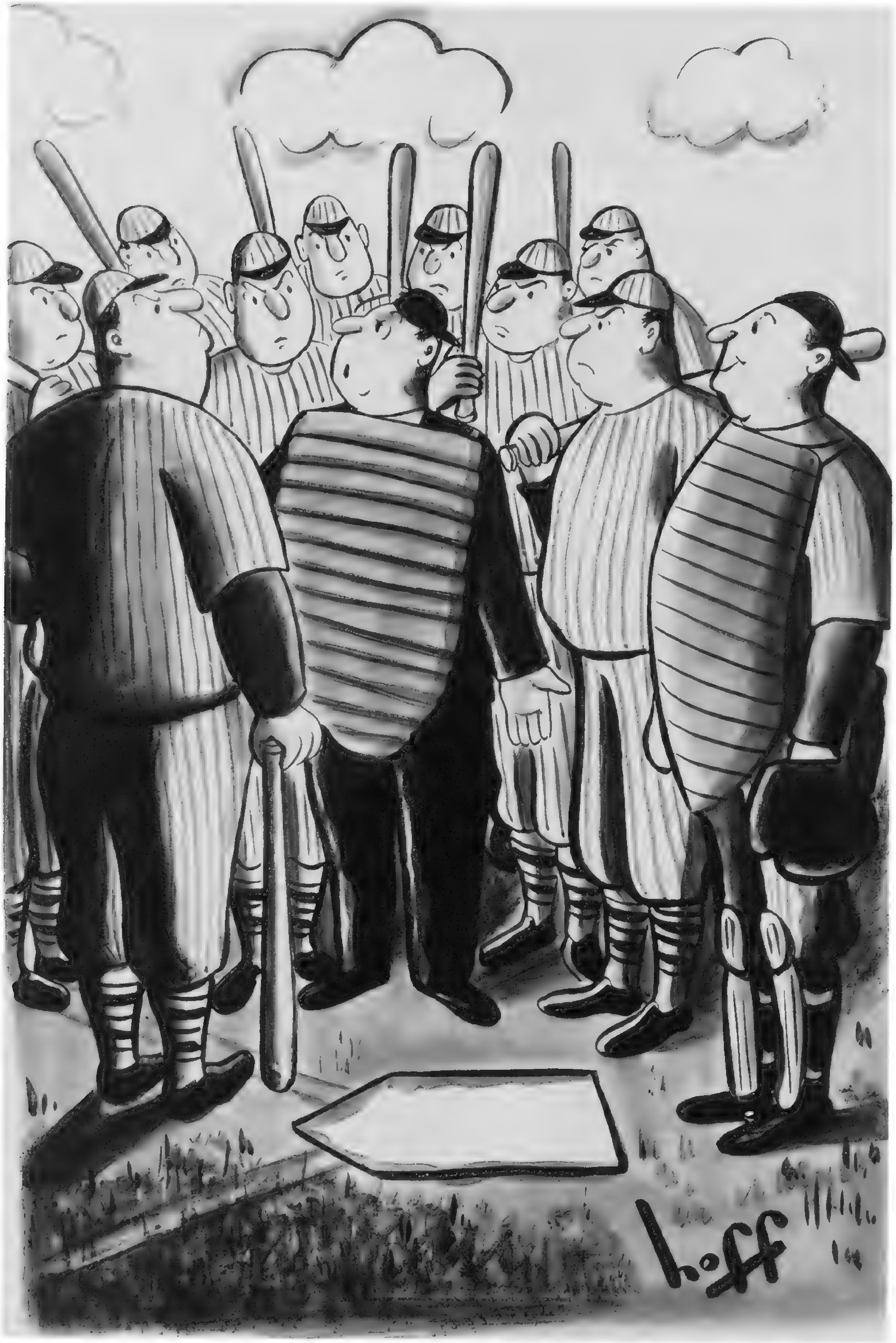


"But I could have sworn it was a strike"

A Pitcher Grows Tired

A remarkable study of the way the mind works after the muscles begin to tire

by ASHLEY BUCK

RODKIN walked across the field to the clubhouse. Burke and Peck were beside him. The crowd gathered close around and it was difficult to move. They pulled at Rodkin's uniform and slapped his back. Once he had liked that in a crowd. His heart liked it now, but their friendly grasping wore his body to exhaustion. They came to the edge of the field and walked under the bleachers and into the clubhouse. Inside there was an odor of sweat, dust, liniments and steam from the hot showers. Rodkin liked the smell: strong, human, earthly. It was a smell you never forgot and during the long winters when there was no baseball you got lonely for the smell and wanted to bring it back.

The players laughed and hurried to get dressed. They spoke of the splendid game Rodkin had pitched. He wondered if they knew how fortunate he had been. If Blake had known how tired he was he would not have been overanxious. He would have waited. Blake and others would not always be young and inexperienced.

Rodkin did not hurry. He sat down and slowly unlaced his shoes. His hands shook. All the strength was gone from them. Peck spoke to him, low, not wanting anyone else to hear: "You still got plenty of guts. You've always had the heart."

Rodkin kept his eyes on his shoes: "And I have plenty on the ball too."

"Yes," said Peck.

"I can put it anywhere Burke says."

"I know that."

There was a silence. Rodkin slipped off his shirt. The muscles in his shoulders throbbed like hearts. His eyes never met Peck's.

"You got the guts," said Peck. "I never knew you had so much. You looked like a million dollars in there."

"Yeah," said Rodkin.

"And you felt like two cents."

"I was all right."

"You were fine."

Peck moved away. There was a gnawing feeling in Rodkin's chest, a dull pressure at the back of his head.

The players left the building and only the trainer, Rodkin and Joie remained. Rodkin lay upon the table. He closed his eyes and let his body relax. It was a pleasant feeling that brought a soft ache to his stomach. He seemed to sink into nothingness.

"Take it easy," he told the trainer.

"I've taken it easy for years," said Hank.

Hank took more time to rub down Rodkin than he did anyone else. Rodkin knew this. The massaging hurt. Not a painful hurt; only the hurt of wanting to be hurt, wanting the body gently tortured for the relief that came afterward; for the fine feeling after the fingers left the sore spots.

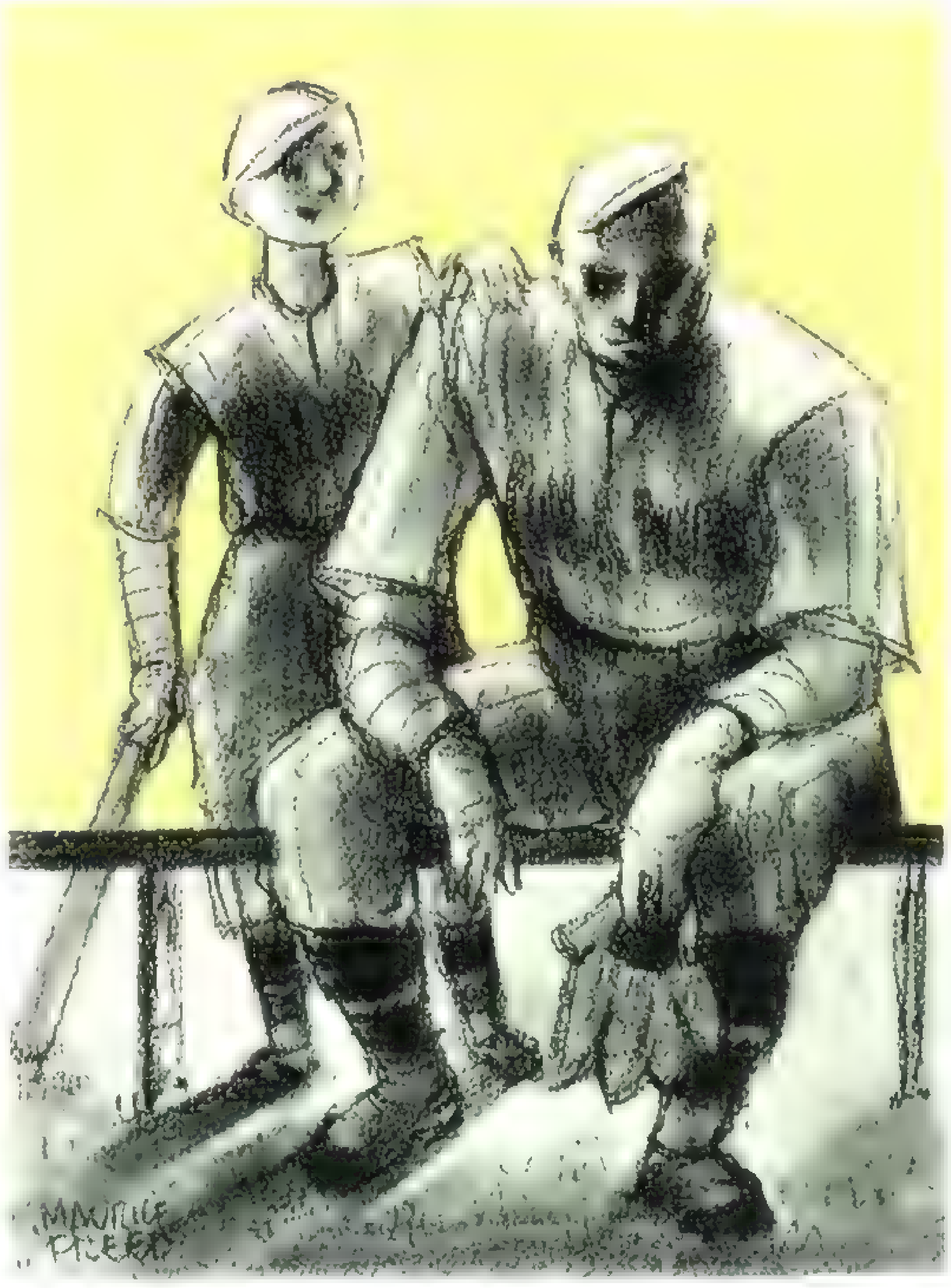
"You and Burke won today's game with your heads," said Hank.

"Yes," said Rodkin.

"Your arm had nothing to do with it," said Hank.

"Burke's smart."

"You're smart too," said Hank. "You've always been smart."



"No one is smarter than Mr. Rodkin," said Joie.

Rodkin opened his eyes. He had forgotten Joie was there. "Forget the Mister, Joie. I'm only one of the players."

"No, you're not."

"You're anything but that," said Hank.

"Why do you call me Mister, Joie?"

"It's like I told you. There are ball players you call by their first names, ball players you call by nick names and then there are the ones you call Mister. You couldn't call them anything else."

"And I'm a Mister?"

"Yes."

"If you had known Ty Cobb, what would he have been?"

"Mister Cobb."

"He was the very best, Joie. There's never been a player as great."

"You're as great a pitcher as he was an outfielder."

A strange look passed between Rodkin and Hank. Rodkin closed his eyes and turned his head away from Joie. He spoke softly: "Thanks, Joie. That's the nicest thing ever said to me. As great as Cobb."

A calmness settled over the clubhouse. The only sound was Hank's hands rubbing Rodkin's body.

Joie sat thinking. He spoke: "Cobb could hit even when he quit baseball, couldn't he, Mr. Rodkin?"

"He was always dangerous. Even at the end his eyes were sharp and few players hit better."

"It was his legs, wasn't it? He wasn't fast anymore?"

"That's right. He wasn't fast. He played his last two years in the outfield on a dime."

"But he could still hit?"

"Always."

"Damn the legs," said Joie. "Damn them!"

"Even at the finish he was beautiful to watch. He had a sixth sense. Speaker had it too. They knew where to play a ball. I've seen them not have to move two feet to take a line drive. Their legs lasted longer than most legs do."

"They were the last word," said Hank. "They had everything."

"Everything," said Rodkin.

"I never saw either of them," said Joie.

"Then you've never seen the outfield played," said Hank. "And if you never saw Sisler, you've never seen first base played either."

"That's right," said Rodkin.

"I've missed those things," said Joie, "but I've seen Mr. Rodkin pitch and that makes up for them."

A silence. Joie walked over to the table and put his hand on Rodkin's back: "How do you feel?"

"Fine."

"You're not tired?"

"No. I'm not tired."

"You pitched a swell game today."

"Thanks, Joie."

"I have to run along. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Hank's hands never left Rodkin's body. His fingers worked in and out between the muscles. Rodkin's tiredness went away.

"O. K." said Hank.

"O. K." said Rodkin. He got off the table and began to dress.

"You should have married," said Hank. "A ball player needs a wife."

"I've never been able to find a girl who sees baseball as I do."

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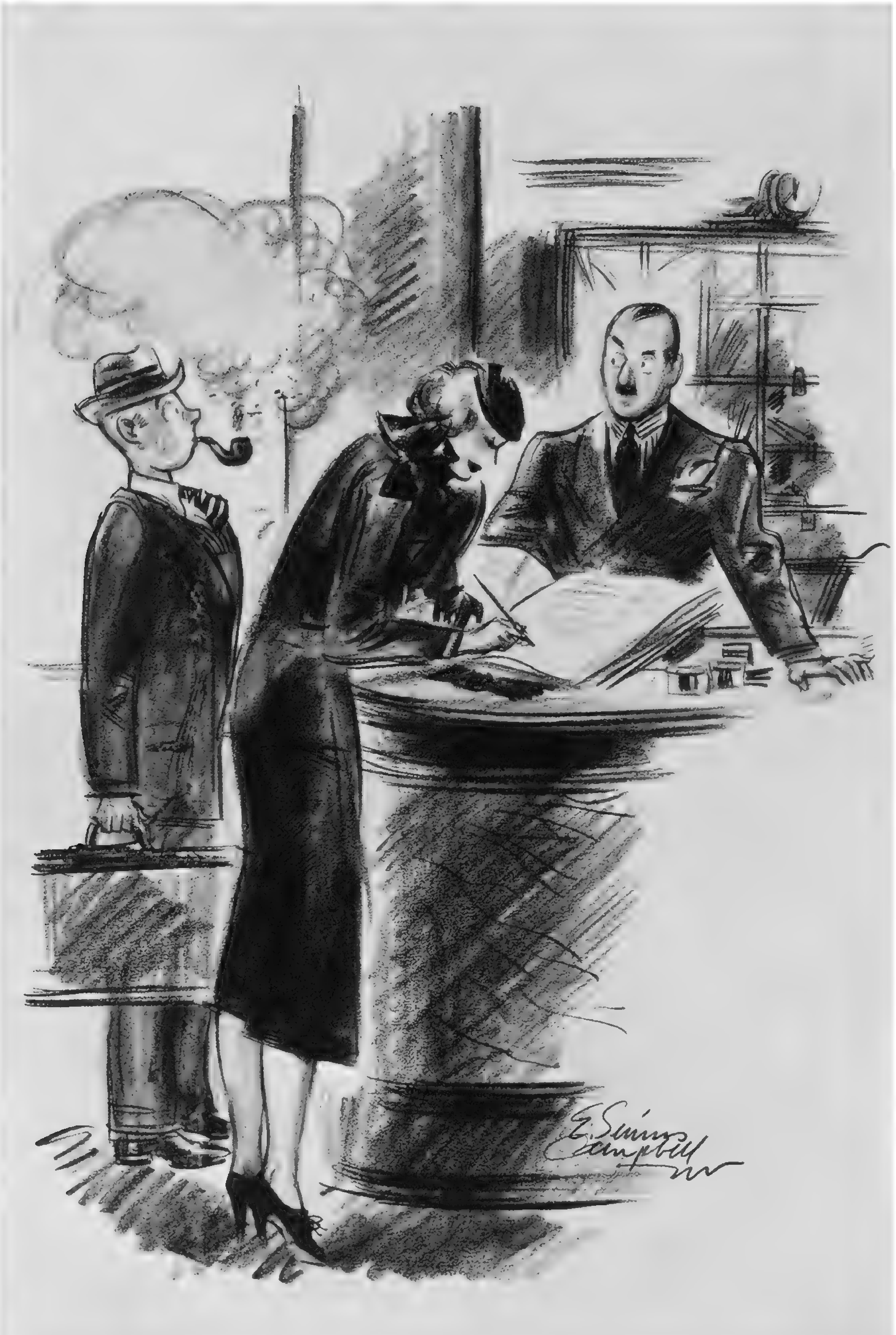

E. Simms Campbell

The Manly Art

An impression of the ring as it now appears to a one-time hobo and former prize fighter

by JIM TULLY

A GENTLEMAN by the name of James Figg is considered the father of modern pugilism, or, as it was then known, The Noble Science of Defence. A swordsman originally, he gravitated to pugilism, and became the champion bruiser of England from 1719 to 1740.

He was succeeded by his pupil, Jack Broughton, also an expert with the sword. Broughton is credited with the invention of boxing gloves, which were then called mufflers. His name was on the first set of rules to govern boxing. He held the championship about ten years, and was defeated in fourteen minutes by a pugilist named Slack.

Since those days the ring has been crowded with many pugilists, from the intelligent Stanley Ketchel to the abysmal Battling Siki, the Senegalese who had the audacity to fight Mike McTigue in Dublin on Saint Patrick's Day. Those who know the Irish can guess who won.

Siki could speak nine languages and think in none. His entire vocabulary in all nine was about 160 words. Sixty of these were profane.

Not even Byron had more various moods than this primeval monster. His rages shook the clouds. Wearing a monocle, a silk hat, a frock coat, yellow gloves and tan shoes, he would carry a monkey on his shoulder, or drag a lion cub through the streets of Paris. He would ride all night in a taxicab and refuse to pay the driver. If the driver became irate over the question of money, Siki would belabor him with his huge black mallet-shaped hands.

Once he appeared in a New York railroad station, with a man carrying a two gallon jug of wine in his trail. Every few minutes he would stop and slap the jug carrier on the cheek. It was the signal for him to pour wine. Siki would roll it down his muscular throat, and smack his liver-thick lips.

He once went into a foot doctor's parlor to have his feet treated. He was told that black feet were not even considered in such a high class establishment.

He wrecked the place, and threw the furniture in the street.

When his wife asked him to take out a life insurance policy, he became so enraged she could do nothing with him for hours. He contended that it was bad luck, and promised to fight a few more times and get enough money to make her wealthy.

Like many of his more civilized brothers, he was always in trouble with women. But unlike such fellows, the black bruiser out of the paleolithic age despaired not of his breaking heart, but blithely went on to the next damsel, and wooed her roughly in nine languages and vivid force.

He might have whipped any man in the world if he had not been too carefree to be always the brute.

The Shakespearean scholar, Gene Tunney, who often derided the killer instinct in pugilists, had far more of it than did the singular Siki.

The latter, childish as a primordial poet, could not be taught that which Tunney knows all too well, the value of a million dollars.

Winning the Light Heavyweight Championship from Georges Carpentier in 1922, he careened fantastically over the world until shot to death in New York.

He had overstayed his leave in America, and had been told to return to France in three weeks. The bullets gave him passport to a far more peaceful land.

The police found but three cents in his pockets.

One of the few men of great mental capacity ever to enter the prize ring was Stanley Ketchel. Hobo boy, sheepherder, a bouncer in a Butte saloon, the lover of a lady of easy virtue named Goldie, he whipped the rugged Joe Thomas in thirty-two rounds, and was soon on his tremendous way, forgetting, as is often the way, to take Goldie along.

A granitely beautiful man, debonair, nonchalant, and built like the capital letter V, he flamed through life like a torch.

Outweighed forty pounds, he was matched with Jack Johnson, who was said to have agreed to "carry" Ketchel.

It was a dangerous procedure. Suddenly, at the beginning of a round, Ketchel's terrible right collided with Johnson's jaw.

The Negro sprawled in the ring. Getting up before the count of ten, the monster black knocked Ketchel out.

An epic among bruisers, and careless as Siki with money, he would throw away a thousand dollars in a night and think little of it.

When weakened from dissipation and other evils, he fought Billy Papke. Ketchel's championship was at stake.

When the bout started, instead of shaking hands with Ketchel, who stood expectant, Papke threw a right across. Ketchel did not recover from the punch and lost the fight.

He fought Papke three months later. Completely annihilating the man who had so ruthlessly conquered him, he regained the championship, a feat seldom accomplished in the ring.

Ketchel met his bullet in a small Missouri town. Bored, he made love to a laborer's sweetheart. The laborer came into the room, carrying a flobert rifle. Ketchel rose to slap him, and was shot.

The laborer's sweetheart was also named Goldie.

Wilson Mizner, hearing that his friend Ketchel was struggling for life, said tersely, "Begin to count ten over him—then he'll get up."

No one counted.

That was more than twenty years ago. The weeds now grow on his grave.

Pugilism has attracted the attention of many famous writers. Even George Bernard Shaw wrote a bad novel about it. George Borrow eulogized the bruisers of England.

A long list of other men, which included George Meredith, Hugh Walpole, Samuel Merwin, Conan Doyle, Jack London, Ring Lardner and Ernest Hemingway, have written of the ring.

Because I have been in the ring, none of these men have ever impressed me with stories about bruisers.

Many writers of sports, such as Damon Runyan, Ed and Pat Frayne, Hype Igoe, Mark Kelly, Sid Mercer, Joe Williams, Harry Grayson, Sid Ziff and Jack James, have written much better of the prize ring than the literary chaps.

The average highbrow is as ignorant of the ring as he is of art.

A few years ago, my fellow collaborator, Frank Dazey, and myself, were in a debate with a group of other men, over the production of *Black Boy* for Paul Robeson.

An intellectual young poet expounded the merit of a false dramatic situation. When he had finished, I asked:

"Did you ever fight a tough Negro in the ring?"

"No," he admitted.

I then said, "Well, I have."

It made no difference. His point carried.

The best story I have ever read of the ring was published in The American Mercury, and written by a sensitive unknown boy under the assumed name of Robert Jeems. The story was entitled *A Little*

Path of Glory. In it, the writer caught the pitiless panorama of the ring which, needless to say, he had absorbed deeply as a roustabout of the ring.

So far as I know, the story was completely overlooked by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien in his avid search for what is supposed to be great in the short story.

Pugilism is a business which cannot be ennobled, the short cut to quick money for insensitive men. That it contains high drama is beyond question, and so long as the warlike periods of the world continue, it will be given the acclaim of a vast portion of mankind.

Not all pugilists are college men like Steve Hamas.

When King Levinsky tried to autograph a picture in Reno, a lady said to Leaping Lena, his sister, "Why don't you teach him his A B C's—then he'll soon be able to autograph his own pictures."

"Why," said the astonished sister, "King knows his A B C's up to M right now."

When King was weighing in for the fight with Max Baer, he was asked how he felt.

"Oh—all right. But my feet kinda hurt."

The man at the scales looked down. King's right shoe was on his left foot, and vice versa.

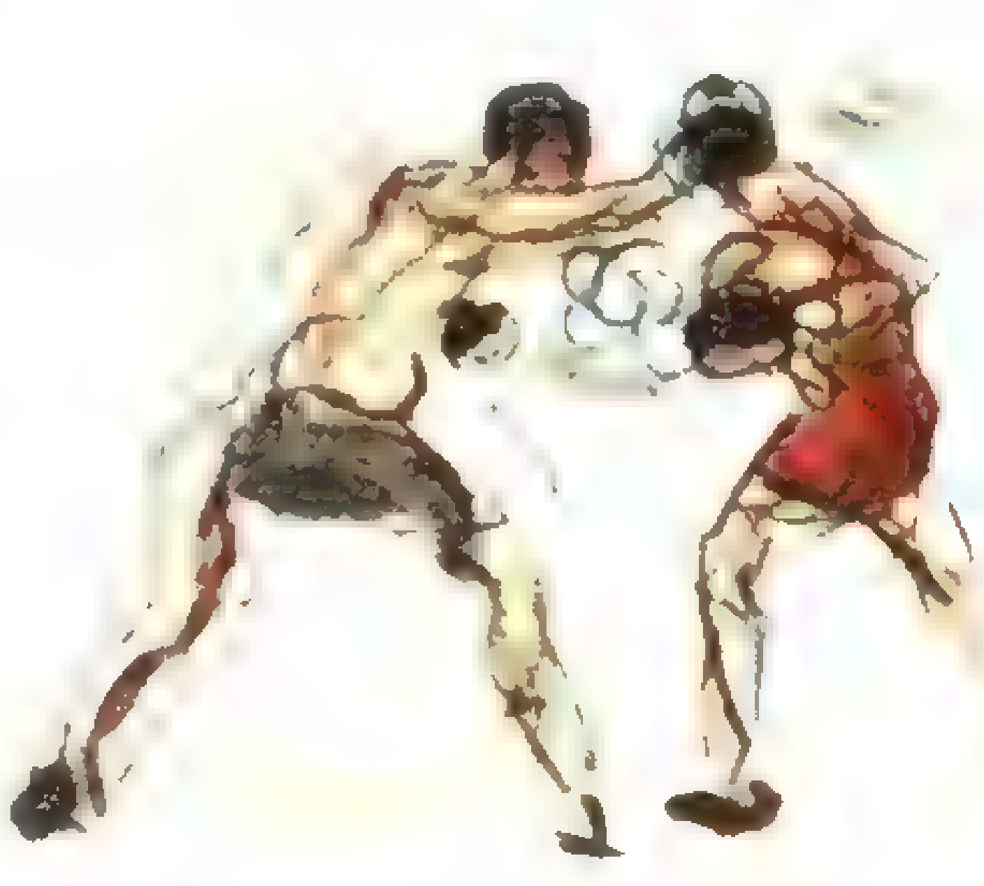
Once, while dining with the amiable Jess Willard, three gentlemen came to our table and jubilantly reminded him of having witnessed his encounter with the redoubtable Dempsey.

"Jesus Christ," he snapped, when they had gone their thoughtless way, "I have fought seventy-five fights, and lost two, but I'll be damned if I've ever seen any one who saw those other seventy-three fights."

Frank Moran, the one time runner up for the Heavyweight Championship of the world, is one of the most intelligent of pugilists. With a good mind, he delved into many subjects, and now and then reached fundamentals.

As a young fellow, before taking up pugilism, he was a sailor on the Mayflower. As such, he became acquainted with Theodore Roosevelt's family.

After Moran had taken up boxing, he stood with Knockout Brown and a crowd of other bruisers at a railroad station. A dignified lady passed. The one time sailor stepped away from the gathering of maulers and exchanged the time of day with her. He then returned to the crowd.



"Who's that dame?" asked a bruiser.

"That's Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, the president's wife," was Moran's proud answer.

Knockout Brown looked in consternation, and exclaimed, "Holy Jumpin' Moses, this guy's on his heels already, and he ain't yet begun to fight."

Tom Kennedy, a one time rival of Moran, has also taken a rag of humor from the ring.

He had once fought Sandy Ferguson, a Scotchman, in Irish ridden Boston. The fight was a desperate affair, and each pugilist went in rage to his dressing room when it was over.

In about ten minutes, Kennedy heard a noise. He rushed out of his room in time to see a bedraggled Irishman picking himself from the floor.

"What happened to you?" asked Kennedy.

The Irishman shouted, "An' what in the name of the Virgin do you think happened?"

A glint of recognition came to him.

"Oh, God—the mistake I made," he moaned. "Ye see, I went in the door nixt to yours, and the man was layin' on the slab gittin' his rub, wit' a towel over his face, and I rushes up to him, an' I says, 'It's damn glad am I that ye knocked that damn Ferguson's head off, Mister Kennedy'—an' then I picks meself up here."

In close contact with Jack Dempsey during his promotion of the Baer-Schmeling fight, I reached the German's camp shortly after his two managers, Billy McCarney and Joe Jacobs had staged a fight of their own. One had knocked the other out with a small bronze bust of Max Schmeling.

Arriving at Damon Runyan's apartment that evening, I told the great sports writer the weird tale.

"Yes," he said, "it's true." He pointed to the bust of Schmeling that had done the damage.

Each feeling the irony of the ring, we were silent for a moment.

It was Billy McCarney who managed Luther McCarty, when that Irish-Indian son of the patent medicine vendor was the glory of the ring.

He had matched McCarty to fight Al Palzer in California. McCarty's hands were broken. Manager and pugilist needed the money. A sports writer made mention of McCarty's hands. If news of the injured hands was not circumvented, McCarney knew that the match would be called off.

His brain became active.

He met an X-ray photographer. Casually the talk drifted to McCarty. McCarney learned that the photographer had never seen the pugilist. Within a few hours McCarney brought Bull Young, another heavyweight fighter, to the photographer. Introduced as McCarty, his hands were photographed. With an affidavit from the photographer and the pictures of Bull Young's hands, McCarney went to the sports writer.

The next morning the supposed hands of Luther McCarty were spread fan-like on the sports page.

He was allowed to fight, and though handicapped, won on points.

The element of savagery, of cheap intrigue, prevails everywhere in the prize ring.

A man cannot arrive at a championship without being a part of the racket. He can be tolerant of all that goes on around him, like Jack Dempsey, or adopt a superior attitude like Gene Tunney.

The career of Gene Tunney is one of the most amazing in the history of the ring. A Cashel Byron come to life, there is about him the smugness so dear to the heart of William Lyon Phelps. A typical American, he represents all those things which would rob life of its color, and make it as monotonous as the work of a crossing cop.

When Tunney talks of the ring, he is superb. When he talks of other things he is no more interesting than William Lyon Phelps on realism. Like all pretentious men, he wears his little learning with a self conscious manner, and is seemingly unaware that what he knows of the classics has been forgotten by the average high school student

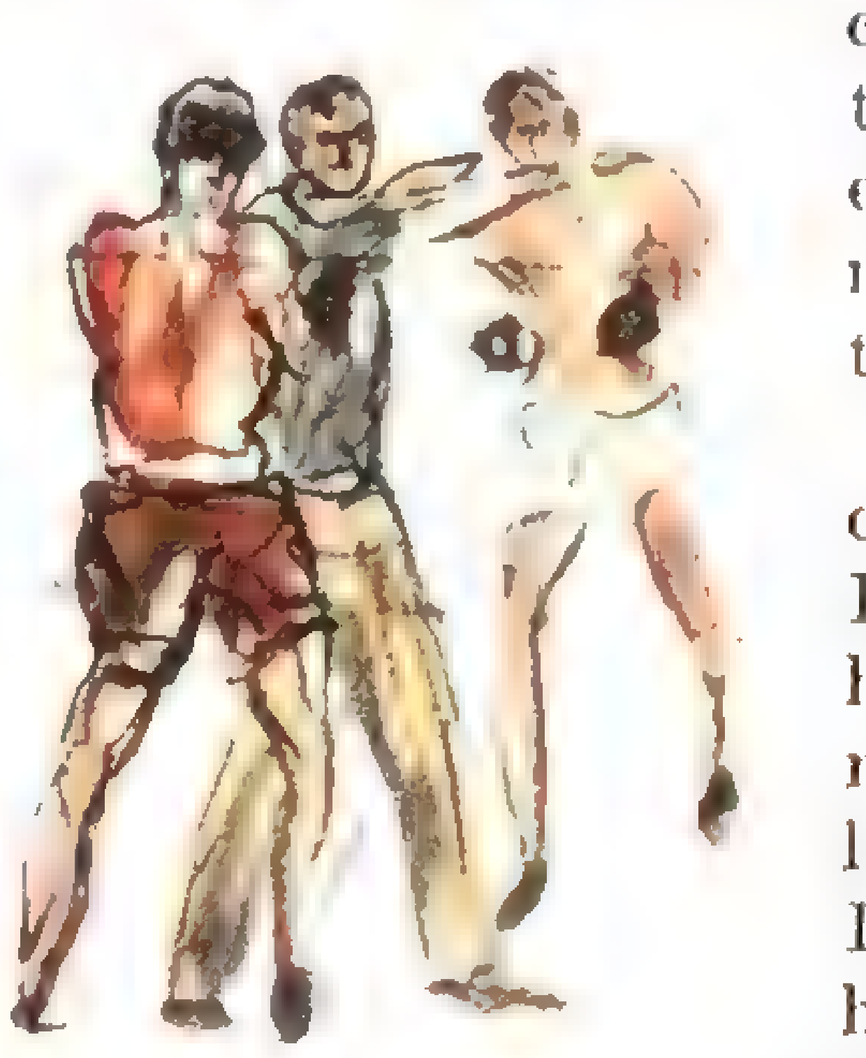
With millions at his command, and more leisure than his favorite author, Shakespeare, knew, he wrote an empty story of his life for a popular weekly.

The great book of the prize ring is yet to be written. The man who will write it will be one who has been smeared with its blood.

Tunney knows pugilism much better than he knows Shakespeare. Why does he not leave the latter to more academic men, and drag from his subconscious those great battles which made him famous?

Is it true that the famous long count in Chicago really reached sixteen seconds? Slow motion pictures were said to have borne this out. The man who made and showed these pictures was not allowed to photograph the Tunney-Heeney fight.

Surely, Tunney would be too fair to discriminate against a photographer doomed to earn a living and with no knowledge of literature to help him.



It was never in the cards for Tunney to whip Dempsey, without the help of a woman, an ex-manager and a group of lawyers in Philadelphia. Dempsey regained the heavyweight championship in Chicago when he he was in better shape mentally.

Had Jack Kearns been his manager at the time, there would have been no long count. That Kearns and Dempsey parted for reasons which have never been completely told, is the most pathetic chapter in the long annals of the ring, and friendship.

I was with Tunney quite often before his first encounter with Dempsey. He was then, as always, a decent fellow. No Hollywood lady could tempt the saint of the ring from the path of rectitude. Tunney's square jaw denotes more than the pseudo literary pretensions with which his life is bound. With the imponderables in his corner at Philadelphia he became the king of his world.

But he was a great fighter, even though I did not think him capable of whipping Dempsey. I told as much to Fred Thompson, the cowboy film actor, while Tunney and I were his guests. Thompson told Gene, but neglected to tell him that he had agreed with me. The day after the fight, Tunney, in a New York Herald-Tribune interview, said that Jim Tully and other lovers of blood did not think he could win. I was singled out by name among the millions who had doubted his ability.

An Irishman without humor, Gene is nevertheless a high class man, and a credit to any social circle. May his wealth never fall into the hands of the Soviets.

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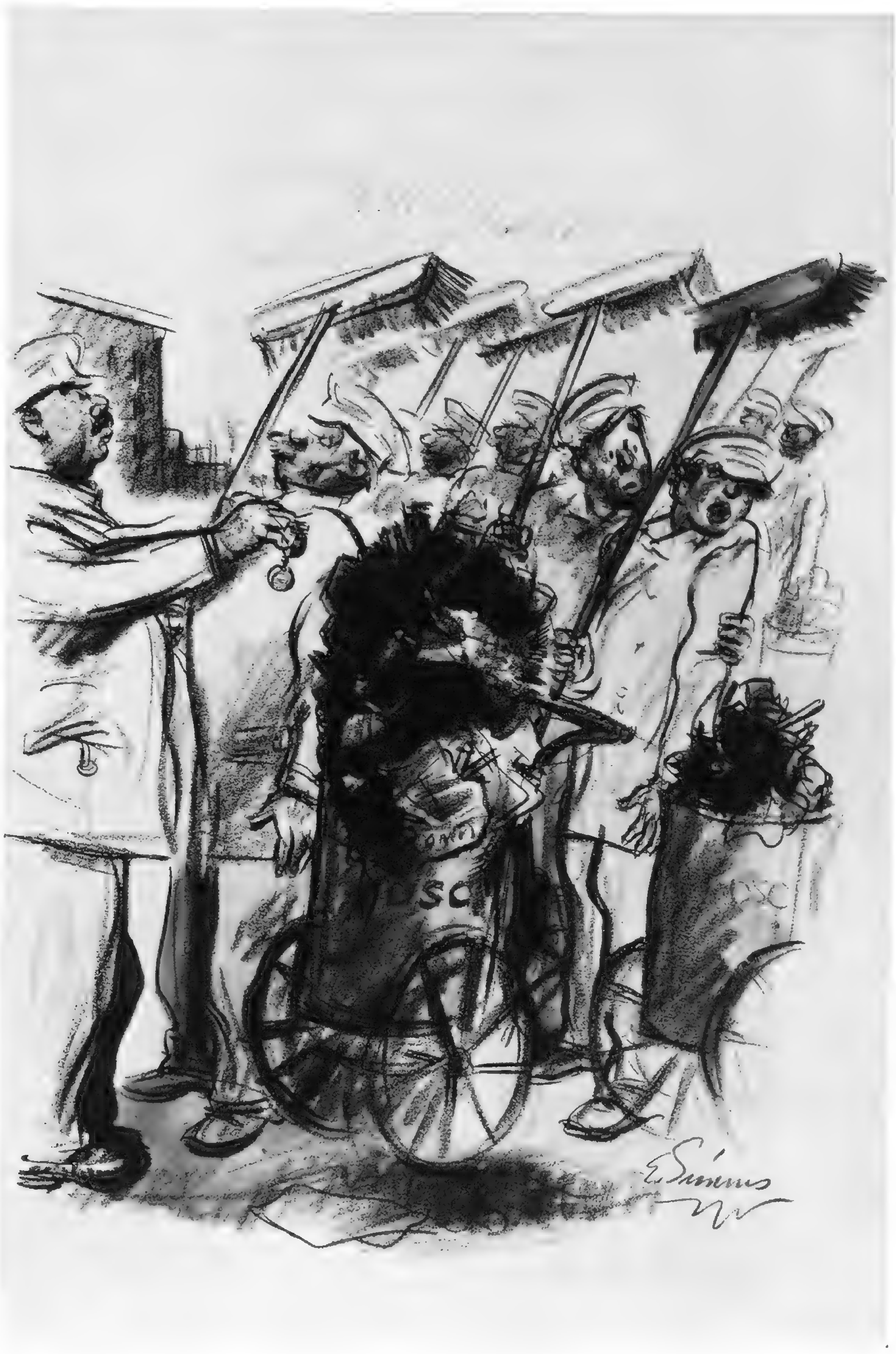

"Don't feel that way about it—you just happen to be in a clean neighborhood"

You've Got to Have a System

A tried and true method of gambling to which you won't have the patience to adhere

by JOHN D. MORSE

We won money, all right; not a fortune, but more than enough to live on, and since the Casino is still operating I don't see why I shouldn't tell other people how we did it. Of course the inevitable question, when a writer starts explaining a successful gambling system, is: "Then why aren't you playing your system now instead of writing about it?" It's a good question. The answer is that the writer is now in Illinois instead of France, where this system originated. Also . . . but that's the story.

In Nice, Carl and I had ended a grand tour of Europe-on-a-bicycle-and-a-dollar-a-day, joyously surprised to discover that there was actual truth in the glowing pictures of the railway posters advertising the Riviera and *le Cote d'Azur*. Why had we not come to Nice right off instead of riding bicycles from one chilly cathedral to another and re-enacting the muddy battle of the Marne? Then to discover such an elysium as Nice when our money was nearly gone! *Sacre Bleu!*

"We've got forty dollars apiece," reflected Carl as he lifted his glass of port from the table of the open-air cafe to admire the glow of its rich color in the bright sunlight. "If we allow twenty each to get us to Marseilles and keep us alive till we find work-away jobs home, that leaves forty to spend in Nice."

"Which, with your growing passion for port, will last about a week," I pointed out.

"We can either live like misers for twenty days," Carl ignored my comment, "or take a chance on doubling our money . . ." He looked along the curving sea-wall of the Promenade des Anglais towards the Jette Casino, Nice establishment of *grandes diversions*.

"And live like misers for only one day—our last one here," I finished for him.

"But if we could work out a system," said Carl, "we might stay on indefinitely here among the palm trees in this gorgeous sunshine, a mere taste of which is worse than none at all. We can risk half our money. If we lose, we agree to leave at once with the other half. If we win, we stay on. Now here's my idea . . ."

Boule, the popular gambling game in the casinos of Nice, is exactly like roulette except that there are nine numbers instead of 32. On the green felt of a long table are marked out many red squares, numbered from one to nine. Around the table sit forty or fifty people, all with chips in front of them, while others crowd behind, reaching over to place their bets on the numbered squares. In the center of the table is sunk a wide, shallow bowl with nine holes or cups forming a circle in the bottom of it. With a circular motion the white-gloved *boulier* tosses a rubber ball into the bowl, where it rolls round and round, bouncing crazily over the cups at the bottom until it drops into one of them. An electric contact is made, and over the table a sign flashes the winning number—5.

"*Numero cinque*, drones the *boulier*. The players who have money on number five sit up sharply and exclaim to their friends; the rest slump a little in their chairs, counting the chips in their reduced stacks. The click of metal on hard rubber rises above the hum of voices as the *croupiers*, seated at intervals along the table, start busily raking in money and chips, and paying off the brightly expectant winners.

An hour after Carl had his "idea" two young men, flushed and nervous, pushed back their chairs from the table in the *salon de boule* and fled from the Casino. Nearly wiped out in the first few minutes of play, we had managed, by a marvelous stroke of luck, to regain our losses. Something was definitely wrong with the system! We retired to a sober cafe where we called for pencil and paper and began figuring.

"Our luck is positively indecent," announced Carl finally. "We should have lost everything, playing as we were. But I still believe we can figure out a successful system. Now why do most people lose money gambling? If we can answer that question we'll at least know what *not* to do."

"Because they're too eager to win money," I ventured. "They're impatient. When a man loses a bet, his natural inclination is to double up on the next one and recover his losses. Then if he loses again, he quadruples the amount of his bet, and if he loses once more he . . . how do you say he ups it eight? Octuples? Anyway, eventually, he'd win. But the house stops him by limiting the amount of one bet to a hundred francs. That means he can double only a few times. Let's see . . . one, two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, a hundred and . . . no; he can't bet more than a hundred francs, so that makes only seven bets they allow him."

"But we don't need to double up to recover," said Carl. "In *boule* the odds are seven to one. If we bet one franc and win, we get eight francs back including the one we bet. If we lose, we can still bet one next time instead of increasing it to a two-franc bet. Then, if we win, we still get eight back, although our net gain is only six because of the franc we've already lost. If we lose again, we still stick to our one-franc bet, and so on until we reach a point when the total number of one-franc bets amounts to seven. Then we raise the bet to two francs because our total investment will be less than what we win from our original bet. That way we can raise the amount of our bets gradually, and get in a lot more than seven of them before we reach the hundred-franc limit. If we can make twenty or thirty slowly increasing bets, the number ought to show in that time, and it's obvious that we'll win. We won't win much, but we certainly can't lose anything."

"That sounds simple enough. Why don't people do it?"

"I think you answered that yourself," Carl suggested. "Most people aren't content to win only one or two francs at a time. They're too impatient, and too greedy. But we've got a lot more time than we have money. We can afford to be patient where other people are impatient, and if they lose because of that, we ought to win. . . . Say! I think we've hit on a real system this time! Let's see if we can figure this out, and then go back there and break the bank! *Garcon. Encore bier, s'il vous plait.*"

Before we left the cafe that afternoon we had the outline of a system that was to provide us with considerably more than beer for the next month and a half. I don't guarantee this system to make a fortune. I don't guarantee it at all. But in Nice, for six weeks during the winter season, although it never quite broke the bank, it provided Carl and me with bed, board, tobacco and beer—which we felt was enough to ask of any system.

The next three days Carl and I spent sitting in the central cafe of the Casino, meticulously recording every number that flashed on the electric sign over the *boule* table at our left. We discovered, as we sipped our beer, that no number failed to show for more than 43 times, and that usually each of the nine numbers appeared in less than 25 throws of the ball. Since our system allowed a number to go 38 times without showing, all we had to do was to wait until one had not turned up for ten or fifteen throws, and then start betting on it. On the evening of the fourth day we raced through our little black note-book of numbers, playing the system on paper. Then we gulped the rest of our beer and entered the *salon de boule.* Had we been actually playing we would have won $22! *Boule* is called by the natives, "the game impossible to beat" but our arrogance knew no bounds. Happy arrogance!

In exchange for our forty dollars, a thousand-franc note at that time, the *changeur* gave us a huge stack of red and blue chips with which we sat down nervously at the table, the chart of our system opened in front of us. Here is the system, copied from the well-thumbed pages of the little black book. Although I have never attempted it, I see no reason why the chart can not be altered for roulette by calculating the equation between roulette odds, 32 to 1, and the house limit.

As the *boulier* prepared to throw the ball Carl eagerly examined the record he had made of numbers that had turned up that evening. "Number four hasn't shown for twelve times," he announced. "Let's bet on it."

With the trepidation of a couple handling their life savings we pushed out the bronze franc piece that was to launch us into wealth and leisure. The *croupier* deftly flicked it with his rake into the exact center of the number four square. The *boulier* tossed the ball into the bowl and presently sang out, "*Rien va plus,* no more betting." A hush fell over the whole room as the ball bounded erratically over the cups, nearly stopping in number seven, and then popping out to land squarely in number three. We pushed out another franc on our original number four, and lost again. Our number failed to show for seven times as we placed one franc after another on the square marked four. Consulting the chart, we saw that our next bet would be number 8, our total investment 9, amount of bet 2, total return 16, net win 7. We had to raise the amount of our bet from one to two francs because the highest total return we could get from one franc was 8, which equalled our total investment. Therefore, we increased the bet to two francs rather than run the risk of having our number turn up when we would come out exactly even.

Although the odds were seven to one, we figured our total return as eight francs because we always got back our original bet *plus* seven times its amount. Sometimes we made a bet, such as those numbered 16, 20, 26, and 32 on the chart, which, although they won us nothing, extended the total number of bets in the system, and so protected us against an unusually long run of throws that failed to turn up our number. We added the last three bets of 100 francs because even though we lost money on them they increased our chance of recouping a still greater loss.

Number four failed to show for 13 times after we first sat down at the table. Then we were electrified to hear the *boulier* sing out in his monotone, "*Numero quatre.*" Unconcernedly the *croupier* raked in all the bets except ours, and with one expert flip of his impersonal instrument deposited a stack of chips on number four square. Affecting a casualness which my thumping pulse denied, I reached for them as Carl examined the chart. It showed: bet number 14, investment 30, amount of bet 5, total return 40, net win 10. At once we began all over again, betting one franc on number nine, which had failed to show for eleven times. Our system was working! True, in twenty minutes we had won only ten francs, but what was time to us? We were content to win only a little amount if we were sure to continue winning that little amount.

The System

NUMBER OF BET	INVEST-MENT	AMOUNT OF BET	TOTAL RETURN	NET WIN
1	1	1	8	7
2	2	1	8	6
3	3	1	8	5
4	4	1	8	4
5	5	1	8	3
6	6	1	8	2
7	7	1	8	1
8	9	2	16	7
9	11	2	16	5
10	13	2	16	3
11	15	2	16	1
12	20	5	40	20
13	25	5	40	15
14	30	5	40	10
15	35	5	40	5
16	40	5	40	0
17	50	10	80	30
18	60	10	80	20
19	70	10	80	10
20	80	10	80	0
21	95	15	120	25
22	110	15	120	10
23	130	20	160	30
24	150	20	160	10
25	175	25	200	25
26	200	25	200	0
27	230	30	240	10
28	270	40	320	50
29	310	40	320	10
30	360	50	400	40
31	420	60	480	60
32	480	60	480	0
33	550	70	560	10
34	630	80	640	10
35	720	90	720	0
36	820	100	800	– 20
37	920	100	800	–120
38	1020	100	800	–220

Furthermore, we were having a grand time.

After that first evening of play we went singing out of the Casino to mingle our spirits with the foam on the steins of dark beer served at our favorite *brasserie.* We had won 130 francs, which we reached into our pockets to feel reassuringly every now and then. The system called for a capitalization of 1200 francs—the last figure in the investment column—and in one evening we had received nearly eight per cent return. How the other patrons of the cafe would flock around our table if they knew!

As one marvelous day slipped into another we began to take our regular winnings more and more casually. We referred to the Casino as the "office," and on fine afternoons when we went walking up to Cimiez or over to Ville Franche we announced to our friends that we "had to work late" that night. Seldom did it take us more than two hours to win five to eight dollars, and when it did, our enjoyment was increased accordingly. Because our "work" was also our pleasure we called ourselves the perfect Rotarians.

With the system in successful operation we perceived at once that we were infallible. Our confidence must have been pointedly felt by the other habitués of the Casino whom we began to recognize with a careless nod now and then. We scorned the small gentry that flocked every day to the table to shower hopeful francs about and see them raked in by the emotionless *croupiers.* An occasional gleam of recognition in the eyes of the *croupiers* we were quick to interpret as a sign that they too scorned the rabble. We were tolerant with the little *demi-mondes* and their smiling promises, "I bring you luck, bay-bee. Give me one franc." The old men and women drew our plutocratic pity with their pale, hopeful, yet desperate eyes, consulting little books and papers before cautiously betting from ever-dimishing stacks of chips.

Steadily, day after day, we won, and our never failing good luck did not escape the envious eyes of our fellow gamblers. One afternoon, after our regular period of play, while we were counting our money and making the official notations in our "ledger" in the central cafe of the Casino, Carl noticed two English women watching us. I looked up quickly to hear one of them whisper, "Those are the two Americans who everyone says are winning so regularly. They have a system." Ah, fame and fortune!

We even visualized the moment when the manager would meet us at the door. "Gentlemen," he would say, "I will pay you ten dollars a day to stay away from my Casino." We would thank him, bow, ask permission to come and play now and then *pour le sport,* and every morning afterwards drop around about ten for our daily tribute. We would spend that year in Nice, saving up a thousand dollars each, and then we would continue casually on around the world, stopping here and there wherever we

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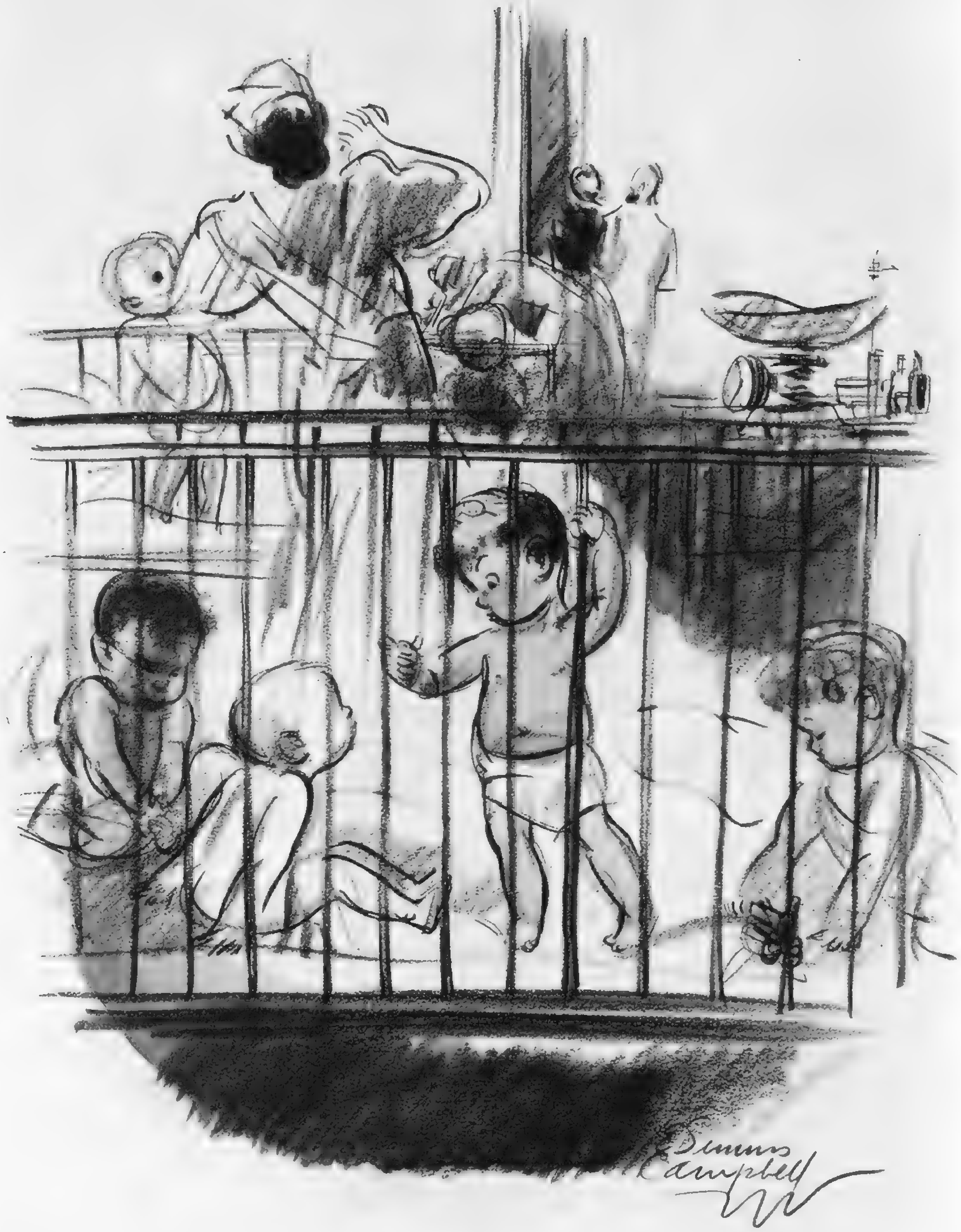
Dennis Campbell

"Don't forget — tonight we make a break for it"

Four Recipes for Men

No rosebud radishes, no jigsaw salads, no slide-rule vitamins in these meaty meals of victuals

by JOHN D. SWAIN

HERE in New England—I am writing from old Plymouth County in the Bay State—we have preserved from Colonial days the expression: "He set down to a meal of victuals."

With no disparagement of the very many roadside houses where good nourishing food is served, I am sure that many a *shoppe* would fold up and go out of business were it dependent upon the patronage of normal men, free from gastric disturbances. For there are two culinary schools that irk such; the one based on color, a sort of millinery effect skilfully obtained by blending the green of lettuce or cress, the red of pimientos, the yellow of mayonnaise, aided by cutting sundry fruits and vegetables into ingenious jigsaw designs; the other, more austere, printing on its menus a chart of the vitamins and calories of each dish. A hungry man does not crave calories and vitamins, nor yet radishes cut to look like rosebuds. He yearns rather to "set down to a meal of victuals." For the hungry man, I am venturing to discuss four homely but satisfying recipes.

There is first, beefsteak as cooked by a famous New York editor, globe-trotter, and raconteur, the percussion cap who has detonated half a hundred famous literary bombs.

Choose your favorite cut, which should be free of bone. A thick rump, if you can find a tender one, is ideal. Lightly dust each side with salt, then apply a thin film of prepared English mustard; English, because that is the fieriest variety. Next—and here you are going to be scandalized, as I was when the editor told me, and before I had tried it out—cover both sides of the steak as thickly as it will stick on, with *powdered sugar*. Sounds terrible, doesn't it? But wait! Burning sugar produces an intense heat. Ask any visiting fireman who has fought a conflagration in a sugar refinery.

Broil your steak about three minutes on each side. The sugar will first melt, then harden into a blackened shell that hermetically seals the pores of the steak, preventing the loss of a drop of juice, or a whiff of flavor. Crack and peel off the sugar shell, and carve, the "blood following the knife." Contrary to your fears, the steak will *not* taste sugary. The intense heat will have absorbed all the sugar into its protective shell, and at the same time have charred the surface of the steak beautifully.

Now let's slide rapidly down the social ladder to its lowest rung. I introduce to you *Colorado*—I knew him by no other name—a hobo epicure.

Most of us when riding on trains by night have caught glimpses of a solitary man, or a little group, squatting about a small fire of twigs, over which hangs a steaming tomato can. The spot is a more or less sheltered nook in the lee of a rock or sandbank, or under a tree and near a water tank or track siding. The men are hoboes, cooking "slum" in their temporary "jungle." The dish is also called mulligan, and slumgullion; but the 'bos commonly term it *slum*.

Colorado lived in a de luxe jungle, no less than an abandoned tool house near a great city dump from which the jungle had been outfitted, even to a cracked but practicable stove. Three or four other hoboes bunked with Colorado, and panhandled the neighborhood, obtaining food, cast-off clothing, and dimes and quarters enough to keep them in tobacco.

Colorado had the soul of a born *cordon bleu* underneath an incredibly dirty and ragged sweater. I used to drop in on him for a chat now and then. He was fat and lazy, and never did any panhandling. Was he not the jungle's chef! He would listen entranced while I told him of some of the famous dishes I had sampled; the rice-table of the Dutch East Indies, the creole specialties of Antoine, in New Orleans, the pressed duck of Paris. Never in his life, so he told me, had he paid more than fifty cents for a meal, and that but a few times; but he had that first requisite of a great cook, a real veneration for food, and the willingness to take infinite pains in its preparation.

He was—he claimed—the champion slummaker of all hoboes; and this is his recipe. In this old tool house he cooked it in a battered galvanized pail retrieved from the city dump. First, he sliced three onions, and browned them in fat. He preferred butter; and one of his ingenious ways of getting it was to scrape it from the sandwiches brought home at night by his buddies. Suet would do, if butter was unobtainable. The onions browned, he added four quarts of warm water, into which he placed four or five pounds of lamb flank cut into small pieces. In case the reader does not know, I'll mention that lamb flank costs five cents the pound at any market. Also, no part of the sheep is more palatable. Colorado then added an equal amount of cat meat, that costs a trifle less. Cat meat is the parings and trim of roasts, chops, steaks and so forth, tossed by the marketman into a barrel destined for the soap factory or piggery. There are plenty of choice morsels in it, and they can be bought fresh and wholesome. Colorado was liberal with salt and pepper. He was a believer in high seasoning.

For hours the meat was left to simmer, until a rich and nourishing stock resulted. Thereafter, the slum became self-supporting. Into the stock went onions, cut up potatoes, cabbage, beets, beans, carrots, parsnips, tomatoes, turnips, and indeed any vegetable except possibly radishes and cucumbers. From time to time more water, or more salt and pepper were added. As the district was one of market gardens and farms, the suburbs of the city, it is understood that the vegetables cost nothing. And each night when the panhandling 'bos returned, there was added to the slum anything suitable. It might be a chicken carcass, a ham bone, a cold pork chop. In this way, monotony was avoided. Colorado reminded me that the addition of a sizable chunk of bologna would entirely change the character of the slum.

Travelers will recognize the affinity of slum with the *pot-au-feu* of the French peasant. But Colorado was even more catholic in his treatment. He added leaves of mint and pepper grass and wild mustard growing close by. He used orange and lemon peel, diced. Once one of the hoboes found in a garbage can, a quarter bottle of Worcestershire sauce. Into the slum it went. The same with a partly filled bottle of tomato catsup, some dry mustard, some horse radish.

Day and night the slum simmered, unfailing as the widow's cruse. I tried some of it.

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Olaf Hears Rachmaninoff

Humorous short story involving the artistic tastes of one who is soft hearted but hard headed

by CARY KERNER

It's funny how many things are going on all the time that a person don't know a thing about till you happen to run into 'em. Like men piano players now, who go around the country charging three dollars for everybody to hear 'em play. I'd never of had a chance to know there was such folks if it hadn't been for my orphan niece, Jenny.

I've kind of looked after Jenny ever since she was a little tyke. Hep, my wife, didn't want her around no more after a while, so I sent her off to boarding school and let her take music lessons, and they made some kind of arrangements about vacations, and I didn't see her for a good many years. Hep's everlastingly harping about the expense, but I figure to see Jenny clear through to port.

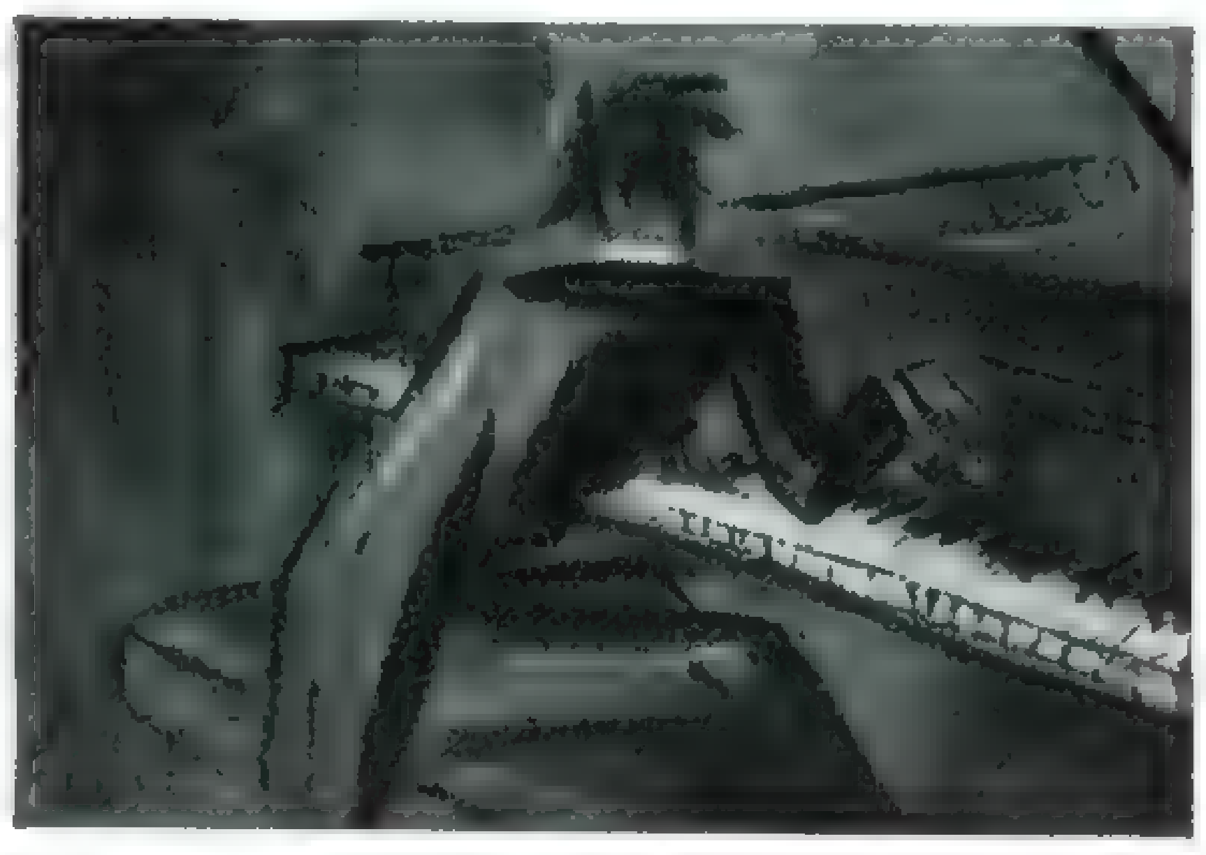
Well, a couple of years ago Jenny wrote me asking if she could change teachers and take lessons from one of them real fine, expensive teachers, fellow name of Lorry. The lady that runs the boarding school she wrote me too and said I should let Jenny take from him, because she was going to make a famous piano player some day. Sounded to me like a lot of foolishness, seeing as how all Jenny's kin on both sides never been nothing but plain, hard-working, sea-going folks. But I'm not one to think other folks should be bound by my notions, so after figuring around a while I just made my cheeks bigger and kept my mouth shut in front of Hep.

Hep don't know all my business anyway, being as sometimes I go home when I'm in, and sometimes I hang out to old Captain Sprague's house—all depending on how me and Hep got along last time I was in. Seemed like the less me and her saw of each other them days the less we could stand to see. I always figure there's some storms you got to weather, and some you can steer clear of, and I'm not one to go looking for trouble.

Anyhow, just about the time the Depression started hitting the sea-going end of things, I figured me and Hep better quit trying to stay spliced, seeing as how it was going from bad to worse. I figured I could give Hep what I knew she'd be squawking for as her rights if I cut down on Jenny's expense at school. So I wrote her and told her just how things was, and could she maybe learn something from a cheaper teacher for a while.

Right away I got back the nicest letter you ever saw. She said she was awful sorry she hadn't noticed there was a Depression, and she'd been intending anyhow to stop taking music lessons and start in teaching children and folks who didn't know so much yet.

It was a mighty cheerful letter, with a couple of funny jokes like she always tucks in her letters, and which I used to show to Hep but don't any more. But I had the funniest kind of feeling all the time I was reading it—a feeling like I used to get when I was a kid and my mother'd try to keep me from hanging around down by the wharf all the time and talking about ships, and smelling like fish. All the way through I could hear a sort of crying sound, like sea-gulls on a stormy night.



I got a sudden hankering to run down and see Jenny, being as I'd never done it yet. So I wrote her I was coming, and I went.

She was at the depot to meet me, and it was a good thing she knew me because I'd never have picked *her* to be my little Jenny. She'd changed from a cute, round little tyke into the loveliest girl you ever saw. Slim and trim as a racing yacht she was, with eyes blue as the sea and her face all full of crinkles when she smiled, and her hair like a gold fringy shawl around her neck. Her hands was almost as strong as a man's—but slim and white.

We hunted up some place to eat so we could sit and talk, and first thing her eyes got all shiny, and she pulled some paper out of her pocketbook:

"Look, Uncle Olaf—two tickets for Rachmaninoff!"

I could see I was supposed to kick up my heels and holler for joy, but I just had to tell her I didn't know what Rachmaninoff was.

"Why, he's the prince of them all! A Russian pianist!"

Which didn't tell me any more'n I knew before. But she said it like he was God or something, and I let her rave on about him. But I've got reasons to be leery about where womenfolks want to take you, so I said I didn't have long to stay, and I'd rather hear her play me a piece, if there was a piano somewheres handy.

She got all over dimples then, and laughed. "But I've paid out six of your hard-earned dollars for the tickets, Uncle Olaf, to give you a real treat."

"Six dollars!"—I guess I hollered pretty loud, "You ain't telling me you went and paid . . ."

"Oh, that was for *two* tickets," she said real quick, like just three dollars apiece wasn't nothing.

I was going to say something about the Depression, but I hated to think about being responsible for taking that happy look off her face. Anyhow, every time I feel like crabbing I think about Hep doing it and I quit.

Pretty soon we went to the opera house where this fellow was charging three dollars a seat, and there was a lot of women folks milling around out in front, talking foolish and put-on, and looking at theirselves in little looking-glasses, and smelling to high heaven of perfume.

"Oh, you'll love it!" Jenny said, whenever I tried to get her to give up the idea of trying to get through that jam.

"Yes," I finally says, "I'll love it like you'd love being sent up the riggin' in a nor'easter." But she just laughed.

Inside, when we finally got there, was more seats than I ever saw in any place, and pretty soon they was all filled. A surprising lot of 'em was men too—which goes to show there's plenty of wheedling womenfolks in the world yet. I wondered if they felt as foolish as I did, sitting there and waiting for another man to come out and play the piano for 'em. I could just figure how that Rachmaninoff was sitting back somewheres and laughing at us up his sleeve for paying three dollars apiece, and it made me kind of mad. But after a while I figured a person has a right to turn to anything they can do for a living these days, and maybe he couldn't do nothing else.

There wasn't any scenery on the stage, just a piano with the lid propped up. It looked awful bare.

All of a sudden everybody got real still, and somebody whispered:

"He's coming!" Like he was a circus or something.

Then everybody started to clap, and he came walking on the stage. I was sure surprised at what he looked like. Seemed to me a man as strong as him could of turned to a dozen jobs better'n piano playing. He bowed real serious, and went and sat down in front of the piano and waited for the folks to be quiet enough to suit him. I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him sitting up there all alone and all them folks staring at him. I guess maybe it was get-

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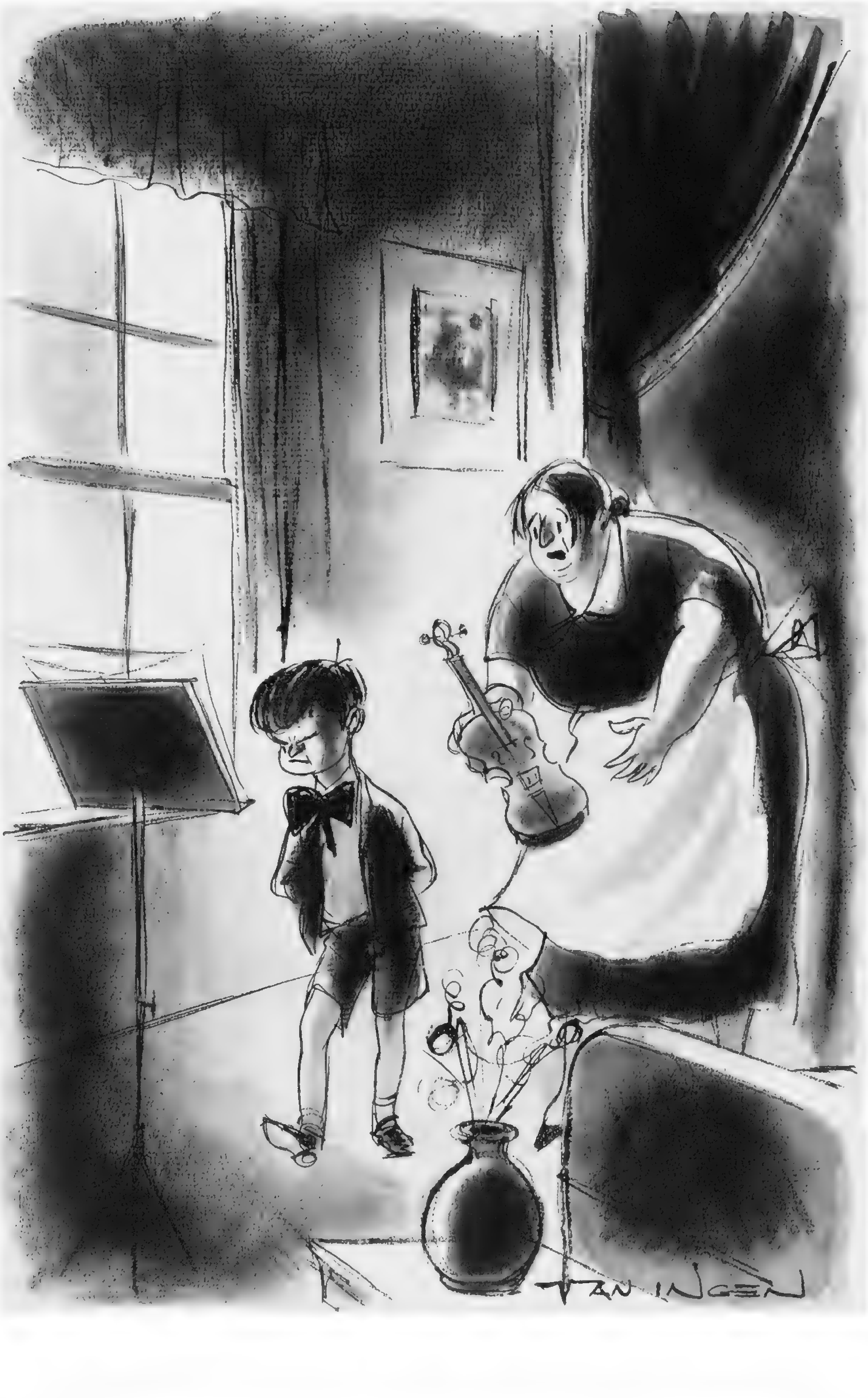


"But Ludvig darling, you can't play marbles in Carnegie Hall!"

A Man About Drinks

More straight stuff from the Paris bartender whose cocktail made sculptors sleep in trees

by JIMMIE CHARTERS

THE first thing I know about drinking is that I myself cannot do it. One or two strong drinks and I am on a rampage for the rest of the day—if not a couple of days—if not a couple of weeks! And so I almost never drink. I regret that this should be the case with me, because I like to drink, and because I find it good policy to drink with my customers. I notice that my receipts at the end of the day are always higher if I drink a little with my friends.

Fortunately for the bar business, most people are not like me. No man ever has the capacity he thinks he has, but, taken slowly, most of them can consume quite a number of strong drinks without particularly showing it.

I always give everyone the same strength drinks, unless I think he has reached the stage of abandon or unless I know he has a weak capacity, like myself. Some barmen give their friends stronger drinks than those who drop in by chance, but I think this is a mistake.

The safest way to drink is the French way and if you stick to this formula you can never go wrong: Before dinner not more than two cocktails or aperitifs; with the meal a good wine properly served; after the meal coffee and one or two liqueurs; then stop. Such a system will make you gay, light, and clear-headed the next day, and you will enjoy yourself without danger of excess. If you are obliged to continue drinking during the afternoon or evening, switch to light beer. Fortunately for bars Anglo-Saxons always agree with me when I tell them this but they never follow the advice.

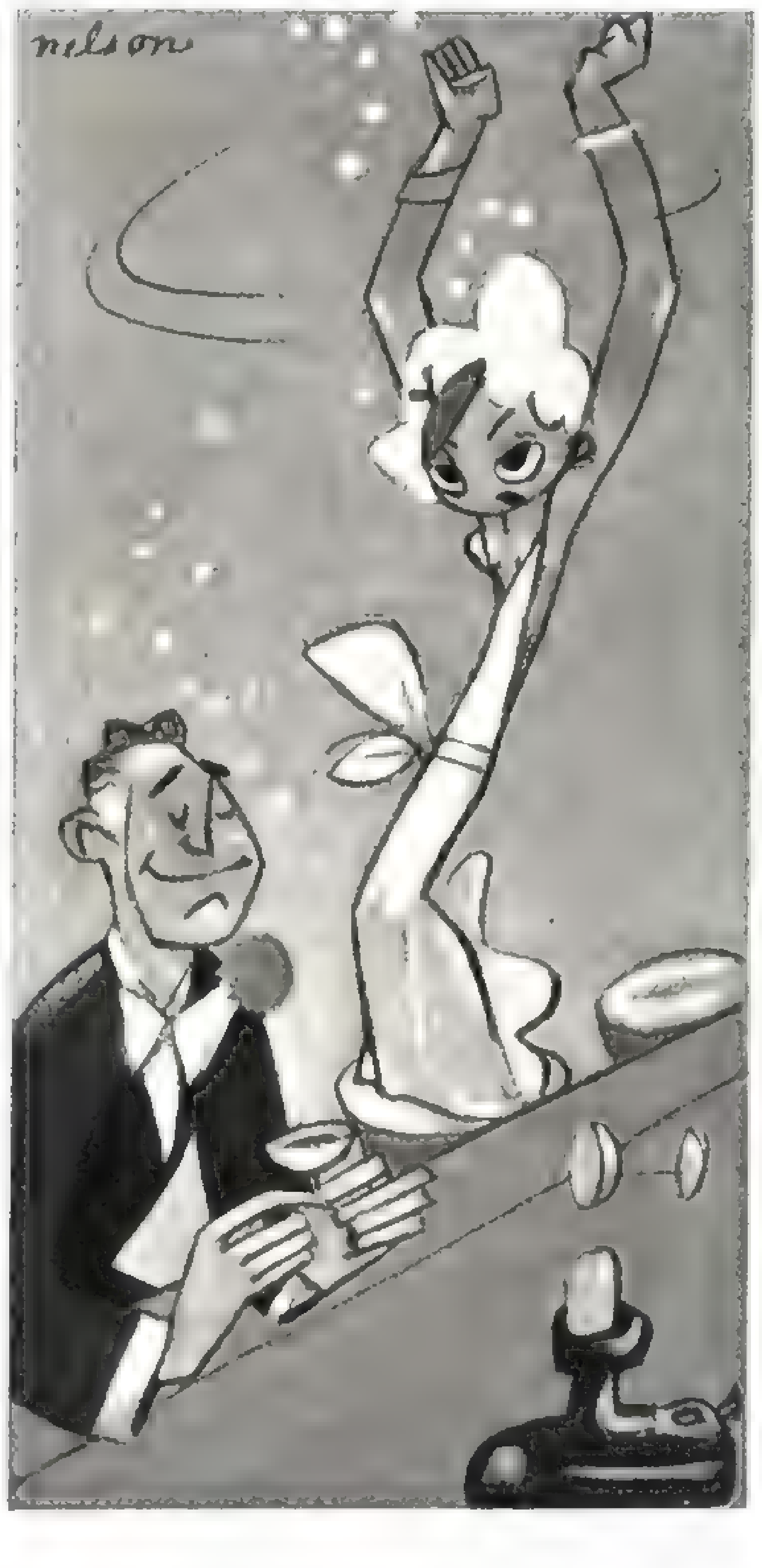
One of the great helps to the bar business in France was Prohibition in America. The French wine growers may complain that their exports were cut in two but the bar and café owners reaped a big harvest. To a certain class of Americans drinking to excess became an obligation; no party was a success without a complete intoxication of the guests, and it takes a lot of liquor at six francs a drink to intoxicate some Americans!

I have noticed that new arrivals from England or America almost always start on Pernod. I think it must be the color. The tourist sees the French drinking it, sees the clear yellow change to the milky absinthe color when the water is added. Then he tries it, finds it sweet and mild, likes the licorice taste. The French are right, he thinks. In Paris do as the Parisians. He doesn't realize that a Frenchman only takes *one*, and then only just before a meal, and that he sits with it for an hour, taking a sip now and then, while he talks or reads his paper. But the Englishman drinks one after another, quietly but steadily, while the American gulps them down. Well, they both learn! At the end of a month most of them switch to something milder, usually cocktails, fizzes, or other fancy drinks. In the end they come to plain distillations, like whisky and brandy. The Anglo-Saxons never take to liqueurs as the French do.

A bar is a clearing house for complexes, and it is rarely that two persons with the *same* complex get together. If they could only be paired off! But it never works that way. Drinking brings out many fine and likeable qualities in people, I think, but it also works havoc to many, especially women. There are so many men who become mellow with drinking, gay or imaginative, but women so soon become hysterical, pugnacious, or, more often, highly flirtatious. I have seen so many couples break up after a year around the bars of Montparnasse. It is not Montparnasse that does it but drinking. At first everything is fine, but sooner or later one of the two weakens, if they go in for excessive alcohol. One little cheating soon leads to another.

Americans, especially, do not understand the meaning of moderation in drink, a result, I suppose, of the Prohibition era.

It has been my experience that painters and photographers are the biggest drinkers and that they go in for Pernod, Picon, and Mandarin in a large way. They are always the loudest and most conspicuous, too. The hangers-on, those who do nothing but enjoy themselves as best they can around bars, come next in consumption, each with his own favorite drink. The next heaviest drinkers are the journalists, some of whom have fine capacities for beer, whisky and soda, or straight brandy.



Save me from a bar full of sculptors, for they are almost always very depressed when drinking. The writers, too, are very quiet, but rather because they are reserved than depressed, I think. Perhaps it is silly to make such classifications, for there are always exceptions, but I have remarked to myself on these things for several years.

I think the safest drink is good Scotch whisky, straight or with plain water. Soda water in any drink makes it go to your head faster and often gives you a headache next day. Brandy, which is more of a stimulant, is bad for the nerves. All the heavy brandy drinkers I can think of in the old days are now two feet under the ground, while the heavy whisky drinkers are still going strong.

Gin is a good drink, too, I think, especially for an aperitif, as in a martini cocktail. Straight gin is a bit raw for the stomach. But stay away from the strong French aperitifs which are synthetically made, or from the heavy French wines that contain coffee and chicoree, for they will ruin your stomach in the end, if you drink them regularly.

One of the best before-dinner drinks that I know of is a glass of good cold beer, which makes you hungry and prepares the stomach for the meal. Beer is excellent for the morning after the night before, too.

Champagne is also a good pick-me-up, or tomato juice or an oyster cocktail. For some people a prairie oyster does the trick, though others cannot stand the thought of it. For the stomach take a bromo-seltzer, bicarbonate of soda, or a Fernet Branca. Menthe or a cup of hot soup are good too.

Of course the best way is to avoid a hangover, which is simple enough if you follow certain principles. Mixtures of any kind will intoxicate faster than twice the amount of the same drink, and especially when they involve distillations of both grapes and grain. That old proverb still works: do not mix your grapes and grains. Never take whisky and brandy in the same evening, for instance, or brandy and beer.

And now comes a question that I have been asked many times, often for a purpose: What drinks are aphrodisiac? I do not hesitate on this score. They are Pernod and the other French synthetic aperitif drinks, for both men and women. Women are also susceptible to menthe and green chartreuse.

I must tell you of a cocktail I invented while I was at the Dingo bar, noted for its effect on some of the Montparnassians. It was a combination of Pernod, Picon, Mandarin, brandy, and Cherry Rocher, shaken thoroughly and diluted with soda water. It sounds exaggerated, but as a matter of fact, tasted very good—too good. Its effects were, in most cases, electric and fantastic. One group of men who had had several, rushed out of the bar and were later found sound asleep in the trees that formerly shaded the Dome. One chap had climbed the lamp-post and clung to the cross piece at the top. The police dislodged the sleepers after great effort, for they remained aloft for four hours.

On women this drink had the effect of causing them to undress in public, and it kept me busy wrapping overcoats around nude ladies! On one occasion a man who had imbibed several returned to his studio and wrecked everything in it without afterwards remembering how he had done it. Mrs. Wilson, who owned the bar, soon forbade me to make any more of these too ardent cocktails.

With all the years I have been behind the bar I still cannot anticipate the effect liquor will have on some people, and every time I have a gay or boisterous crowd I expect surprises of some kind. I am rarely disappointed! Certain scenes of the old days in Montparnasse stand out more than others. I remember, particularly, one very funny night when the bar was not so crowded. I wish I could have taken a photograph of the bar. At one end sat a man known to the quarter as "Gin Fizz" who had fallen asleep in a large plate of tomato soup, his head right in the bowl! Next to him sat a very wealthy English woman, her feet on another stool, her furs dangling, her hat over one eye—also sound asleep. Beside her on the floor, another woman rested in slumber on the bar rail. And so on around the bar. I would wake them up, one by one, and try to give them soda to get sober, but it was no use. Once awake, each would cry "Another drink, Jimmie! God! Give me another drink!" I gave them drinks that were mostly water and eventually they all came to. I took "Gin Fizz" downstairs and washed the tomato soup out of his hair with some difficulty.

Let me tell you an amusing drinking story that was told me by one of the participants. Two writers, both of them known, staged a pretty big night of drinking in celebration of something not recorded. They went from bar to bar all night, until six o'clock in the morning found them at the Halle aux Vins, the central wine market of Paris, somewhat the worse for wear, but still keeping their heads up. On leaving a café near the market, they were amazed to see twenty or thirty flame colored flamingoes walking leisurely up the street.

"My God!" said one of them to his friend, "Do you see what I see? Do you see them?"

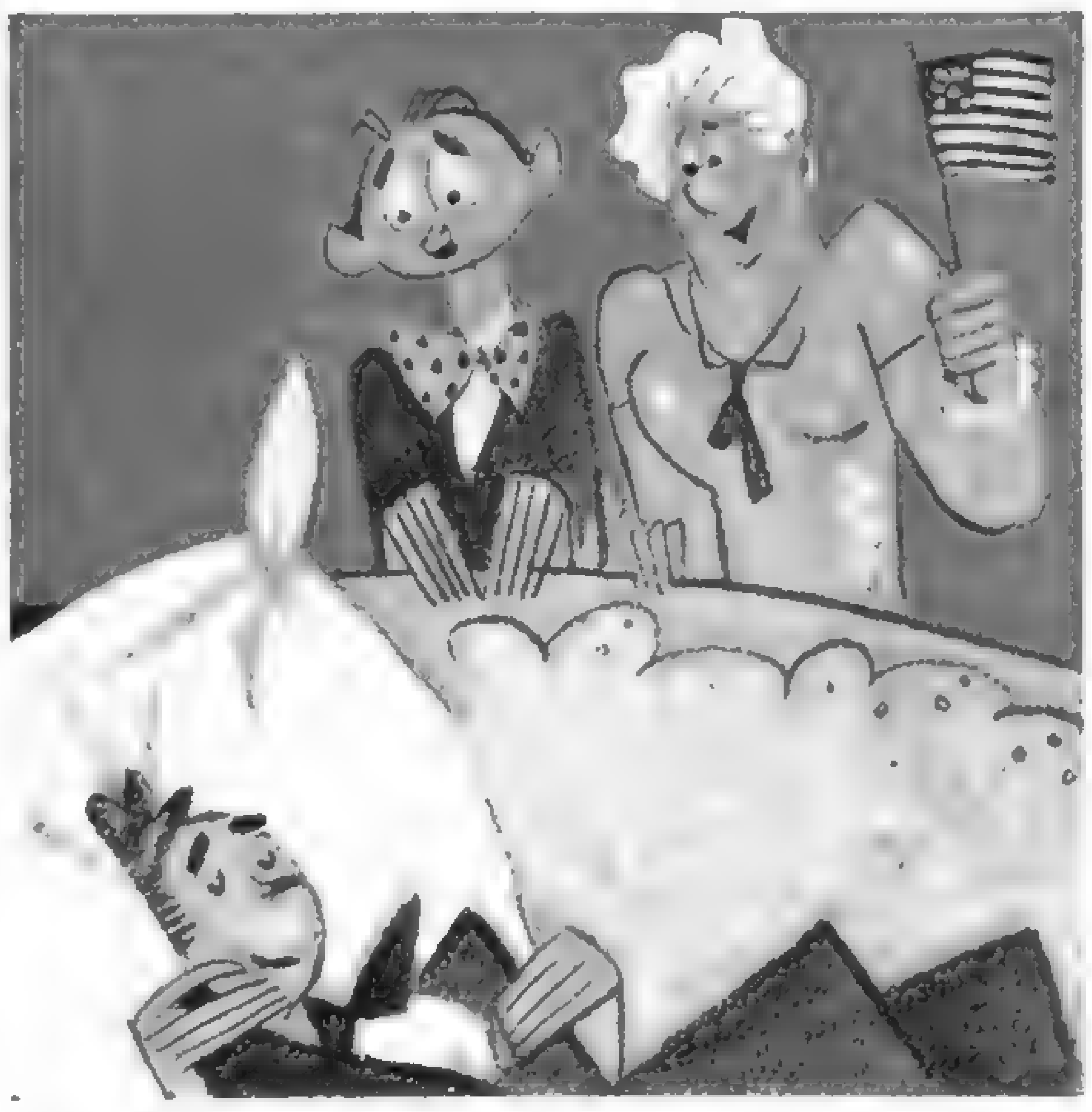
"Yes," gasped his friend, "Yes! Red! Do you see them? We've . . . we've got the D.T.'s!" And then following the flamingoes were a flock of pelicans, ludicrously ambling along.

"You're right! I never had D.T.'s before! My God I feel strange!" Suddenly behind them came the vibrant strains of a bagpipe and turning they beheld three Scots in kilts. The writers almost turned and ran! They covered their eyes for a moment, but the birds and the Scots were still there when they removed their hands! "I really felt like jumping in the Seine" one of them told me later, "but I was paralyzed with fear."

It was fully ten minutes before they realized that they were just outside the zoological gardens and that the flamingoes and pelicans were simply being transferred from one garden to another. The Scots were part of a group that had been sent to France for some parade. When all was explained, my friends joined with the Scots, who had also been spending the night in bars, and the party was continued. Later they wound up at the studio of another Montparnassian. There they decided to plant a tree to commemorate the occasion in the garden of the concierge. She, however, did not appreciate the joke, and finally called her husband, who threw them out, bagpipes and all!

Another story of a young Irishman whom we will call Mike, a heavy drinker and quite mad when filled with Pernod, though normally he was a quiet, amiable chap.

One night he had been especially difficult, first at my bar and then at one of the big cafés, upsetting tables and punching total strangers. His girl could do nothing with him and he was last seen rushing down the Boulevard du Montparnasse, as though ten devils were after him instead of inside him.



He has no memory of what happened then, but around four in the morning, he came to from a gentle sleep, to find himself under a rose bush! It was raining lightly and he felt chilly. Rising he saw that he was in a garden, a very beautiful garden, and before him was a house. Slowly, his mind fixed only on the fact that he was cold, he walked toward the house. The front door was unlocked and he walked in, but had difficulty turning on the light.

In a moment or two it was turned on and a man in a bathrobe stood before him.

"I'm cold," said Mike in English.

"Come in here," the man said in the same language. Mike went into a sitting room, letting the man take off his wet coat.

"I'm hungry," said Mike.

"Well, lie down on the couch and I'll get you some food," said the man. Mike obeyed. And now appeared a woman who came forward, arranged Mike's pillow, and generally made him comfortable. She then went to the kitchen and reappeared a little later with a tray of eggs, hot buttered toast, and coffee. Mike ate the food, already feeling much better though his head ached badly. So they gave him two aspirins.

"I'm sleepy," he said. Fixing a comfortable bed on the couch, the couple opened the window, turned out the light, and left him to a sound slumber.

The next day he woke toward afternoon, alone in the room, and feeling much better.

"Where am I?" he said aloud, and at once the couple of the night before entered from an adjoining room. "Who are you?" He struggled to say it in French.

And then the story was told. The couple were Americans who had seen Mike enter the garden, had realized that he was drunk, had seen him deliberately lie down under the rose bush. Later they had been waked by his opening the door, and had, quite simply to them, offered their care and hospitality to a fellow countryman. Mike had no memory of entering the house, of the food, or anything until he woke the next afternoon.

Speaking of the French language reminds me of Joe Goodman, the song writer, author of *Rose of Washington Square* and *Second Hand Rose*, who used to come to my bar with his lawyer Finnety. Goodman could not survive more than a few minutes without his lawyer and it was a joke in the quarter to try to separate Joe from Finnety. They both lived at the Hotel Lutetia and Joe, who spoke not a word of French, could use the telephone with great ease when he wished to reach Finnety at the hotel. He would simply pick up the receiver and when the girl answered he would say "Cigar carrot cat carrot wheat." The number of the hotel was *Segur quarante-quatre quarante-huit.* Joe always got the number without difficulty.

Then there is the one about the man who comes in and asks for a whisky and soda.

"And make it strong, Jimmie! I need a strong one before the big fight."

I serve him and he takes it like a man.

"Another, Jimmie! Give me another before the big fight."

After I have served him six or seven drinks in rapid succession, I lean over to him.

"Excuse me, sir, but where is this big fight going to take place? I'd like to see it."

"Oh, you'll see it, because it's going to take place right now between you and me, when you find out I have no money to pay!"

The Lifting of the Bull

Having all of the manner, and almost the matter of a success story, as told to Eldon Roark

by H. E. ("HE") MANN

TAKE my advice and don't monkey with bull-lifting. There's nothing in it—not even if you become the world's champion like me.

I've tried every way in the world to cash in on the damn stunt, but about all I've got out of it have been backaches, headaches, busted pants, embarrassment—and a little notoriety. Still, I can't quit.

Before I took up bull-lifting, I was a big, happy clodhopper on mamma's little farm about 16 miles east of Memphis. I liked farm work, and that's all I ever intended to do.

But now—well, I reckon I'm still a clodhopper, but I ain't happy. I'm back on the farm, and I can't put myself into the work any more. I've had a glimpse of the world and I've sorta dreamed about riches and all that. You know how it is.

How come me to get started bull-lifting was a sorta accident. That story they tell on me is all a damn lie—and somebody's gonna get hell beat out of 'im yet about that. I reckon you've heard it. They say I got me a pair of patent dumbbells—the kind that you add a little more weight to every day—and I was so ignorant I couldn't figger the things out right. So then they say I started lifting up the bull calf every day, figgering it's increase in weight would be just about right.

As I say, it's a damn lie.

How come me to get started was thisaway: All my life I had wanted to be strong. I don't mean just big like papa was, but really muscular—like that fellow Milo one of my teachers, Mrs. Holden, used to tell us about. He's the guy that carried a cow like I carried my bull.

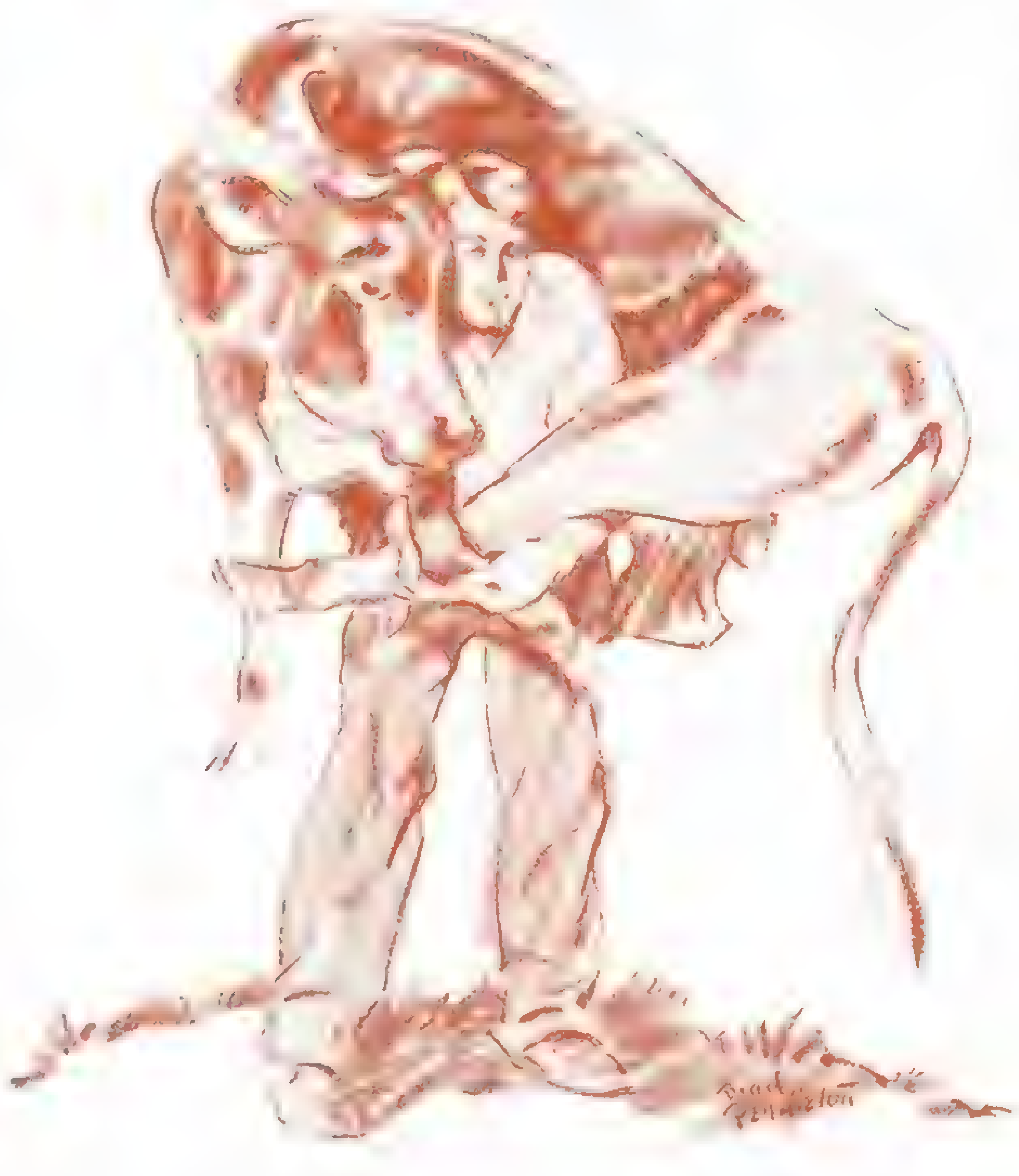
Anyway, I grew up wanting to be a strong man and a hero like Milo. But up to that day in May, 1929, when I ran across Ila in the thicket, I didn't have no idea of imitating him as near as I did.

Ila was our old cow, and when I come up on her that day she had a new-born bull calf. It was still wet. Papa always walked a young calf to the barn, but it popped into my head to carry this'n—like Milo. So I slung 'im over my shoulder and struck out. And then I decided to build a pen without a gate and keep the calf in that, so I'd have to lift 'im out twice a day to suck. I named 'im Buck.

I told one or two friends what I was doing, and how I aimed to keep it up till the bull was grown, and they spread it all 'round the community. By that time the calf was about a month old, and the neighbors thought I had gone crazy. Well, at three months I was beginning to agree with 'em, but I couldn't quit then—not after the way I had talked. I woulda never heard the last of it.

After a while the bull got so big I had to make a platform for 'im to stand on so's I could get under 'im—get 'im draped over my shoulders and walk off with 'im. Uncle Joe Kirby helped me to build it and encouraged me.

In time the Memphis Evening Appeal heard about me, and they sent a reporter named Malcolm Adams and a photographer out to see me. They took my picture and wrote a write-up about me. And the Associated Press sent the write-up out to papers all over the country. That made everybody out in my community sit up and take notice, and instead of hooting me and saying I was plumb nuts, they begin to say I was becoming famous and would get rich out of bull-lifting. And they got that stuff to buzzing in my head.



One friend of mine, Walter Diehl, was specially enthusiastic, and he let me have an old model T truck to strike out in and do my stuff. I loaded Buck in one morning—he was then a fine young bull of 500 pounds—and headed north. I weighed 210.

I put on my first show at Gates, Tenn., and picked up a little change. I toted Buck twice at Troy, and then chugged over to Tiptonville. That's where I played hell. I bought me a new pair of overalls pants. I wanted to look nice you see, when I hit my next stop, Columbus, Ky., where they were having a big American Legion picnic.

I made Columbus, all right, and found a big crowd—about 3500. Governor Sampson even got up on the platform and ballyhooed for me, and ever'body gathered 'round. At that time my stunt was carrying Buck over a stile I had in the truck—up four steps and down four. Think of that, fellow! A live bull weighing as much as a bale of cotton, being toted up steps!

Well, I got under Buck and started up them steps. He felt heavier than usual that day, and I was having to strain something awful. But with all them people there, including the governor, I woulda tried anything.

I made it to the top. But just as I did, the suspender buttons popped off them new pants. And me without any underwear on! Man-man! I'm easy to blush, anyway, y'know. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't turn loose the bull—not up on top of that stile. I almost fell down the steps, dumped Buck and jerked up my pants—and got away from there quick as I could.

That disheartened me so that instead of going on with my tour, I turned 'round and come on back home.

But somehow or other I couldn't give up bull-lifting. There's something about it that sorta gets a fellow. I decided to keep on in private for my own satisfaction and for exercise.

Our iceman, a fellow named Lowrey, also was partially responsible for me keeping on. Ever' morning he'd come by and stop. He'd hold Buck's lead rope and urge me to carry 'im further and further. And with a little encouragement I'll kill myself. I'd tote that beast 50 and 60 yards. One morning when I got disgusted with myself because I fell short of the 50-yard mark—a cedar tree in a corner of the yard—I tried it over and over till I had toted him a distance of 185 yards.

Lowrey's head got to buzzing with big ideas, and he commence to tell me what a showman he was and how he could manage me and put me over. So I decided to hook up with 'im and go on another tour. We put Buck into the model T and headed for the Mississippi delta.

Lowrey proved the damndest bust I ever saw. He was supposed to be the one to drum up the crowds, and I was just to do the bull-lifting. But I had to do it all. His excuse was always, "Wait'll we get further on, till we get away from home; I'm known in all

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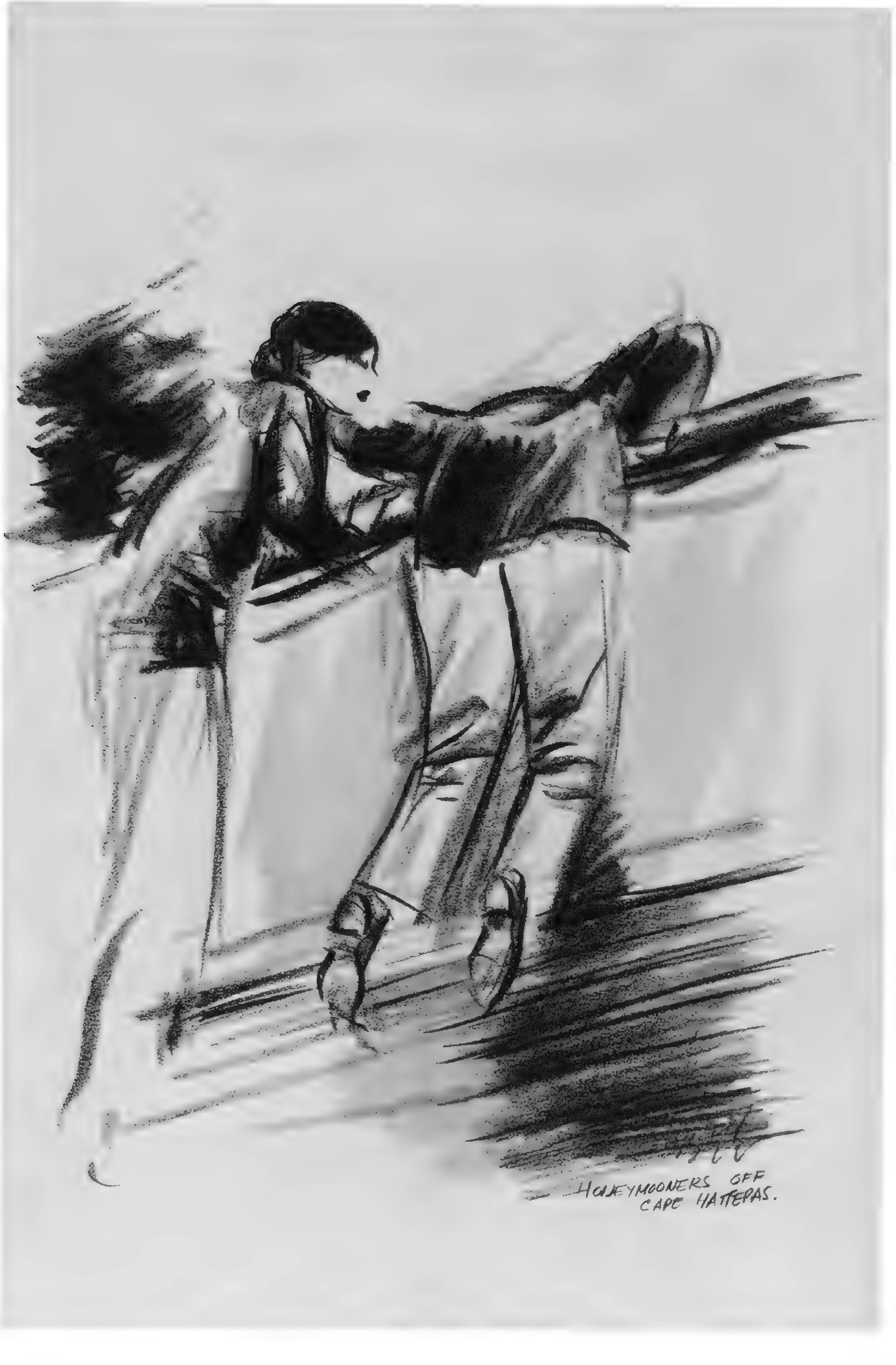
HONEYMOONERS OFF
CAPE HATTERAS.

"But don't you love me, honey?"

Conquered, Mass.

A dirge for Sleepy Hollow, where popsicles and paper lunches grow while bunk descends on Bunker Hill

by THOMAS WOOD

It is fairly well established that the most steadfast of the seneschals of our patriotic tradition are those who acquire it through a cash outlay. The dog-eared joke about buying ancestral portraits in a second-hand shop may or may not have a basis in fact, but its counterparts have been amply demonstrated. Millions in loose cash have been slapped down on the line to preserve and restore our shrines of antiquity. Hundreds of honorable rattletraps have been washed, polished and simonized into a semblance of their old habitability. But in nine cases out of ten the first new fixtures that go in are a turnstile and a cash register. It is a tidy little industry, all over the country, from the Indian campgrounds of Maine to the Spanish missions of California. But its shrewdest practitioners are of course the New England Yankees. It is said they'd fence off an outhouse if they could document its use by an A No. 1 patriot previous to 1850.

Competition in the business is terrific, naturally. The smaller merchants of dust and mold can only go after the carriage trade in a small way—say a date discreetly painted on the gatepost or a board sign stuck up on the lawn. The big shots can make a better spread: lettered arrows for three miles each side of the place, a big sign swung from an elm tree out front, tasty folders on the hall table beside the contribution bowl, and maybe a few benches and chairs for the ice-cream-and-brownie crowd. Among these custodians of all that's holy in national history there's more than a little back-biting and throat-cutting: polite slurs are cast upon each other's authentication and so on. But rising superior to these petty practices there are a few Golcondas that are so rich in pay dirt that there is no need of public relations counsels and sidewalk pullers-in.

The little town of Concord, Massachusetts, is the Mother Lode. She (only a mixed metaphor can do her justice) can put on a twin bill that has the other prospectors gnashing their teeth in envy. Not only was she the terminus of Paul Revere's raucous adventure, but a half-century later she simmered in a *petite-marmite* of home grown culture. As a result, traditions and legends are stacked along her streets like cordwood, and out-of-state cars park four deep while the passengers duck inside for a shot of culture. She has just been through another summer, and the dust is only now settling in the wake of the Pontiacs and Buicks from forty-eight states and a couple of territories.

Steeped in tradition, lousy with atmosphere, plastered with bronze memorials and teeming with professional guides, Concord has emerged in fullest flower as a triple-starred Baedeker item. She is as famous across the water as Richard Evelyn Byrd, Sister Aimée Hutton or even the Model T Ford. Annually she finds herself hostess—in costume—to that portion of the populace which puts on its sun glasses, piles the luggage on the running board and sets out to pound a little history into Junior. She loves it; glad to have you anytime you're driving by. Just lock your car and drop a quarter in the Wedgwood plate.

To those who have known her twenty years or more, Concord is living tragedy, with so many comic overtones it's hard to be sorry for her. She sits under the elms, an old maid who has been forced into taking "paying guests," and feeds them on potato hash and anecdotes—anecdotes of her dear departed cousins and grandfathers, sagas of the great intellects and charming wits, memoirs of the brave days of the salons and literary honors.

She is not romanticising. The riches of mind were there once, and the stout squires of the formative years of the nation once smoked their churchwardens with the Olympians of revolutionary government. For tokens, she has the very pond which produced *Walden;* she has the very house of *Little Men* and *Little Women;* and there are thousands of souvenirs of the eighteenth and nineteenth century immortals, all framed and moth-proofed under glass. She has no Roman magnificence; none of the inspired honky-tonk of Gay Paree; she can't promise the undulant assets of Bali. But she remains the logical *première* for awe-smitten Yankees with a tankful of gas.

If we, as a nation, were as natively religious as the Hindu we should long since have builded a mighty row of temples up and down Main Street, Concord, and along the shores of Walden Pond, for they are the wellsprings of independent and original American thought. Instead, we stop on Main Street for a Popsicle and drive on to the Pond, where we put newspapers over the windows of the sedan and change our clothes for a swim. State cops in Roxy uniforms stand by to herd the cars in among the pines.

The Ganges at Benares is an impressive, if a rather emetic, affair, representing an ancient increment of holy lore. The Hindu scrambles down the bank of quicksand uttering quavering whoops of joy as he scoops up handfuls of oily water and scorched cadaver-croutons. The pilgrims to Walden walk down to the shore in bathing suits and derbies, with paper lunches in one hand and smeary children in the other.

These latter are not natives. Indeed no. The citizens of Concord carefully drive their high-sided Franklins far out of the way to avoid the jewelled beauty of Walden, for, as they acidly point out, the pond has been pre-empted by the tourist horde from afar and the scum from nearby cities, chiefly simple-hearted mill hands. But they are Not Nice and they have made the region untouchable, thanks be to Ford. They don't get any such spiritual purgings as the Hindu (nor the hookworm and pellagra either). They achieve only a bilious headache from the *wieners*, and can pick up anything from a Mae West blonde to an unguarded pocketbook.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has made Walden a state reservation, and Concord has disowned it. The vigilantes of the town's good taste and proper conduct have banded together and bought up another spa, on the other side of town, so exclusive that it is not only reserved for the chosen and their guests but is even policed by descendants of the founding families. Men whose forefathers shrewdly acquired these lands for their posterity, men whose grandsires ruled the town for generations, men whose names fairly reek of "Old Concord" are here picking up bottle caps and patrolling the grounds—thankful for the job, which probably represents the largess of "New Concord."

For that is the constituency of Concord today. Physically the town has changed in only a few superficial aspects, but socially and politically it is the toy of restless newcomers. Concord is still veddy veddy social register. It has a pretty high representation of engagements in the famous box in the *Transcript's* society pages; and local papers are overstuffed with social doings.

There may seem to be some contradiction between this aspect of Concord and that first established, the tourist-bait Concord. Actually there is not. This country-clubbing, treasure-hunting, lecture-subscribing, new-money crowd is simply another manifestation of the souvenir-minded influx, only on a more permanent basis. They too were attracted by the patriotic and literary associations of the town. They came, they saw, they're Concord. One of them, a large minded gent who had made his millions, retired, toured the world and then settled in Concord, hadn't been there very long before he offered to buy up the business district, tear down the shop buildings and restore the Mill Dam to the condition in which old Peter Bulkeley left it, back in the seventeen-hundreds. Perhaps fortunately, the thing never went through. Merchants who owned the property wouldn't sell at his price and dogmatically dismissed it all as tomfoolery.

There was reason enough for the gesture. Twenty years ago the Mill Dam was charmingly rural, worthy of anyone's pilgrimage. The old buildings made interesting and entertaining plays of light and color and shadow. The haphazard roof-lines added to the general aspect of honestly preserved charm. But with the advent of the call-me-by-my-first-name clubs, new businesses were thought indispensable to the life of the community. Lunch rooms, red fronts, gas stations, thrift shops and the Greeks came; and the Mill Dam bore the brunt of the attack. Obviously, new buildings were necessary to house them all. They were built in something like thirty-six hours. They left the Mill Dam looking like a slice of harlequin ice cream left out in the sun. The one happy exception was a new bank, built in the strict colonial tradition of proportion and restraint. But the Old Guard of the town say it is only a question of time until a super-heated, super-cooled, Romanesque-and-Oriental movie palace is thrown up next door. The new neighbors are getting tired of having to drive to Lexington or Maynard for their dose of Gary Cooper.

There is no going back, as the millionaire discovered. For a time it looked as if the landed yeomanry might capitulate, and the local press fulminated about the great public-spirited citizen who was going to make it possible. But he was disappointed, and had to vent his public spirit by building himself a yellow stucco villa with a tile and chromium swimming pool; and by plumping a steam shovel into one of the little brooks to make it flow according to his own ideas.

Too bad for the "industry" he didn't succeed. The town would have been ten years ahead of Williamsburg. The gift shops would be all diamond paned, with hanging lanthorns and maple fixtures and paper napkins with a picture of the Minute Man on them. There would have been nothing to intrude upon the hushed reverence of the visitors.

I don't subscribe to that specious iconoclasm which pictures all American travelers as spectacled, cigar-chewing ignoramuses. In fact some of my best friends are American tourists; and there is something rather wholesome about their deficiency in literary and artistic tradition. That is, it is wholesome when they admit it, and refuse to run with the slack-jawed and murmuring pilgrims. Unfortunately it is chiefly the males who are admirable in this. The females, alas, who lay out the itineraries, persist in making the empty round, here and abroad, misnaming the heroes, misremembering the circumstances and characteristics, and dessicating by their own vast aridity whatever of richness and beauty they may come across. Their literal minded ganders, who would rather have Atlantic City than the Lower Church of St. Francis of Assisi any day, are a hundred times to be preferred. They at least can bring home the names and qualities of a dish or two, a vintage of wine or a brand of beer.

Concord's guests are hardly the cream of the crop. She gets more than her full quota of the slack-jawed and murmuring: the folk who, upon collecting a few "impressions," half a crate of pot metal souvenirs, two blue-plate specials and a shoeful of gravel, return to the hinterland with hushed accents, yet with the secret conviction that there ain't much difference to Concord than back home in God's Country.

For them, the town has a first class batch of sights. Most famous is the bronze statue of the Minute Man, erected on the scene of the first real battle (Lexington papers please copy) of the American Revolution. Ever since its unveiling the figure has enjoyed a huge postcard popularity which has served to obscure the fact that it is admittedly the worst thing that Daniel Chester French ever did, or at least put on public view. It is always excused with the plea that French was very young when he did it.

Only the inscrutable tastes of tourism can explain the fact that this Bronze Kong continues in tremendous notoriety while less than a mile away, in the green deeps of Sleepy Hollow, there stands French's *Mourning Victory*, quite unknown to and unhonored by the free-wheeling transients. It is surely one of the most beautiful memorials in America, combining flawless craftsmanship with beauty of concept, for a brilliant and glorious conclusion. But the dear public still prefers the unimaginative alloy dolt that stands, musket in hand, just daring the Redcoats to trample down his rights and his raspberry bushes. Numerous signs and placards make it clear they never did.

Still, the memories of that battle, glorious as it was, have certain painful connotations for the native citizenry. Back in 1925 Concord observed the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the skirmish with magnificent pageantry. A pretentious sham battle in costume was arranged. Regular army men were detailed and done up in cotton batting wigs to represent the foreign invader. An approved list was drawn upon to provide the body of farmers. This latter list was of course made up with little regard for the claims of heritage; with one or two exceptions it was composed of upstart *élite*. One of the exceptions was a young man who was a direct descendant of the original leader. He was to command the farm-

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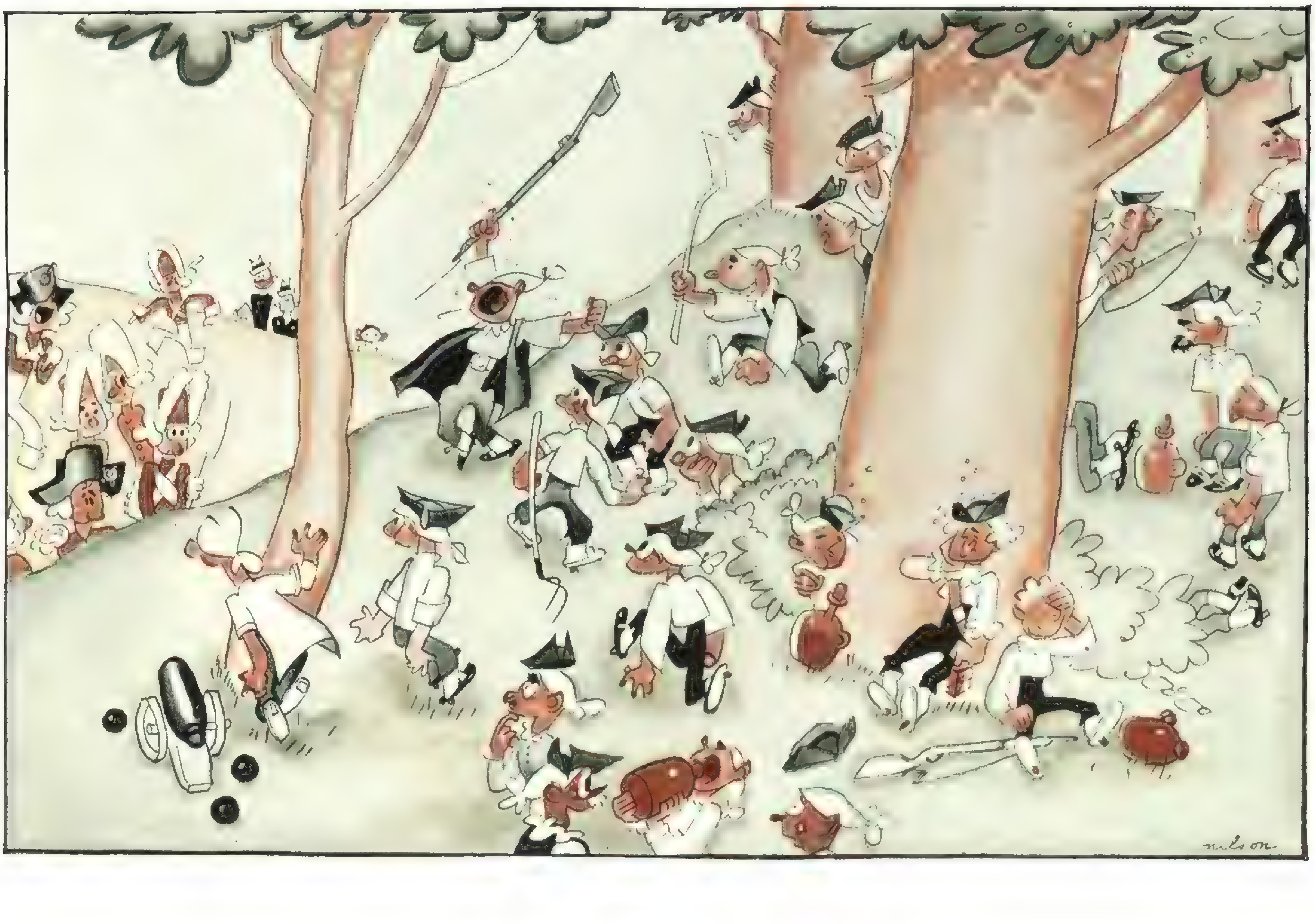

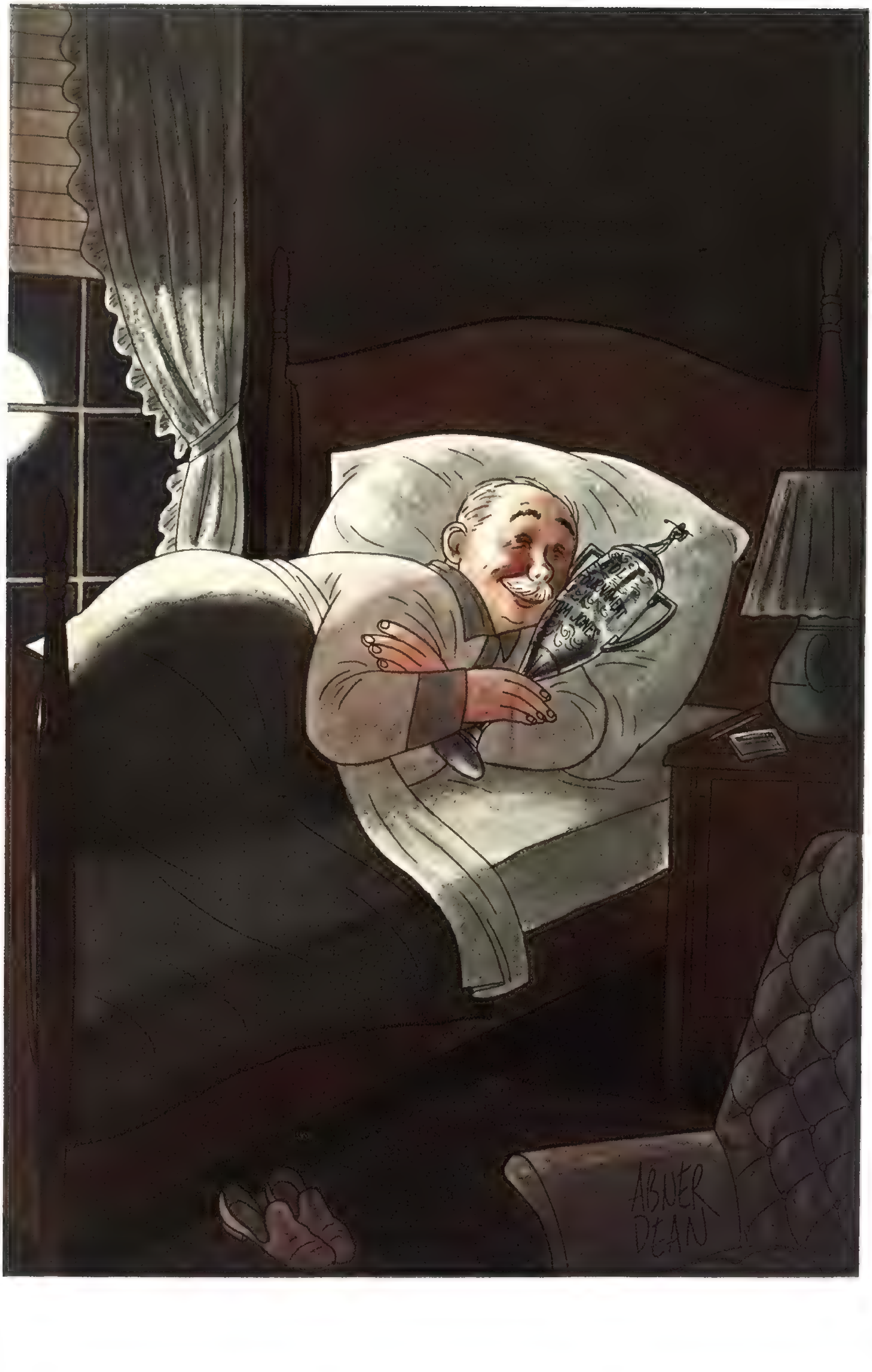
TOURNAMENT
JONES
ABNER DEAN

Keep Cool and Get Hot

Citing chapter and verse to prove that the cooler the golfer, the hotter the golf

by HORTON SMITH

PROBABLY every golfer has wished at times during championship competition that he could hit his shots as hard as his heart was hitting against his ribs.

None of the professionals, young or old, with whom I have talked, have been immune to occasional nervous knocks of the motor that makes their wheels go. Even the steel-nerved Tommy Armour I recall, locked on a putt in a tournament that certainly was just another series of golf games to one of his great experience: the St. Louis Open of 1930. With a straight, even putt of about 15 feet the same Armour who rolled in a side-hill 25-foot putt on a slippery green to tie, and ultimately win, the National Open of 1927, froze. It was only after an anguished wrench he managed to tap the ball about 5 feet.

Why do such things happen in golf? If you can give the answer to any one of a dozen professionals I can name, they will be unbeatable in championships. Give the answer to any one of five leading amateurs and that man will be the one who will have to be beaten before the National Open title is won.

I have come to the conclusion that when the sports writers say a man is hot in competition it is because his nerves are cool. What makes a man a champion in golf is the capacity for cooling and quieting his nerves at the right time. There are so many great players who are practically equal in the execution of all shots that we have to look to something besides technical ability to explain successful scoring performances.

Each championship to me is two championships; one the championship that I play so people can see it and the other, the one that I have to play inside myself. If I can retain within myself a mental advantage over the rest of the field, I then can benefit from the confidence that shot for shot on the practice tee or green, I am as good as any of them.

At Augusta, during the Tournament of the Masters, I was fortunate to get into the right attitude. Everyone was terribly keen to win. There was a tensity that I don't recall having seen at any previous championship. Bobby Jones told me after the championship was finished he had been pleased to feel himself shaky inside because it assured him that he was stropped keen for the event. All of the rest of the field played that first round as apprehensively as men cracking nuts with sticks of dynamite.

Bobby, in competition for several years prior to his retirement was sort of an insidious Dr. Fu Manchu threat to the professionals and with him back in the lists after four years' absence, the fellows were in taut suspense. They didn't know whether he would shoot a 66 or an 86 at them. You can't imagine that disturbing sensation unless you have played in a championship with Jones contending.

When the Jones 76 was posted on the scoreboard, the tension among the professionals eased up as though they felt that school was out.

I finished the first round with a 70, in a tie for first place with young Jimmy Hines and the veteran Emmett French. Each of the next three rounds I led the next man by one stroke, by which narrow margin I won that event. Frankly I did not expect to win and had managed to convince myself that inasmuch as I had not accepted the responsibility of winning, I need not be upset at any bad developments so long as I used good judgment and played shots to the best of my knowledge and ability.

All of us have seen golfers—stars and 20 handicap men—practice and train for events faithfully and wind up in the actual competition with atrocious scores, considering their abilities. I have seen some of our famous players training for golf championships as a heavyweight would train for a prize-fight, but I have yet to see this training be of benefit other than making them perfectly fit for the 8,500 yard walk that they usually take in playing a championship round. Any man or woman in reasonably good health should be able to walk a little less than five miles in three hours or so, pausing from 70 to 100 times to swing a club never weighing more than 21 ounces, without feeling fatigue. But we all know that we have finished rounds of golf and been so utterly exhausted it was painful labor to undress and get into the showers.

Obviously, then, what tires us and frequently defeats us in playing golf is the work that we make our nervous systems do, when to play the best golf our nerves should be conscious of no strain.

No strain? Well, I'll take that back. It seems to me that one has to be aware of some nervous strain in doing anything well—golf, boxing, writing, or painting. The nerves that connect the brain and the muscle can't handle the connection without some sort of tiring action, so the problem, as I have observed it in golf is to keep the nerves from being tired by something that has direct connection with the shot to be played.

Hagen, I think, has the most admirable nervous system of any golfer I ever have known. But even Walter has been terrified by his nerves. He pictured to me an incident in the British Open championship at Hoylake in 1924, which he won with 301, beating out Whitcombe by one stroke.

With nine holes to go Walter knew that he had to get even fours to win. They wouldn't have been so hard to make if he hadn't known that he absolutely had to do these fours and nothing worse. Several of the holes that had been easy for him during previous rounds then began to snarl at him and he had great difficulty in whipping them into submission with four blows apiece. He slipped a bit but kept up his average with a magnificent four on the seventeenth. Although the fame of Hoylake as one of the world's greatest seaside courses is so imposing that any hole on the course is inclined to frighten one, the eighteenth really is a very easy par four. I have played it many times with a drive and a mashie-niblick.

Walter stood on the eighteenth tee with par for the British title and, according to his vivid recollection was feeling so shaky inside that a good strong wind off of the Irish Sea would have blown him over. He slammed out a beautiful drive. There is a bunker just short of the green and during this final round the cup was set on the near side of a large green.

Walking up to his drive Walter began thinking, so he told me, something like this:

"I have a four to win. If I try to pitch close to the flag and put some cut on the ball I am liable to be short and the trap in front of the green may catch me. Why flirt with disaster? I'll ram it to the back part of the green and pray for two putts."

So he gave his approach a smart smack and it went well beyond the hole on a deceitful green. English greens are tricky because they have so many small and gentle elevations that are hard to read when lining up a putt. That has ruined the putting confidence of the British pros.

Walter carefully studied his putt from four sides and decided to putt so he would stay below the hole and have a straight, short uphill putt for his winning four. He related that he must have spent 10 minutes studying that putt, while the gallery probably was thinking it was just another of

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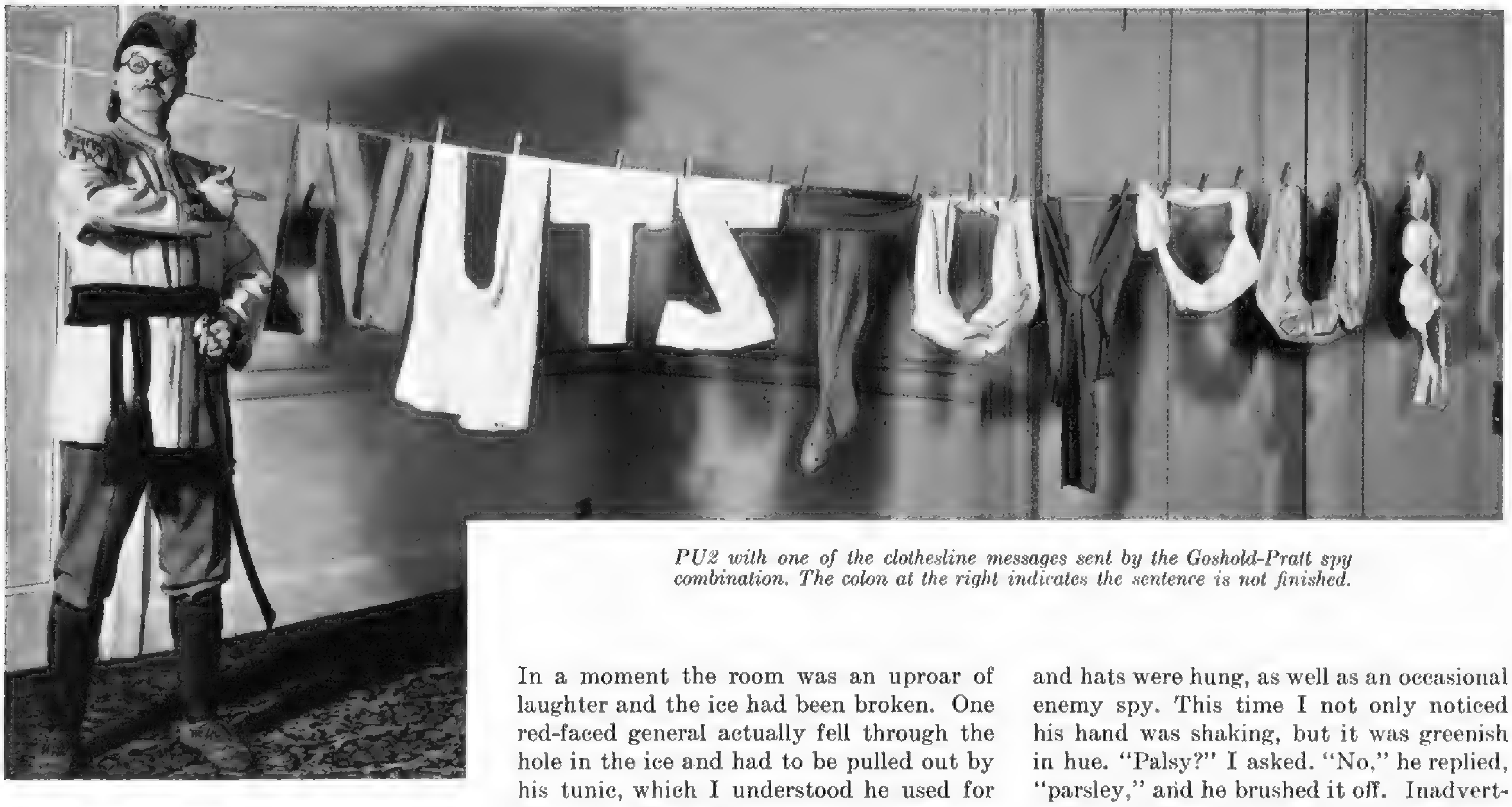
Hi! Hi! I Spy!

Wherein Esquire's own man of mystery rings the bell again —and now it can be tolled!

by RAYMOND KNIGHT



PU2 with one of the clothesline messages sent by the Goshold-Pratt spy combination. The colon at the right indicates the sentence is not finished.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers of Esquire have learned how Raymond Knight is really a son of a Tsarovitch, an authority on Connecticut farmhouses (front and back), a Metropolitan Opera first basso and shortstop, a Master of the Hounds who went to the dogs and a Hollywood Idol with clay feet. In this article they will discover to their well-bred amazement that he is also the famous spy, PU2, the man who set Europe by the heels, of which he was one.*

"PU2 REPORTING for duty sir!" The scene was Scotland Back Yard in 1916. On one side of the Chief's office was the British General Staff and on the other side was the Staff of Punch. To my way of thinking it was all Staff and nonsense. But I kept my own counsel. He was an English barrister by the name of F. Paunceforte Peake of the legal firm of Peake, Peake, Peake and Boo. I always enjoyed climbing the stairs of their offices, because on going home, it was so much fun sliding down the barristers. But I'm getting away from my story.*

As I was saying there they were all standing or lying about the Chief's office as I entered, saluted, clicked my heels together smartly and fell over backwards. I had clicked my heels together a little *too* smartly! In a moment the room was an uproar of laughter and the ice had been broken. One red-faced general actually fell through the hole in the ice and had to be pulled out by his tunic, which I understood he used for tunic in on the radio.

I picked myself up and saluted again, but this time I did *not* click my heels (you don't fool me twice!). "PU2 reporting for duty sir." The Chief looked at me quizzically and I saw that he was giving me a quizzical examination. I passed the exam with a grade of 96, however, and the Chief came forward to shake my hand. As he shook my hand, I realized his own hand was shaking. This was not because his hand was shaking my hand, but because his hand was shaking per se. I will not go into this in any greater detail because it is no great shakes, but the point is the Chief was nervous.

"You have your credentials?" he queried.

With a deft movement I removed my wisdom tooth, picked out a tiny roll of paper concealed inside it and handed it to the Chief. He looked at it—pierced me with his steel-gray eyes and said evenly—"It is false." I was staggered. "My credentials?" I said. "No," he replied, "your tooth."

Again the room roared with laughter and again the ice was broken, this time into small enough pieces for highballs which we all downed with gusto. I realized they were testing me and I had stood the test. As I learned a moment later when I got the bill, I had also stood the drinks. It was my initiation and from that moment on I was a member of the Allied Intelligence (sic) Service.

That evening I received a summons to join the Chief and in a moment I was closeted with him in a little closet where coats and hats were hung, as well as an occasional enemy spy. This time I not only noticed his hand was shaking, but it was greenish in hue. "Palsy?" I asked. "No," he replied, "parsley," and he brushed it off. Inadvertently he had caught a sprig in his coat sleeve at dinner. (There was no charge for it, as it was on the cuff.)

"PU2," said the Chief, "I am nervous."

"I've noted that twice in a paragraph above," I answered. "I am nervous," he continued, "because somewhere in London at this moment there is a Master Mind who threatens the downfall of the Allies. If he is not captured all our efforts to make the world Safe for Stoopnocracy have failed."

"What is his name?" I shot back.

"We are not sure," came the answer. "It is either Eduard P. Goshold or Lady Patricia Pratt."

"H'm," I reflected, being in front of a mirror at the time, "h'm—goes under a nom de guerre, eh?"

"Oui," said the Chief, "and the picture on his passport is a nom de guerrotype. PU2, it is up to you to get this man! The fate of the Allies is in your hands."

Without a word I rose to my full height, hitting my head on the closet ceiling as I did. Silently we shook hands and silently I opened the door and stepped out into the London fog. You have heard about the pea-soup variety of London fog—this was not a pea-soup fog—it was a black bean-soup fog, which tasted about the same and is just as thick. On Sundays and holidays, London has a delicious tomato bisque fog which is another story. (See my forthcoming article, "The Eton Jacket Murders," or "Sir Raymond Knight Solves the Mystery

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**Editor's note: Do you ever do anything else?*

Author's note: You stick to editing and I'll do the creature work.

Editor's note: The What?

Author's note: Another crack like that and I won't write for your magazine.

Editor's note: O.K. This is your last article.

Author's note: Can't you take a joke?

of the Cricket Bat on the Hearth."—advt.)

As I gained the sidewalk I collided with a passing pedestrian. Because of the fog, I could not see him, but without betraying the slightest emotion, I said quietly, "I beg your pardon, but are you Eduard P. Goshold?"

"I am," came the stony reply. It was my quarry! My heart leaped, but I decided to make identification secure. "Are you also Lady Patricia Pratt?" "I am," the reply came again. Without letting him see my excitement, which he couldn't anyway on account of the fog, I stood aside to let him pass. Then as the footsteps of his hidden figure went on down the street, I fell in behind him. The man hunt was on!

For hours this strange pursuit went on—through the streets of "Blighty" as London was known to the boys in the trenches. Then suddenly my feet struck a wooden deck, I heard the lap of waves and I realized we were coming to the Channel! So Goshold-Pratt was going to the front to carry out his fiendish plans, was he? Very well, let him. PU2 was on his trail!

During the entire cruise, Goshold-Pratt walked the deck. I was constantly at his heels except for a few brief interludes when I tarried at the rail because certain things had come up which required my attention.

Eventually a voice cried "France—France all out," and still in a fog I followed my man down the gangplank into several barrooms and finally along a dirt road. From the sound of guns ahead, I realized we were headed for the front. Then my pulse quickened as I realized that my victim was retracing his steps. He almost reached me, then turned and walked away. After he had repeated this several times, I discovered that he was walking back and forth as if in deep thought. Without a word, I fell in behind him and all night long we paced back and forth.

It was not until the next morning when the fog lifted that I realized that Goshold-Pratt had given me the slip and I had been following a poilu up and down on his lonely post for hours. With a muttered oath I turned toward the trenches. The hunt was on again!

The author (PU2) in his disguise as a Red Cross nurse, eating a baba au rhum (rum cake) in a French cafe. The two raised fingers is a secret signal indicating that he will eat the cake but wishes to leave the rhum.

Colonel Knight (PU2) at the moment of capturing Spy Goshold and Spyess Pratt. The dropping of the cow's hide indicates that they are not sisters under the skin.

I reported at the headquarters of General Beaucoup D'Argent, then in command of the forces around Verdun, and there learned that some hidden hand behind our lines was directing enemy gunfire. The fire was concentrated at a spot indicated on the map by Longitude 54, Latrine 46, with the result that our men were taking to cover wherever they could.

"Mon garcon (my boy)," said General D'Argent (Gen. D'Argent), "vous est (you have eaten)* l'homme (the man) en qui (on whom) La France (the France) dependerait (depends).

"Lafayette," I replied simply. "Here I am."

In 15 minutes I was in the trenches disguised as a Red Cross nurse, and in 20 minutes I was out of them.

All that night I looked for grapes, apples and pears, but my search was fruitless. Somewhere back of our lines I knew there was a traitor and I instinctively felt it was Goshold-Pratt. The more I searched, the madder I became and finally I was black with rage. At this point a voice called, "Who goes there." "Ah goes here Massa," I replied, still black with rage. This satisfied the soldat (soldier) and lifting my skirts I stepped over the fortifications (fortifications) and entered the little town of Bouillabaisse.

It was from here that the signals were suspected of coming and I was determined to find the source. At a busy street corner, I noticed a cow waiting for the traffic to stop that she might cross the street. Something about the cow made me alert and I followed her. The way she would saunter along and gaze at shop windows with a careless air made me suspicious and when she stopped and had a whispered conversation with a man with a red beard, my suspicions were verified. I was positive that the "cow" was a counterfeit—and that my hunch that she was an imitation bovine would prove to be more than a bum steer.

In a short time the "cow" left the town and approached a small farm, constantly looking over her shoulder to see if she was being followed. By a clever ruse, invented by a French woman spy named Charlotte, and called a "Charlotte ruse," I prevented her from realizing I was on her trail. I walked backwards and every time she saw me, she thought I was walking *away* from her!

The "cow" entered the barnyard and when I saw her go past the barn, head for the front door, wipe her feet on a rug and enter without knocking, I knew that I had found the enigma in the woodpile. Everything about the cow was false and I decided to give her teat for tat.

The next morning I concealed myself in a cabbage patch near the farm and awaited developments. As I lay there among the cabbages, I thought of the way the Tommies were telling about "Lawrence of Arabia." He had loaded a camel with chopped cabbage and the camel had collapsed. No one knew why, but as I thought it over, I concluded it was the slaw that broke the camel's back. I thought of other things, but hell's bells, I can't put everything in one article.

That morning a division of the Foreign Legion was moving up with all its guns and its rolling soup kitchens. The division had only just been relieved, but the first night out of the trenches, the cooks in charge of the soup kitchens, had become involved in a brawl and had wrecked a house of ill

Continued on page 155

Editors note: This is obviously a wrong translation. "Vous est," although pronounced "vous et," means "you are," not "you have eaten."

The Story of John Blanchard

It simply couldn't be done and he did it—he up and flew—a very dizzy story

by EDWARD PRICE EHRICH

JOHN BLANCHARD always said, afterwards, that as soon as he woke up that morning he knew he could fly. He didn't know how he knew it, or why he knew it. He just knew it—that was all. So he flew. Fortunately, he lived in an old, brownstone house, with a high ceiling and huge sliding double doors on tracks which divided his one room and sleeping alcove from his kitchen. So he didn't hit anything and nothing got in his way. He flew around the room slowly, then around again—a little faster the second time, and laughing a little because it was silly and because it made him feel very happy. As he passed the bureau on his second lap he craned his neck slightly, banked neatly, and saw by his alarm clock that it was quarter to eight. So he landed in the center of the room, took off his pajamas, and went in to take a shower. He noticed that he was no warmer than usual, although his color was heightened by the excitement.

When he was dressed, after breakfast, he flew around the room again, just to see whether the weight of his shoes made any difference. It didn't—and landing in his shoes was more comfortable than coming down on his bare feet. That would be a good thing to remember.

He started, from force of habit, for the subway. He was more than half way there when he realized that if he didn't want to, he'd never have to take the subway again. But while he stopped to buy his paper he thought very quickly about whether he should fly to the office or not, and decided against it. It seemed an ostentatious thing to do. Besides, he wasn't at all used to it, and it would be embarrassing to go flying around in front of a lot of people. He'd put that off until later.

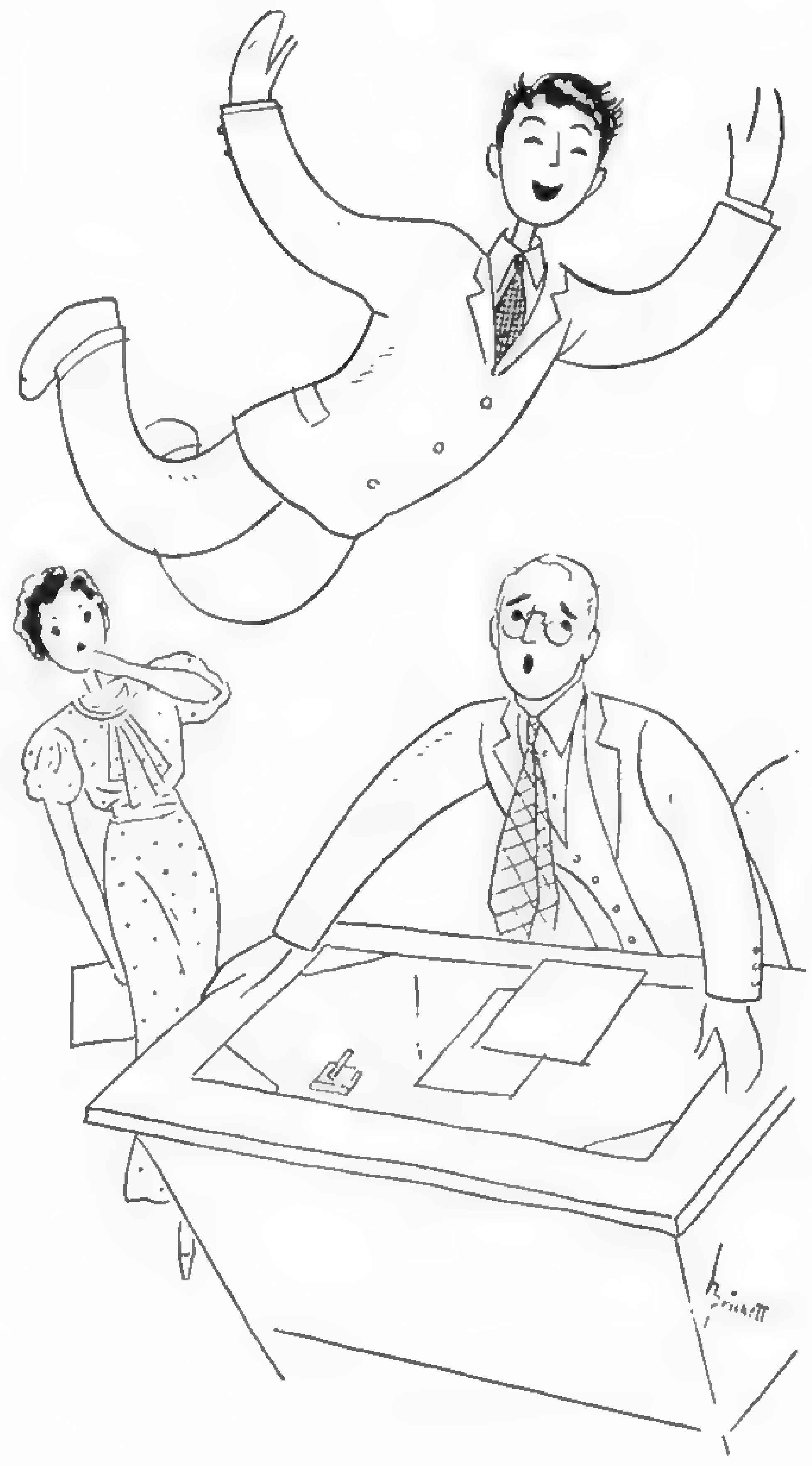
The office manager said, "Good morning, Blanchard," as usual, and Blanchard said, "Good morning, Mr. Wilkinson," as usual, and then went to his desk. He remembered how the whole office force had kidded him the day he had walked in wearing spats, so he couldn't quite make up his mind how to tell Mr. Wilkinson without leaving himself open to a certain amount of ridicule. Around eleven o'clock, when he couldn't stand it any longer, he walked over to Mr. Wilkinson's desk.

"Mr. Wilkinson" he said, "I have something rather peculiar to tell you."

"What is it?" Mr. Wilkinson wanted to know. "Don't take long, now, Blanchard—I'm quite busy."

"It's simply this," Blanchard said. He was red in the face, darn it, and he'd tried so hard not to be. "Mr. Wilkinson, I can fly."

"I'm sure that's very nice, Blanchard," Mr. Wilkinson said. "I hope you'll take me up some time. Been taking lessons after hours? Weather's been pretty bad for that sort of thing."



"I haven't taken any lessons," Blanchard said. "I just woke up this morning and knew I could fly, so I flew."

Mr. Wilkinson looked around at the desks in the room but there were no surreptitious snickers from any of them. He felt a little scared and tried to remember the rules for handling people like this and couldn't think of any. Blanchard was a mild sort of man and could probably be talked to.

"Men can't fly," he said bravely. "You're making a mistake somewhere."

"*I* can fly," Blanchard said. "I know I can. I did."

"I don't believe it," Wilkinson said, so bravely he was astonished at himself.

"Do you want to bet?" Blanchard said, nicely.

"Gambling is not allowed in the office," Mr. Wilkinson said. "You know that, Blanchard."

"All right," Blanchard said. "Watch."

He took off beautifully, and cleared the red-headed stenographer by a good deal more than a foot. He went around twice, normally, and then called down to Mr. Wilkinson, "Look—I can do it one-handed!" That was just bravado. He hadn't tried it and he wasn't at all sure of what would happen. He rocked a little, but he made out all right and on the second one-handed lap he didn't rock at all. By the time he got to the third lap Mr. Wilkinson was out of the door and on his way to see the First Vice-President.

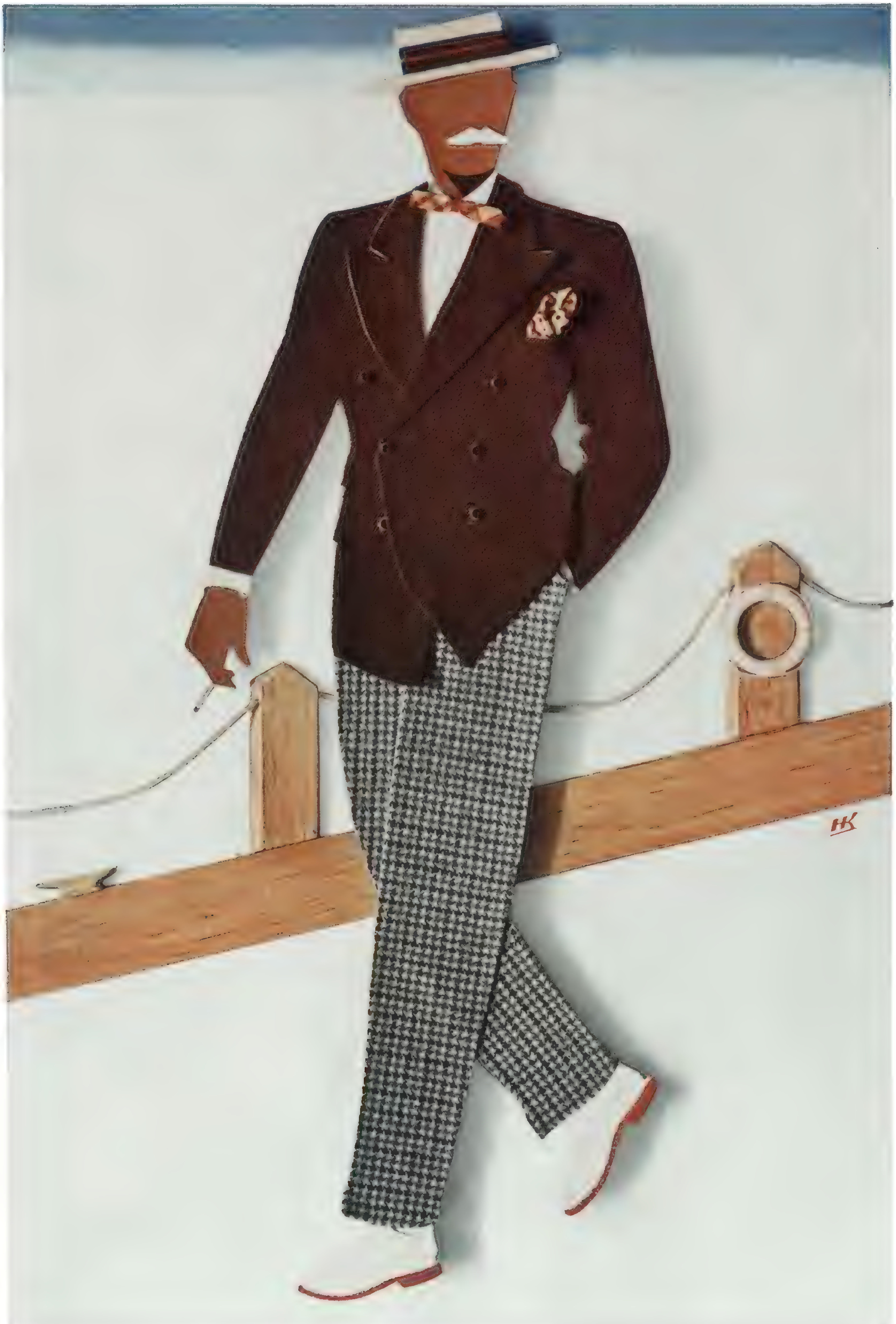
The Board had an awful time deciding whether or not to keep John Blanchard on the payroll. Whether a flying clerk was an asset or a liability took them a long time to decide, as, naturally, there was no precedent for them to go on. But they finally reached the decision that the notoriety which John Blanchard was getting was not in keeping with the dignity of the organization. So they handed him two weeks' salary and a rather silly speech, and John Blanchard was out of a job.

But not for long. Other, more progressive, firms saw that this publicity could be a very fine thing. Blanchard, when the scientists got through finding out nothing whatsoever about the phenomenon, was loaded up for the next five years with advertising contracts for everything from Galeproof Toupees to Fetherwate (Inc.) Rubber Boots. Galeproof Toupees was his own idea. He wrote all the copy himself and was rather proud of it.

The tempo of his life changed very little. He moved into a huge apartment and perfected quite a good deal of stunt flying, but he never entertained at private parties, even when he went for week-ends. He had been settled in a quiet routine for years, he was used to thinking soberly and sanely, and he took good care not to get silly about the thing. "I use it," he said on more than one occasion, "exactly the way you use your ability to run. No more than that, except I am, at present, making a business out of it. I can cruise at about forty-five and my top speed is not much better than seventy. No—I don't like the notoriety. Good day, gentlemen."

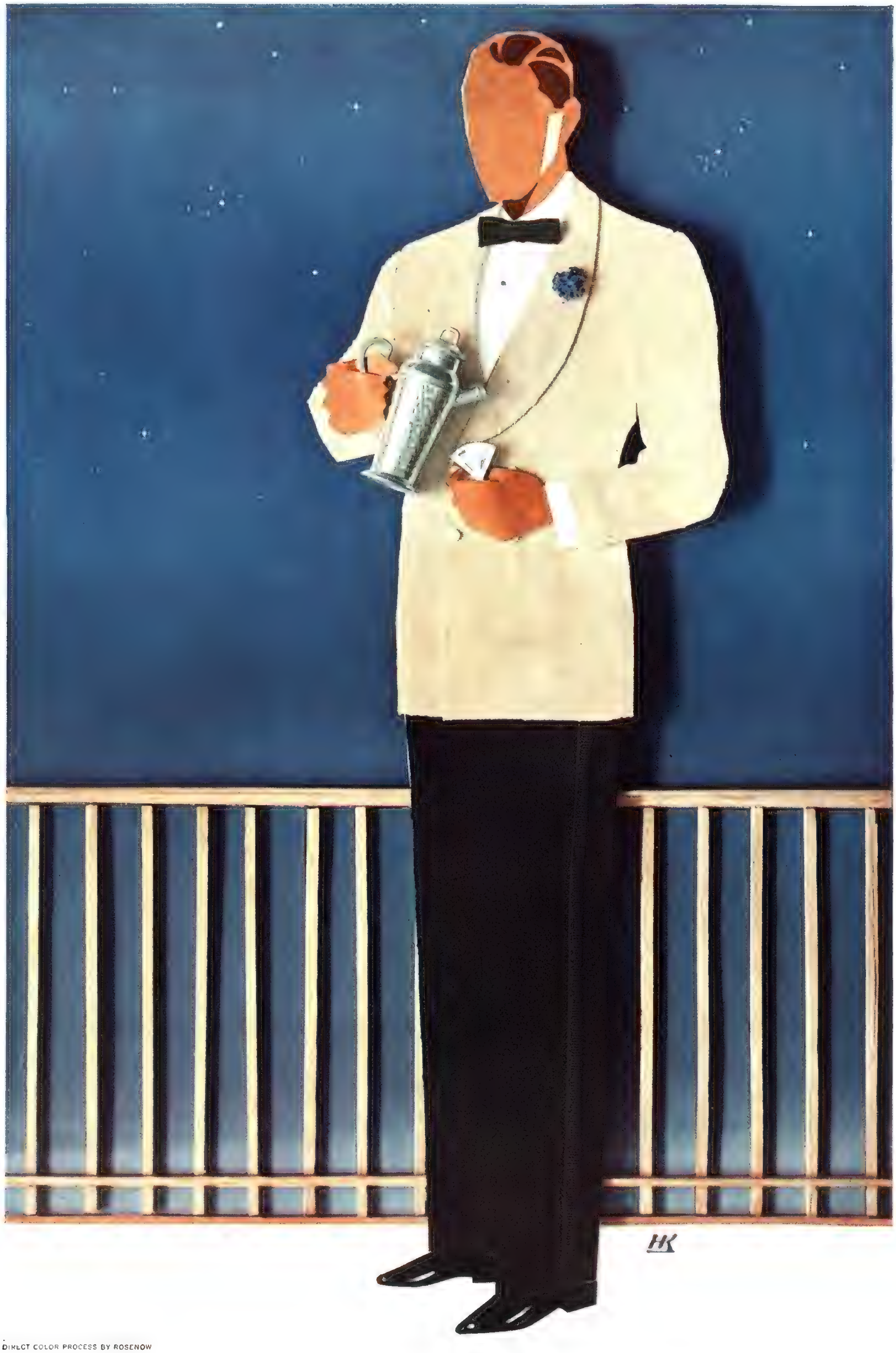
That was the phrase he liked more than any other and more, really, than he liked any other angle of the whole thing. That courteous, final sentence: "Good day, gentlemen." He had, he said, wanted to be in a position to say that ever since he could remember. Consequently, he talked to newspaper men at every conceivable opportunity. This rather innocuous form of self-indulgence was to prove itself a rather expensive luxury.

Things had been going fine. Blanchard, by reason of his close personal relationship to the matter, had, naturally, discovered several revolutionary principles of aerodynamics. In at least five important details he had changed the design of wing surfaces and controls and he was getting some pretty fat royalties from the companies which con-



DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* YACHTING WEAR



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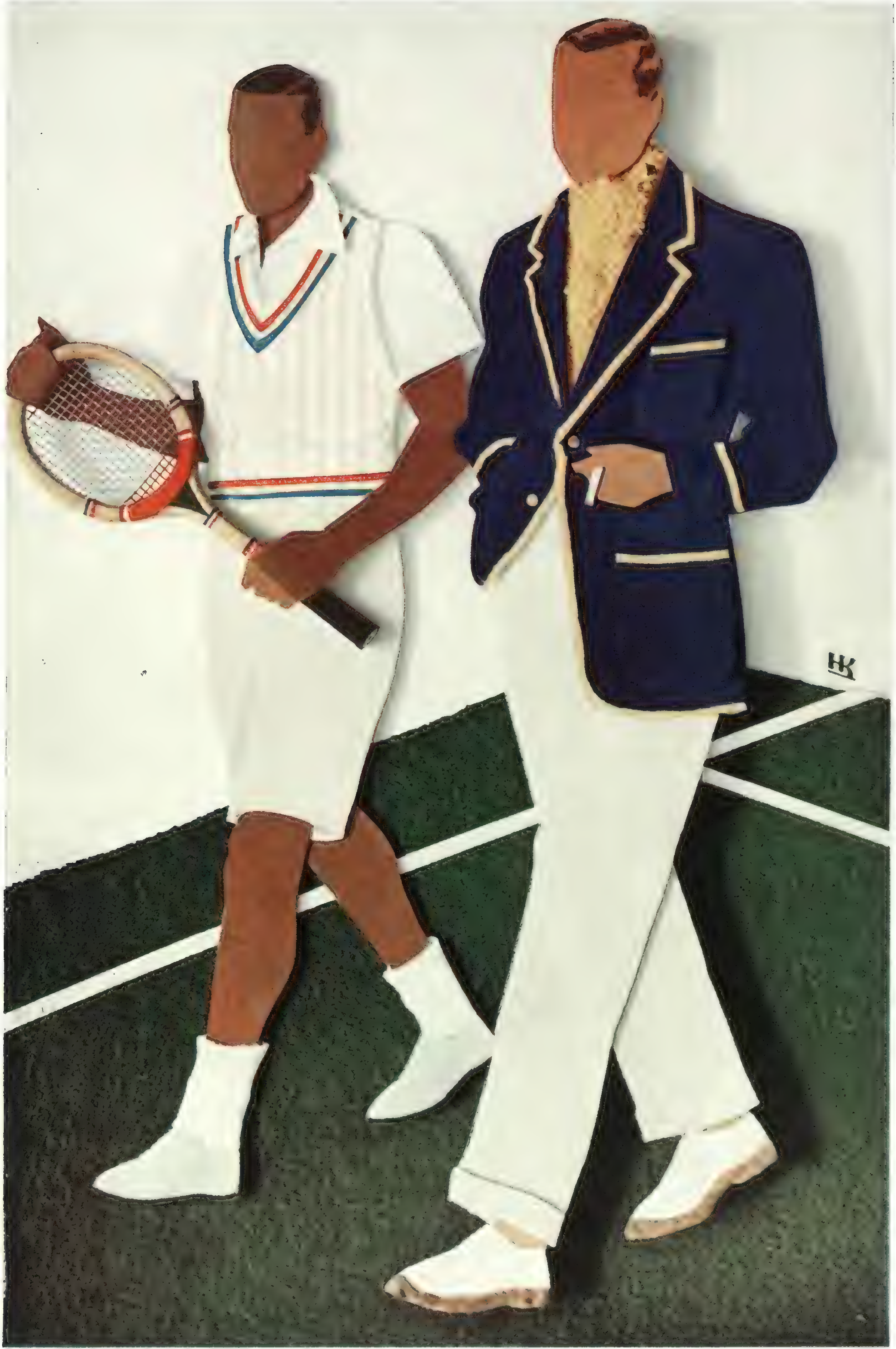
THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* SUMMER EVENING WEAR



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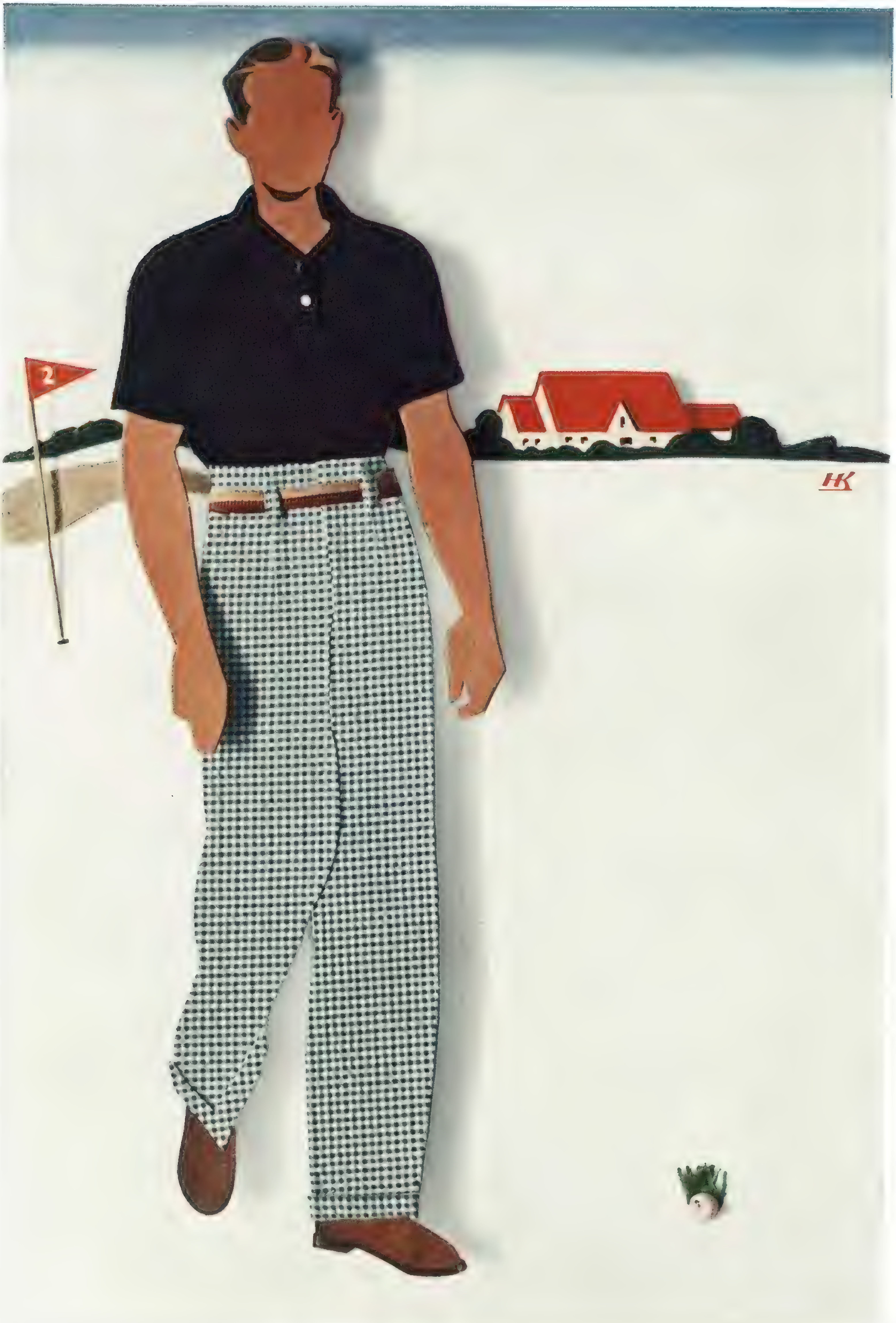

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THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* GOLFING WEAR

Man Who Didn't Like Dickens

Dickens-hounds, collectors of incunabula and curiosa, stop us if you've heard this one—

by R. J. B. DENBY

IT WAS not a shoppe. The legend painted in black letters on the small brown board over the door read, with simple dignity, Antiques. You saw the sign jutting out a foot or so into the street as you turned at the corner drug store and came along past Betty Lou's Home Made Fudge Shop and Ye Olde New England Tea Kettle Kitchen, luncheon 35 cents, dinner 50 cents. A pleasant place this Antiques. A rusty cow-bell jingled as you opened the door and went two steps down to the clean bare floor, the wide boards of which gave under your feet here and there as you walked. Overhead were blackened beams. On shelves, neatly laid out, were copper pots and pans, mugs and plates of pewter, wooden pestles and mortars, brasses that had at some time dangled bravely from horses' chests, quaint bottles, and other reminders of Maine's earlier life. On tables reposed pieces of worn tapestry, knitted bedspreads, and small bundles of colored bay candles tied together with ribbon. On the floor were spinning wheels, battered anchors, and an assortment of strange contraptions in worn wood and metal that might have been anything from old wine-presses to *ceintures de chastete*. In a corner to the right was a lending library. And over all hung a soothing, conglomerate smell of books, pot-pourri, and of a contented, unhurried past.

At a desk towards the rear of the room, immediately facing the entrance, the proprietress of the establishment was mending the legs of a cherrywood footstool. Miss Tucker had owned and conducted this business for more than twenty years, and while all of her wares were not strictly antiques they were at least sufficiently well-seasoned to be of some interest to the collector. She had a genuine liking for the nice old things in which she dealt; nothing would have induced her to handle the rubbish she saw displayed by the shoppes that had sprung up throughout the countryside in recent years.

A man was browsing among the books in the lending library corner this morning when the door opened with its concomitant bell-jangling, and a woman entered. Like Miss Tucker the newcomer was small, middle-aged, and dressed with an entire absence of frills. Both had humorous, alert, dark eyes, ruddy spots on their cheeks, weather-beaten complexions, and hard brown little hands that looked as though they did a lot of healthy grubbing in the soil of a flower garden. They could have passed for sisters.

"Good morning, Mrs. Deane," the proprietress called, getting up and going forward to meet her client. "I'm so glad you came in. I've got something for you."

"Really? Another?" Mrs. Deane beamed.

"Yes. You'll love it." Miss Tucker lead the way to the back of the shop.

Presently Miss Tucker said, "Here it is. A very nice piece of Staffordshire!"

"Oh, splendid!" Mrs. Deane exclaimed. "I'm delighted! This brings my collection up to fifty-three."

The man in the library turned his eyes in the direction of the women. Their faces were wreathed in smiles as they regarded an old-time chamber pot (or *vase de nuit*, if you prefer it) that now stood on the desk.

"And it's complete with husher," said Miss Tucker triumphantly. "Now where did I put that husher?"

While Miss Tucker looked through several drawers it occurred to the man at the library that he would naturally suppose a "husher" was the Cockney pronunciation of the word meaning "a young man in an ill-fitting morning coat who conducts people to their seats at weddings." He discovered a moment later that a husher was a husher. The proprietress brought forth and held up a round, knitted, pink mat. Obviously, the thing had been used by sensitive persons for hushing the sound of replacing the chamber pot in its wooden cabinet or under the bed.

"I'm *awfully* glad to get this piece," said Mrs. Deane, still smiling. "It really is a rare find."

During the time it took to wrap up the rare find the man at the library indulged in some mental observations on the queer hobbies in which people engaged. Old shoes—match folders—cigar bands. Still, he understood; he was at heart a collector himself.

"There's one piece, though," came Mrs. Deane's voice, sighing, "that I'd give anything to have. But I can't trace it; it must have been lost or broken."

"What is that?" asked Miss Tucker, handing over the parcel.

"One that belonged to my grandfather. An old uncle of mine told me about it. Back in the days when bedroom wash-stand sets were more used—you know, ewer, basin, chamber pots, and holders for soap and tooth brushes—it was not unusual for people in England to have them made to order. Perhaps they would match the wallpaper sprays of pink roses or true-lovers'-knot design. Or you could have hunting scenes—anything you fancied. Well, it happened that my grandfather lived two doors away from Charles Dickens, and while he gave Dickens full credit for being a master of writing he hated the man personally with a most bitter hatred. They had been close friends, but after some quarrel they never spoke to each other again. I think perhaps my grandfather was right; most of the biographers agree that Dickens was very greedy for money, rude, unneighborly, and extremely mean to his wife. For a long time my grandfather nursed his grudge against Dickens; it became almost a mania with him. And finally, Miss Tucker, he did a most amazing thing. He went to a pottery and had made for his own use a chamber pot with a picture of Mr. Dickens on the bottom—inside, I mean."

"Oh, dear!" Miss Tucker exclaimed. "What an awful thing to do!"

"It was. Yet, considering the circumstances, it isn't unamusing in a way."

"I'm afraid it *is* rather funny," Miss Tucker replied. "But I . . ." The corners of her mouth were puckering and her eyes beginning to dance. In a moment she was quietly laughing. Mrs. Deane joined in.

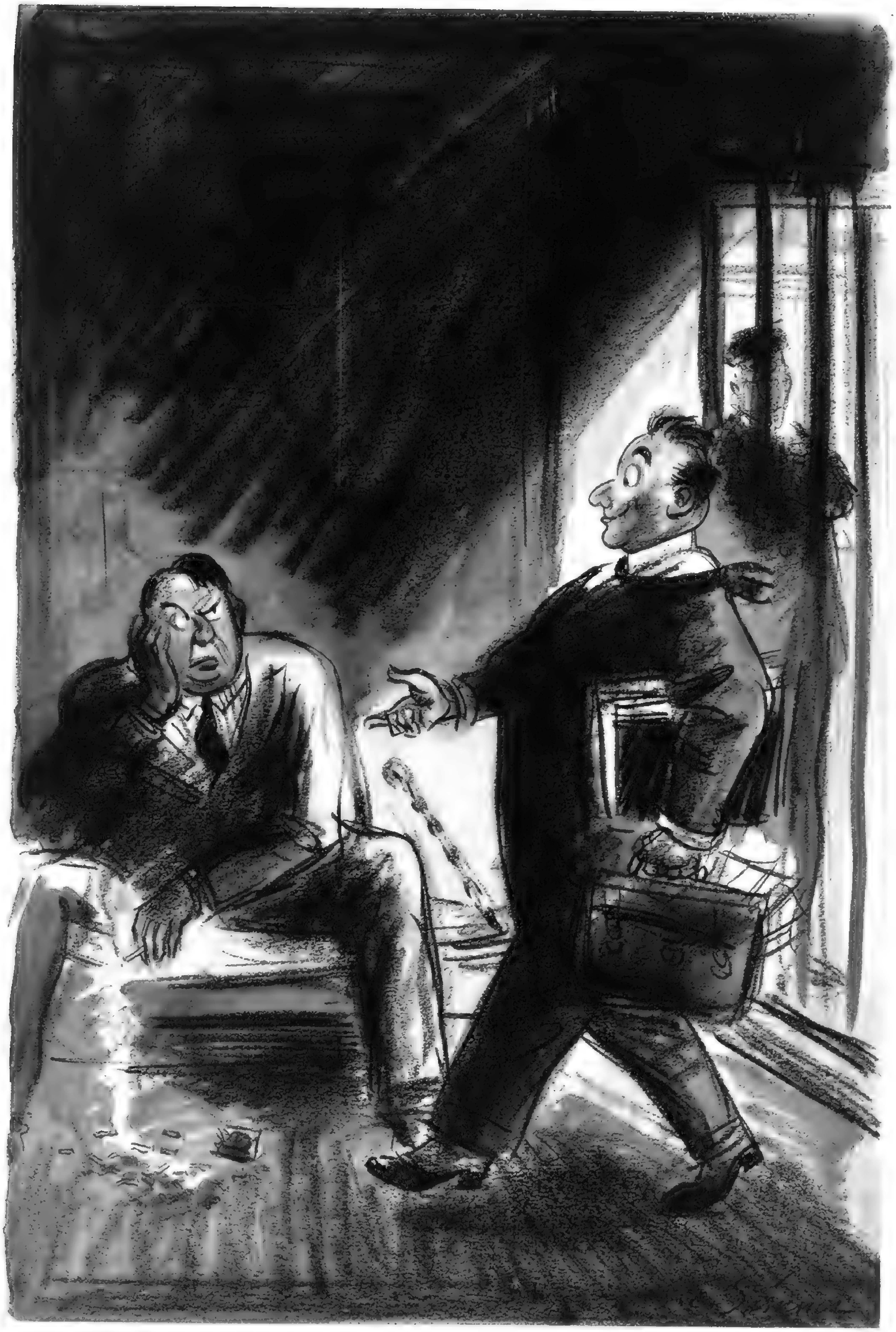
"My grandfather," Mrs. Deane presently went on, "made a point of telling his friends about his new possession and eventually word of it got back to Mr. Dickens. That was exactly what my grandfather wanted; it was part of his plan. Ever after that when he passed Mr. Dickens on the street my grandfather would look straight ahead, smile, and start whistling a gay little tune."

"Now, really!" remonstrated Miss Tucker, chuckling. "He must have been a very droll person."

"I've often thought," said Mrs. Deane, "that Alexander Woollcott would relish that story. And I'd like to see it written in the charming way he does things."

The man at the library was a writer of sorts himself. He closed the book he had been scanning and walked leisurely towards the door. The bell of Antiques jangled friendlily as he made his exit. He went on past Ye Olde New England Tea Kettle Kitchen, luncheon 35 cents, dinner 50 cents; past Betty Lou's Home Made Fudge Shop, and turned right at the corner drug store. And as he stepped along he remembered a ghoulishly bizarre story written by Evelyn Waugh and called *The Man Who Liked Dickens*. That gave him an idea for his title.

A few minutes later he was back at his shack in the woods. He sat down at his rickety table and slipped a sheet of white paper into the typewriter. "The hell with Alexander Woollcott!" he said aloud.



"I got you off with life!"

"Old Hook 'n' Eye"

Short story permitting you to explore the mind of one of nature's noblemen at rest

by EDWARD DOHERTY

The name didn't have anything to do with women's clothes. They called him that, I guess, on account of one squinty glass bead of an eye and a beak that was bent like a parrot's. The other eye nobody ever saw much; because he had a way of shutting it tight when he talked.

A nigger in the cell across from him, the one next to the chamber, pinned that name on him and it stuck. Or I should say, maybe, it held fast.

Old Hook 'n' Eye hated that nigger, though he wasn't a bad kid. He'd shot his wife, and then, just to make sure of her, he cut her a little. "Bible Boy," they called him. He was a monkey-looking guy, and always having fun when he wasn't reading the Bible.

Hook 'n' Eye was one of those backwoodsmen. You know. A guide. The fellow who makes you walk eight miles through the trees when he says "jes down thisaway a piece," and then kids you like hell because you're tired. A guy that makes you carry your own grub, cooks it rotten for you, sells you moonshine he made himself, and then maybe shows you a deer you can't hit.

I hadn't seen much of him, being on days most of the time; and the guys in the death house sleep most of the day. You know how it is. There's nothing to do but eat, and that don't take long. And there's something a little too real about daylight, something unkind to the nerves. You go kind of screwy thinking of the chair when the sun's shining. Night's different. You can bawl your head off and nobody'll see; and you can sing and holler and swear all you want, pretending you ain't scared. Everybody else is doing the same thing. And keeping it up of course until they go to sleep again. Nobody wants to sleep much at night on account of the dreams. They sleep when they can't do anything else. Anyway, they tell me, it feels more natural, bawling at night.

"The nights is made for tears, Keeper," Bible Boy put it, "repentin' the sins o' the day."

Old Hook 'n' Eye never did any bawling day or night, so far's I know. The only time he ever cut loose was when Bible Boy cut loose with his reading. Most of the time he was lying like a log on his bunk. He even had his chow lying down. So I didn't get much of a chance to talk to him until the day he and the nigger were dolled up for the chair.

Maybe he wouldn't have talked then if I hadn't laughed at his hair cut. The barber had just shaved his temples for the electrodes, and he looked so damn funny I let out a holler.

"Man," I says, "it's lucky you ain't going anywhere but to the chair. You look like a peeled onion. If you went out on the street with that much dome showing, you'd be pinched for indecent exposure."

"Jes my luck," he says.

You know how some of those backwoods guys talk? Like some of those down east Yankees. Like one of those penny balloons letting out the last of its air. Sure, a whine. And a whine coming out of that crooked beak of his—that was a laugh.

"What do you mean, luck?" I asks him.

"That black bastard's going to git him a commutation ticket. Me, I got to walk in the peerade."

"Sure," I says. "The governor says nobody walks tonight. It's his birthday. He's crazy that way. Who the hell told you he was going to get a commutation ticket?"

"His lawyer told him last night," he says.

"Nuts," I says. "No niggers gets commuted in this stir."

"Jes my luck if he was," he says.

I pulled up a stool and made myself comfortable. I took a chaw of tobacco, and gave him one.

"You both burn," I says. "Quit kidding."

"Are they goin' to burn that black bastard, 'fore me?"

I saw he didn't like the idea. It gave me a laugh. Most guys want to go last to the chair. It's just so much longer to live. And any minute there might be a letter from the governor with love and kisses in it.

"Who wants to sit in a chair they fried a nigger in?" he asks.

That way, talking about this and that, we passed away a lot of time, and then he opens up and tells me all about his bad luck. That guy should have been in the movies. He was a panic—one laugh after the other, and all with that beady eye looking out of a dead pan.

This old gezabo he shot was another guide, a fellow he kept calling Ooly Wooley. I learned later his right monicker was Eula Wooley. He lived in a little shack in the woods, holed up there all winter, and cooked his own beans. He was a miserly old jasper, according to Hook 'n' Eye, with a dirty white beard that looked like dead moss on a tree. He never changed his clothes, never spent a nickel except on himself, and never threw anything away. One of those squirrels that keeps everything, nails, strings, letters, bills, stuff left over from the last meal. He even kept all his tin cans in the shack. They made a pile that reached the roof. He saved ten dollar bills, and he had two, three hundred smacks wrapped up in a dirty handkerchief and tucked in his back pocket. The pocket was locked with the biggest safety pin Hook 'n' Eye ever saw.

Hook 'n' Eye tried twice before he finally killed him. Not that the guy was tough. But Hook 'n' Eye had bad luck.

The first time he went sneaking up in back of the cabin just after nightfall, and a light snow on the ground, carrying his rifle. Damned if he didn't fall right into a last summer's pit Ooly Wooley had dug for a bear. And broke a leg.

"Lay there all night long," he says, "calling myself hoarse. The old bastard must of heered me. But he never let on 'til mornin', when he come an' got me. I had to spend the hull dern winter in his cabin—an' you know how them damn cans smelled. Naterly I couldn't shoot him, me with a broke leg, an' leave him layin' there. I couldn't of got away. I had to eat his damn beans from November to March—an' I've hated beans from that day to this. I never got so sick o' human comp'ny in all my born days. Every

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Hand to Shagreen!

Scientific fish story in which you meet the Great White, sharkiest of sharks

by MAJOR PAUL BROWN

"THERE comes one now!"

The engineman pointed excitedly toward a high, dark dorsal fin cutting through the water toward the small boat that was idly drifting in the center of a heaving patch of the Atlantic Ocean off Point Lookout, N. C.—a small, irregular patch of the sea which had been liberally baited with buckets of chopped fish.

Dr. Russell J. Coles looked at the approaching fin appraisingly. It was a large one, promising plenty of shark beneath it, but he grunted disparagingly.

"Never mind that one," he said, "It's only a blue shark." Other sharks began to appear. There were more blues, several sand sharks and a hammerhead but, eventually disappointed by the unfulfilled promise of the delectable odor of the chopped fish, they gradually swam away.

"We'll try further out," said the scientist to his one man crew, and the small boat chugged seaward.

When the coast had become a mere dusky smudge Dr. Coles was apparently satisfied.

"We'll bait again here," he announced, as casually as if he were after porgies. He and his helper again chummed half a dozen buckets of macerated fish through the water.

Then they waited patiently while the magic of the sea carried the knowledge of possible food to its great denizens.

Soon the engineman touched Dr. Coles impulsively.

"Great grief! Look at that!" he exclaimed with awe, pointing to starboard.

But his warning was unnecessary. Dr. Coles had already seen the dorsal fin of a mammoth shark slicing through the surface; it was an enormous fin, almost as large as the top of a card table!

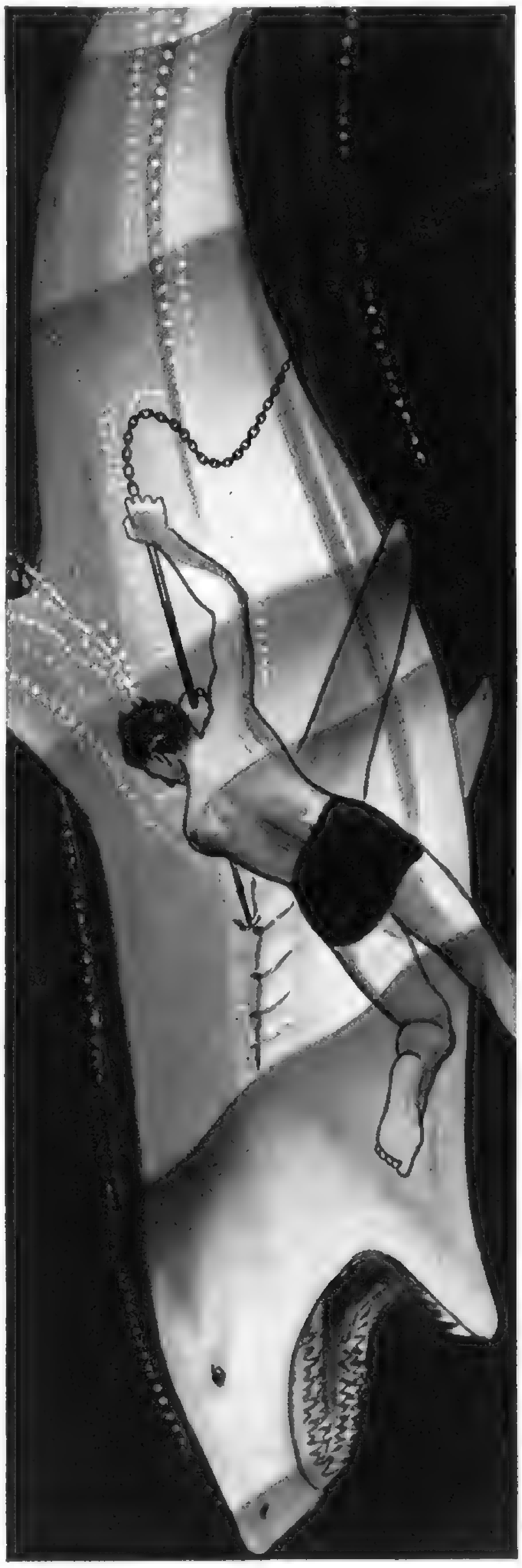
"That's a white one!" he cried elatedly, as he reached for his rifle.

The Great White shark approached the boat, alertly searching for the source of the odor which had attracted it. Dr. Coles stood on the forward thwart and waited until it had come abreast of the craft—and then opened fire! Five steel jacketed bullets tore through the beast's enormous, malignant head!

The shark shot frantically away at a tangent at the first impact, but not so fast as to escape the subsequent shots. The engineman, waiting with his hand on the clutch, threw the small boat into a rolling, pitching pursuit of the lunging fish.

But they were not to get it. Even with five shots through its head, it managed to elude its pursuers. It no doubt died far at sea, sometime later—and that was doubly regretful to the doctor. He did not want merely to kill sharks—not even the terrible Great White variety. He wanted to secure them, afterwards.

Science knew relatively little about the Great White shark. It was known, of course, that it is the direct evolutionary descendent of carcharodon carcharodon, the most rapacious and voracious creature that ever lived on either land or sea; a monster that attained length up to ninety feet which must have spent its every waking minute in relentless pursuit of food to stoke its enormous body, but what important evolutionary changes had occurred during the ages were problematical.



Science has an intriguing way of using a double designation as a means of emphasis for some of its zoological classifications. Carcharodon is the generic name for one species of shark, the worst of them all. To name a single creature carcharodon carcharodon is to announce scientifically that the beast is the "sharkiest possible shark," and this is conspicuously true of the Great White shark, a terrible vicious slaughterer about which all the horrible stories of sharks in general are but conservative statements.

Dr. Coles learned that it had changed but little during the eons of evolution. It had become smaller, but that was about all; and it was eventually proven that Nature had permitted the murderous beast of pre-historic times to grow too large. It had become impossible for it to eat enough food to supply the energy necessary for it to continue the ceaseless search for more food!

It was a vicious circle, and Nature does not tolerate that condition. Consequently a slow shrinkage in the size of the Great White shark began and it now rarely occurs as long as sixty feet. A forty-five foot specimen is unusual, in fact, but they do occur that large with disconcerting frequency.

However, it was a long time before that was known, and then only because Dr. Coles captured and examined enough specimens of this superlatively dangerous fish to establish it.

He soon decided to abandon his efforts to shoot a shark with rifle bullets. It was too uncertain of results, and unsatisfactory from a sporting viewpoint in that it created a wounded fish which could not possibly be killed later in a humane way.

Logically enough, he determined to harpoon the beasts. To further his idea he had his blacksmith make him a number of long handled harpoons not unlike those used by the early whalers in the Arctic, but with wider flanges on the spear point.

Equipped with these, he optimistically set out with his buckets of bait for the shoals off the Carolina coast where the sharks gathered from time to time to feed.

He selected a quiet day for his first efforts. The sea was almost as still as the proverbial mill pond. Drifting on the long, scarcely noticeable swells, the doctor and his crew heaved chopped fish over a wide area and then he went to the bow of his boat, harpoon in hand.

Those weapons had been made with short metal sockets to which a line had been fastened, and so arranged that the wooden handle would be thrown free by the first mad rush of the impaled shark.

Soon the bait had the invariable result.

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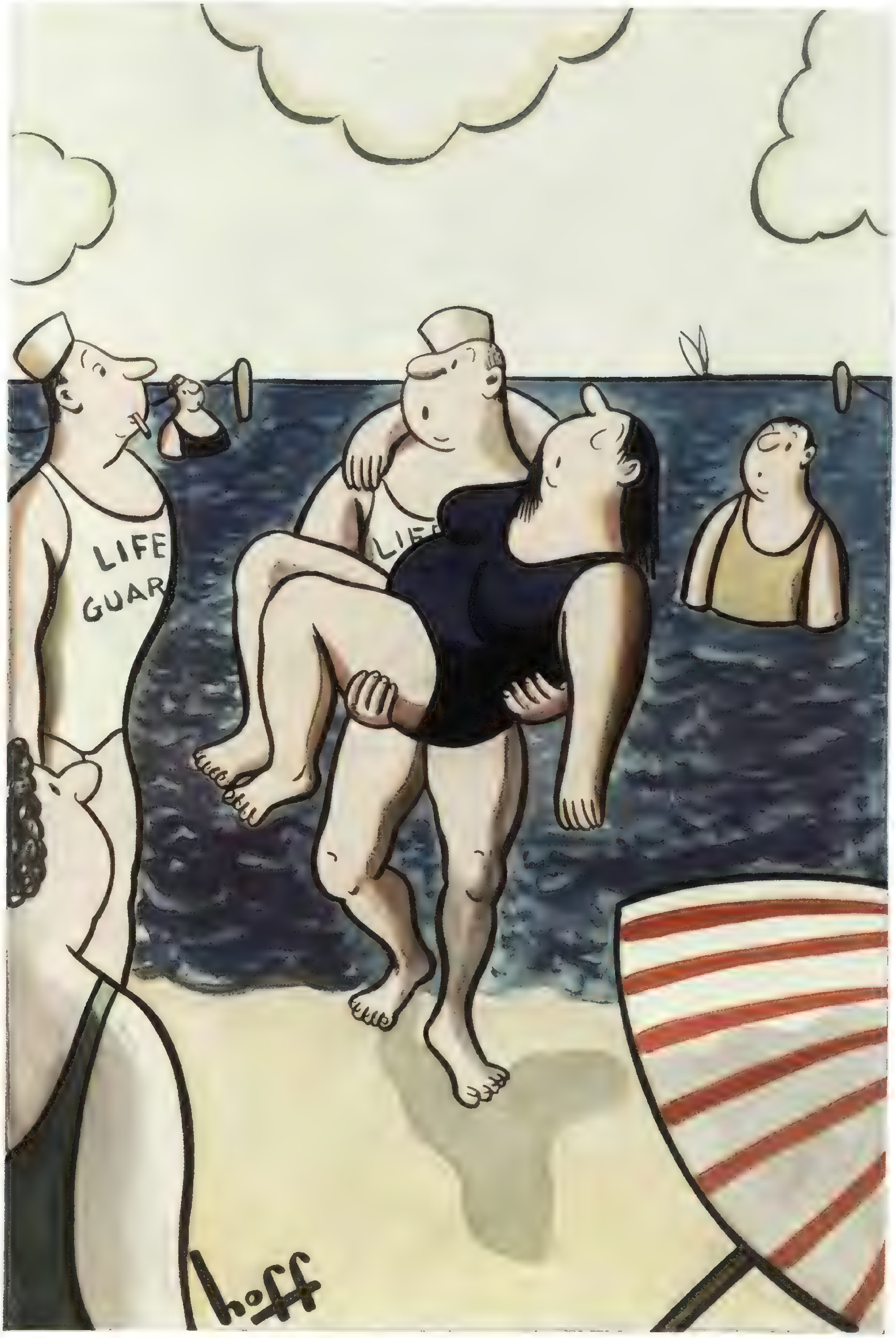
LIFE GUAR
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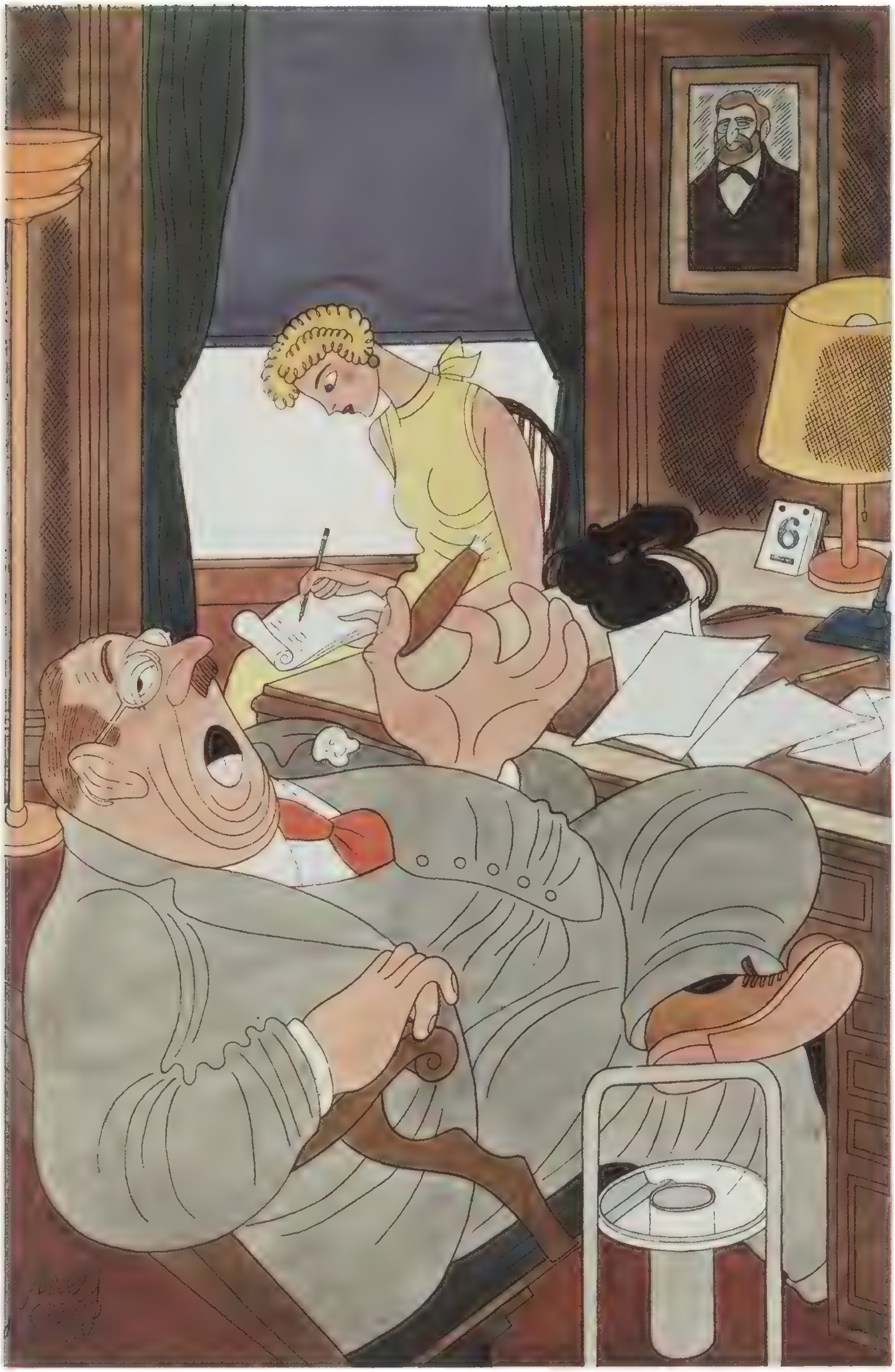
"It wasn't no whale"

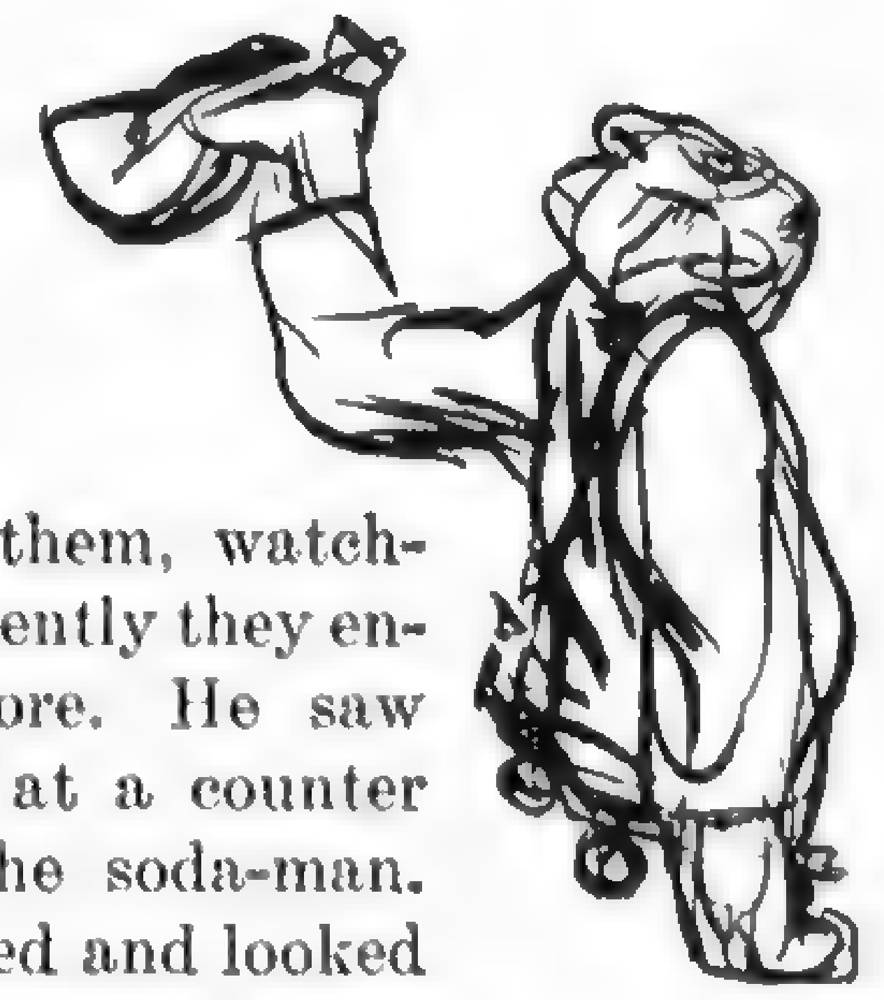


"Dear Sadie—I love you madly, semi-colon"

He Makes His Inspection

Story with strange overtones of the paradox of love in a world that is out of joint

by MAURICE BEAM



THAT day in the city the tiny park lay like an oasis in the hot desert of bricks and steel and cement. He walked along the path which was lined with benches on which sat old men and besotted younger men, not young and not old. He thought gently that the earth seemed full of old men who read newspapers in the sooty sunshine of small parks.

One graybeard sprawled upon the faded grass and pored heavily over a pamphlet which was not a newspaper. It was rather a tract, yellow and old and serious like its reader. He knew that it held deep and fanatical messages for the old man as it trembled an inch from his eyes, gripped in his palsied hands. He knew, walking on, that the messages were sincere but untrue. The pamphlet was grinding an axe somewhere in the brain of the old man.

A man younger than the graybeard arose suddenly with a confronting mien and blocked the path just in the center of a patch of sunlight brighter than that which filtered through the bedraggled branches of the trees. The man said whiningly:

"You got a cigarette, mister? I sure need a cigarette."

He gave the man a cigarette and tried to look into his face but the face stared away from the look and focussed down at the cigarette.

"Thanks, mister."

He did not answer the mendicant, but gazed at him kindly. He saw clothing ragged and threadbare and the man's face was somehow like the clothing. He went on and came to the center of the park.

Here was a tiny fountain surrounded by a cement curbing which formed its pool. On the curb sat a hunchback. The fellow was throwing crumbs of bread to a dozen or more pigeons walking with darting heads and trembling wings close to his feet. All about milled lame men and old men, for there were not benches enough around the playing fountain, and some stood up. Little groups gesticulated within themselves and voices came out of them detached and unnoticed by other groups. Some watched the hunchback feeding the pigeons; some gazed at the moving column of water which was the fountain; some stared upward at the murky sky where the sun shone like a red ball. Many looked at the ground and none noticed that they were observed.

These men, these thousands of men in parks or ambling up and down city streets, had nothing else to do. Those things they needed—food, clothing, shelter—somehow they got. Many and devious were their modes of getting but they had been here yesterday and a hundred years ago and would be here tomorrow and a hundred years hence, no hungrier, no more fatigued, than now. At present they were more numerous but that would pass.

He walked slowly away from the fountain, following the path which lay in a straight line to a corner of the park. The rows of sorry old men, and other men, on either side, faced silently outward or silently inward. They were not restless. They sat quite still upon the park benches in the sooty sunshine. They cluttered the park with debris of orange and banana peels and crumpled newspapers. He mingled with the throng on the sidewalk bordering the park.

At the next intersection a street-car roared past, splitting the crossing-crowd as a ship parts an ocean wave and then like water the crowd merged again and surged on. Across the street an automobile was parked. He approached and saw that a boy and girl sat alone in the car. He knew they were lovers, these two.

They got out of the car and walked ahead. The girl had a slim, graceful body and dark curls which hung from beneath a saucy hat. She moved in unison with the boy, leaning slightly against his arm. The boy gazed down into her eyes, talking. She listened, nodding her pretty head.

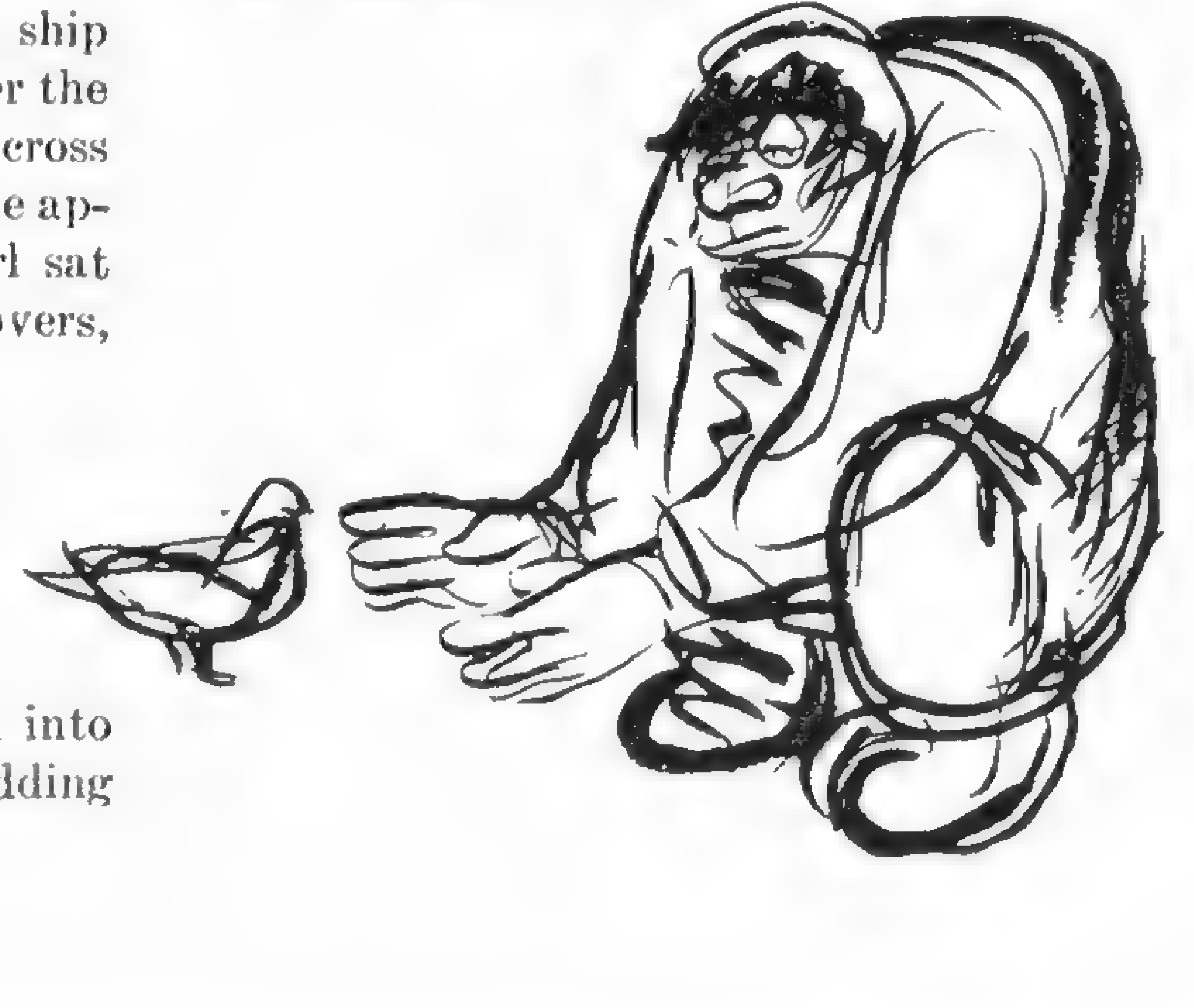
He followed them, watching gently. Presently they entered a drugstore. He saw them sit down at a counter and smile at the soda-man. Then they turned and looked at each other and out the open door but they saw nothing else other than themselves. He passed the store.

He was reminded now of the numberless men sitting and standing idly in parks. The fathers and mothers of such men had once walked and talked exactly like this pair of young lovers. They had ambled along like the boy and girl, supple, afire with youth. They had talked to each other and moved with their bodies in unison. It was clear that as long as two people, a boy and girl, walked and talked in the world, there would continue to be old men sitting alone in the little sunlighted patches of the world.

He strode on and on, up and down the streets of the city. Everywhere, amid the confusion of motion, there were people who sat waiting or who moved slowly with their eyes on the ground. He came back, after a time, to the corner near the park. The boy and girl were entering the automobile. They were not smiling but were sober, as though they had reached some awful decision which meant a deep change in their lives. He watched the car move from the curb, its occupants looking ahead as though trying to scan a vision. He did not smile but became very thoughtful and walked into the park.

He saw again, upon entering the path, the old men and the idle, aimless men milling about, gesticulating and talking among the park benches. He thought: "Is something wrong, after all this time, with the Plan? Is love itself sometimes criminal?"

The slanting sunlight of evening fell upon Him as He moved with the people of the park and although the light was clean and clear and a sourceless nimbus about Him, none noticed Him. Yet a few of the old men were thinking of Him.



Notes on Dangerous Game

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wary about procedure as Saleri, Marcial Lalanda, or any of the old masters of chance controlling, light up like a schoolboy at the approach of vacation, when all the safe and sane methods were finally exhausted or rendered impractical and there was no choice but to go in after him as he went in after them in the old days before it was a matter of the safety of the client. (*Excuse me, Mr. P. You see I do this for a living. We all have to do a lot of things for a living. But we're still drinking their whiskey, aren't we?*)

Many people want not to shoot but to have shot dangerous game. These people, regardless of their means, usually make the African shoot only once, and their white hunter usually fires as many or more shots than his client does. A very good standard by which to judge your real effectiveness against buffalo, rhino, elephant, lion and leopard is to keep track of how many times your white hunter shot on the safari. (*You shot twice, Mr. P. Correct me if I'm wrong. Once at that leopard's mate when she broke back and you spun her over like a rabbit, and the other time when we caught the bull in the open and had two down and the third bull with four solids in him going at that same gallop, all one solid piece, the neck a part of the shoulders, dusty black and the horns blacker, the head not tossing in the gallop. You figured he would make the bush so you shot and the gallop changed into a long slide forward on his nose.*)

Philip Percival ranks leopard as more dangerous than lion for these reasons. They are nearly always met unexpectedly, usually when you are hunting impalla or buck. They usually give you only a running shot which means more of a chance of wounding than killing. They will charge nine times out of ten when wounded, and they come so fast that no man can be sure of stopping them with a rifle. They use their claws, both fore and hind when mauling and make for the face so that the eyes are endangered, whereas, the lion grabs with the claws and bites, usually for the arm, shoulders or thigh. The most effective stopper for a leopard is a shotgun and you should not fire until the animal is within ten yards. It does not matter what size shot is used at that range. Birdshot is even more effective than buckshot as it hangs together to blow a solid hole. (*Mr. P. took the top of the head off one once with a load of number sevens and the leopard came right on by and on for fifteen yards. Didn't know he was dead it seems. Tripped on a blade of grass or something finally.*)

Personally, so far, and it is from a very minute quantity of experience indeed—the killing of four of them—I cannot see the buffalo as comparing in dangerous possibilities to either lion or leopard. We twice saw lion catch and kill wildebeeste. This is a very rare thing. Philip Percival had seen lion kill only once before in all his years of hunting. It was while he was out with Mr. Prentiss Gray, who recorded the occurrence, I believe. The sight of that speed, that unbelievable smooth rush the lioness made to close the gap between herself and the fast galloping, though ungainly, antelope made me see what a charge from a slightly wounded lion could be if allowed to get under way. The buffalo, on the other hand, seemed unbelievably slow compared to a Spanish fighting bull, and I see no reason why a man who could wait for him as he came could not be sure of blowing the front of his head in if he let him get close and shot carefully with a heavy enough rifle. Certainly a tunnel in thick bush, or high reeds, or any dense cover can make the wounded buffalo dangerous, but that is a case of circumstances rather than the animal, and in the same circumstances a lion would be much more deadly. In the open a lion or leopard is a hundred times more dangerous.

The buffalo has courage, vindictiveness and an incredible ability to absorb punishment but I believe that in the bull ring he would be more like the big truck that comes charging in during the intermission to water the dusty sand than like the light hoofed, quick whirling, fast charging fighting bull.

Of course, he is not an animal of the open and you must take him where you find him and follow him where he goes, and he goes into bad places, but the point was to compare the inherent danger in the actual animals on an equal terrain—not in the peculiar circumstances under which he must be dealt with. (*There won't be any more asides you will be glad to hear. Am going to write Mr. P. a letter instead. The asides were put in when I read this over on the boat. Got to missing him.*)

To me, also, and the experience it must be again stated is profoundly limited, the rhino is a joke. He may be a bad joke, too, but his atrociously poor eyesight gives the hunter an advantage over him that his bulk, his really remarkable speed and agility, and his sometimes idiotic pugnacity cannot overcome unless aided by advantage of terrain. Many times the rhino will have this advantage which will usually consist in encountering him on one of the paths or tunnels he has made through otherwise impossible tall grass and bush, and then he is as dangerous as a vindictive, horned, locomotive. He is, too, very fast. I believe he is faster than a buffalo. But fundamentally, to me, he seems a dangerous practical joke let loose by nature and armed with a horn which the Chinese pay high prices for to grind up and use as an aphrodisiac, and the pursuit of which by white and native hunters has made him shy and furtive in his habits and driven him from the plains to the broken hills and high mountain forests—where he can grow his horn and browse in peace, and where, incidentally, he is much better hunting.

Elephant I have never shot so I cannot write of them even to give the questionable impressions of the greenhorn. We plan to go out again to Kenya for six months next year to try to get a really good one, to hunt buffalo and rhino, and to see how far wrong first impressions of these were, and to try to get a good bull sable. Meantime, I know nothing about elephant from personal experience, and since notes on dangerous game by a man who has never hunted elephant are like campaign impressions of a bloke who has never seen a major engagement, that is the sort of notes these notes will have to be.

(*There turns out to be one more of these. One night when we were eating supper at Mombasa after fishing, A. V. and Mr. P. and I were talking about writing these letters and I suggested Alfred write one about hunting elephant with Blix before he started to write on racing. I was writing on rhino and buffalo, etc., I said. Mr. P., who was on his first deep sea fishing trip, didn't say much, but the next day we got into a big school of large dolphin and caught about 15 before the lousy boat broke down. Mr. P. got so excited that his legs shook, he screwed the reel brake backwards until it stuck, he had dolphin jumping into, out of, and over the boat. Sometimes he jerked the bait out of their mouths; occasionally he let them swallow it, but always he had a dolphin jumping on his line.*

"How do you like it, Pop?" I asked him.

"God," he said, "I haven't had so much fun since the day you shot the buffalo." Then, a little later, "I'm going to write an article on it for Esquire. Call it Dolphin Fishing by One Who Knows.")

Conquered, Mass.

Continued from page 77

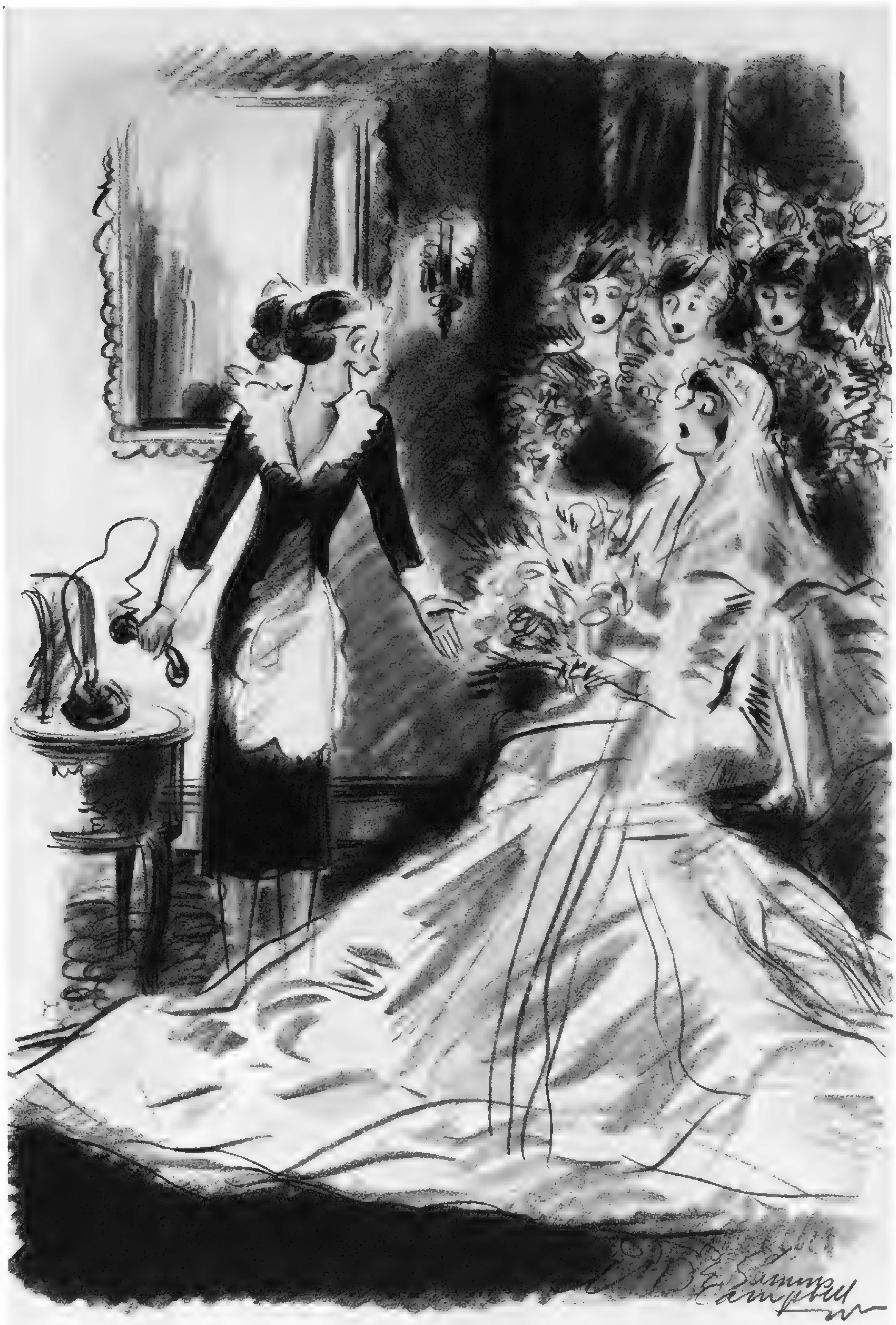
ers, and his sole "business" was to lead his men down to the rude bridge and declaim the historic speech: "Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake, fire!"

It was cold that April morning when the pseudo-Britons came swinging along the frosty streets insolently piping *Yankee Doodle*. Beside the graves of the two British soldiers, dead one hundred and fifty years that morning, they came to a halt and at the command of their leader two of the regulars advanced and started to demolish the floor of the bridge, which is a reverent reproduction of the old wooden structure that withstood the original march of alien corns.

On a neighboring hillock the motley band of farmers had been industriously swigging from a plump jug that had been thoughtfully toted along as a protection from the biting damp. With a guilty start they noted that the Redcoats had arrived, and, ducking the jug in the underbrush, they straggled down the hill to the rude thump of a drum. The spectators surged politely on the sidelines, that they might catch again the immortal speech.

Up went the British rifles, and they fired. Three rebels fell, two of them according to script and one (the leader) from confusion and applejack. Encouraged by this success, the visitors fired again, and a third time. But the young farmers would be damned if they'd fall.

By this time the leader had untangled himself from the burdock and, waving his grandfather's musket around his head, he turned toward the enemy and breathed a deep breath of hard cider and hate. Then turning to his picked band he belched politely and shouted "Hey, you guys! For Christ's sake, shoot!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Isn't that just like a man—he's forgotten all about it!"

The Fox in the Sky

An article about the antics of our treasure-hunting air men who have traded acrobatics for acrostics

by CHARLES E. PLANCK

THE private fliers have started to play.

Not content to use their airplanes just as they use their automobiles, sportsmen pilots all over the country have invented games in which the plane is an essential part, and aviation clubs have broken out with a rash of fox hunts, treasure hunts, scavenging parties and similar contests in which the devilish ingenuity of the club loungers has challenged the flying ability and acumen of all the members.

Where the idea sprang from is not exactly known. One of the first aerial fox hunts occurred in the South where Reynard has always had to run for his life. Maybe the idea of being comfortable while fox hunting, so easily translated to the airplane hunt, also originated here. Many a Virginia fox hunt consists of a number of men sitting around a campfire in the open, passing a jug between them, and commenting in technical terms and local idiom on the progress of the hunt, as revealed to them only by the distant baying of the hounds.

"Hear that? That's my dog Chesapeake, and he's leadin' the pack. I reckon he's not more'n 100 yards behind that fox right now. Kin tell the way he sounds. That calls for a drink." This would be the extent of one man's participation.

The hounds—and Reynard of course—were the only participants actually getting any exercise out of the hunt. Well, the jug traveled a bit too.

But this flying business is, without doubt, a sedentary occupation. Pilots take their sport sitting down. Next time you are at an airport, watch pilots climbing into their planes. You will note that they are qualified, from an architectural standpoint, for long and comfortable sitting. Cy Caldwell, aviation writer, has announced that if there is another war, he will insist on being in the air force, because he has promised himself never to fight except in a sitting position. This explains in part the popularity of the new games at aviation clubs.

As the idea has progressed and developed however, complications have been introduced by the club loungers, entailing much more actual physical exercise, ranging from plucking the tail feathers from a squawking guinea hen to the theft of a piece of the underwear of a fellow-pilot's wife, without enduring physical conflict.

One of the simplest contests is a compass hunt, requiring accurate navigating ability, good map-reading and sharp eyes. The "fox," preferably flying an autogiro or a plane capable of landing in a very small field, starts several hours before the "hounds." Five to fifteen miles away, in a predetermined sector, marked on the hounds' maps, he lands and lays a signal of some sort in a small field, using strips of cheesecloth, held down by spike nails and stones. Carefully marking his compass course after each take-off, he lays five or six symbols, and marks their location on his map. The last one is an H, which means the hound is to come on home.

The fox then makes up a card in duplicate bearing only the compass courses which he flew, and gives a copy to each hound. The hound must locate every signal and mark its location in detail on his map. The first hound home, with the most accurate map, wins. Handicaps take care of the varying speed of contesting planes.

The simplest fox and hound race is one in which the fox is released in a small plane and told to hole up anywhere within a designated area. The smart fox finds himself a field in which he can land his low-powered plane, and which has in it a large tree. Having landed, he hides his ship under the boughs of the tree, gets out his pipe and a copy of ESQUIRE, and sits there until some nosy hound finds him. There is much queer flying above a puzzled country-side on such occasions.

In another game, cryptic symbols were used, laid down on the ground by the fox an hour before the hounds were permitted to start. Upon discovering the first symbol, the hound consults a card given him, and reads CFMMBODB alongside the printed replica of the symbol. Then he has only to find out what that combination of letters means to him as a clue.

Some day if you see a private plane going round and round above your house in the country for hours at a time, you can assume that it is a slightly befuddled hound from a nearby flying club. Suddenly, he will give her the gun and streak away. You will suspect then that he has discovered the meaning of his clue. In this particular case, the true letters are those just preceding in the alphabet, the ones printed, so that CFMMBODB becomes Bellanca, and the streak is toward the Bellanca airport at New Castle, Del.

Then in the same manner, the hound works out his clues as follows:

TPNFSUPO—Somerton.
USFOUPO—Trenton.
NPPSFTUPXO—Moorestown.
TLZIBWFO—Skyhaven.
QJUDBJSO—Pitcairn.
XJOHTQPSU—Wingsport.

Pilots select their cruising speed in advance, and, like gentlemen, stick to that speed. The first one home wins.

In this particular game, there is always some one who playfully leads the pack astray, just as there are always those who fail to work out the clue and mill around until they see somebody start out on a definite course. It would be fun to have Edgar Allen Poe as a passenger in a very fast ship, have him decipher what to him would be childish codes, and then barge away on a false course, leading the slower ships astray.

Somebody raked up an old puzzler on another contest and caused many a headache: "Two dirigibles start from cities that are 100 miles apart and fly toward each other. Each flies at a speed of 50 miles an hour.

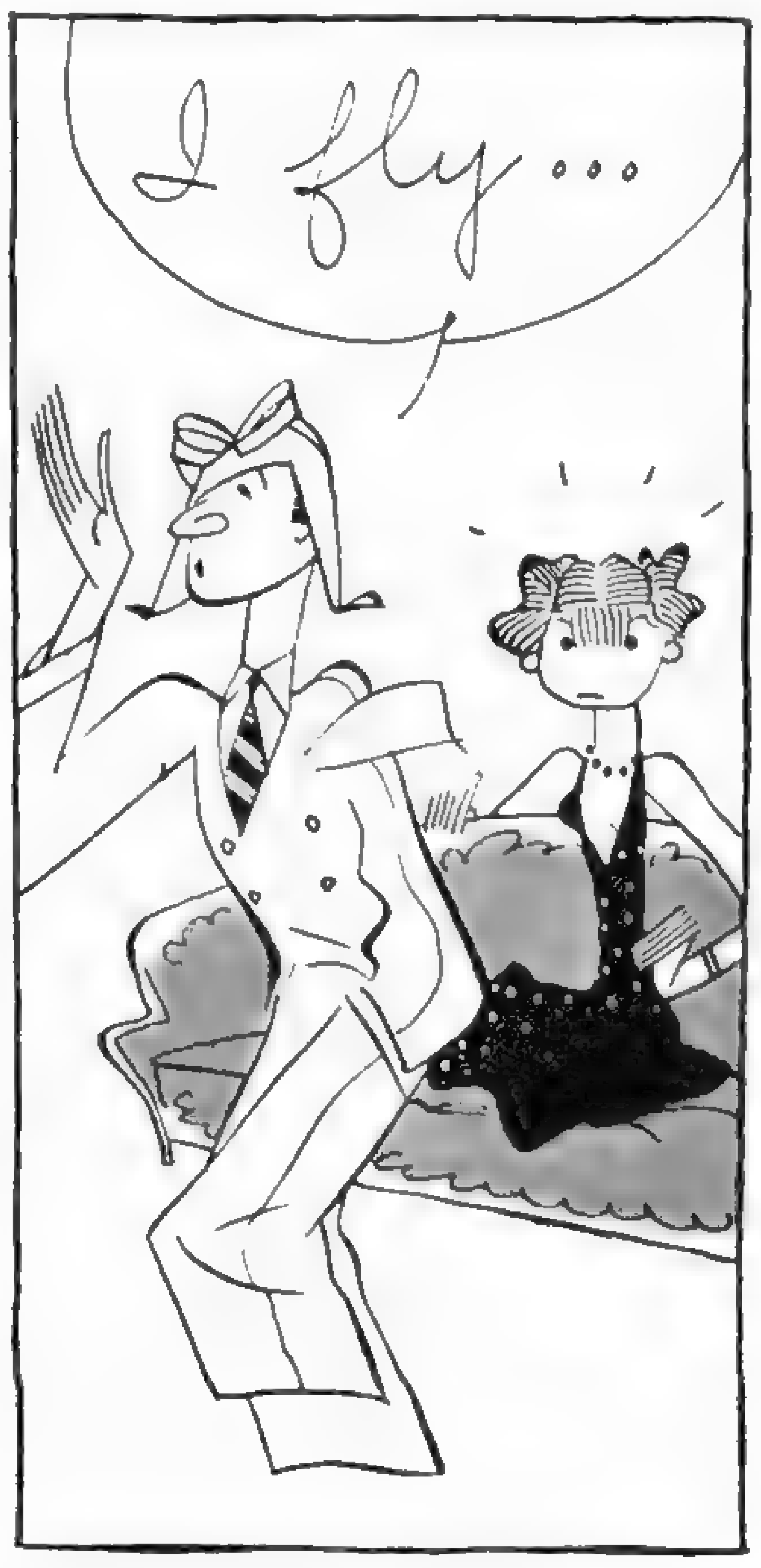
"Just as they start, an airplane starts with one of them, and flies toward the other. It flies at the rate of 100 miles an hour. As soon as the airplane reaches the other dirigible, it turns around and flies back and forth between the dirigibles until they (the dirigibles) meet. How far does the airplane fly when the dirigibles meet?

"The answer will indicate to you which of the following towns you are to fly to next: 78 Clayton; 92 Alexandria Bay; 100 Gananoque; 110 Ogdensburg. When you reach the town, bring back the wording of a large sign on the water front having to do with cows." If you, dear reader, haven't figured it out, the answer is 100 miles.

There are clues and clues of course. If they are too simple, the hunt becomes nothing more than a race. If they are too complicated and obscure, the hounds spend the afternoon flying round and round and figuring. Acrostics are favorites. A Pateo

Field clue appeared in the following:

"Perhaps your ship weighs half a ton
And wind blows twenty miles;
Though it cruise at 100 m.p.h.
Cruise, please, in circle style.
On ground that's near, a marker's clear
For anyone to see.
In case you miss, that answer's this—
Embark without a doubt;
Lo, though you curse,
within this verse,
Delve and find it
out."



Reports have it that there was plenty of cruising in circle style while the pilots delved.

No games approximating these were played in the development of the automobile. Automobile tours were events in which the hardy drivers found no sport in digging the coughing bus out of the mud, and no thrill in bearing up under the derision of skeptical bystanders. What with no roads, bum tires, temperamental cylinders and dust in the eyes, no automobilist ever thought of playing with the dratted vehicle.

There have been airplane tours too, of course, and they were designed to demonstrate widely the reliability of the airplane as a vehicle of fast transportation. Such tours have about seen their day, and it is doubtful whether they will be repeated. The airlines have now convinced the average American that the airplane is a reliable means of fast and comfortable transportation.

The first child of the tour is the cruise, and these are becoming increasingly popular. Some sportsmen pilots believe they do more to enhance the sport of flying than any other coöperative events. A camaraderie of the private flier is so easily built up, and is based upon an interest so well-defined and satisfying, that every new participant of a cruise, whether as pilot or passenger, is a convert to private ownership.

The Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, L. I., has conducted three annual seaplane cruises, delightful affairs, chuck full of good flying and liberally sprinkled with social functions. The route makes the cruise almost a tour of the elite places and estates along its course, which thus far have been mainly along the Long Island Sound Shore. These cruises are meticulously arranged, an advance committee spending months getting all information, laying down the route, arranging for moorage, wheedling parties out of prospective hosts and arranging to shepherd the cruising argonauts through the days of actual flying. The cruise is the high spot of the club's annual program.

Last year the club ran a series of Sunday aerial picnics to the homes of members. These were very popular, both because of the semi-competitive feature of navigating to an estate not definitely marked on the maps, and for the general sociability prevailing at the gathering. Aimless cruising about over Long Island has long been tiresome to members of the club, and they demand from their officers and flight managers something new that will require more than mere taking off and landing.

Week-end cruises are popular with several clubs. Each year the Washington Air Derby Association stages one, usually to some place along the nearby Chesapeake Bay or Atlantic shore. The new Cruisaire club of Cincinnati has a program for the summer of 1934 that includes many cruises to lakes in Ohio and the shores of the Great Lakes.

A general cruise from all parts of the country usually precedes the annual Miami Air Races, held in January. These long cross-country cruises, ending at an aviation event, are direct descendants of the popular "On-to-so-and-so" races, common to National Air Races and they bring out much information about the private flier.

On January 10 of this year, the occasion of the third annual Miami cruise, the field at Orlando, Florida, was deserted at noon. Twenty-five pilots were earthbound by bad weather at Atlanta. Scores of ships, military and commercial, were waiting better weather at other points to the north. Finally, the weather lifted a little, and before six o'clock of that day, 97 ships were on the ground at Orlando. What an opportunity for getting acquainted, seeing strange ships, talking shop. This is the thing in aviation which makes a pilot forsake office, home, wife (unless, she too, be airminded), sweethearts or children and point his propeller hub toward the goal of a cruise.

One of the features of the national private flying program is the gathering in Washington of sportsmen pilots at the annual Langley Day celebration. It has as its ultimate goal the annual assembly of all the private air force of the country. Trophy races, strictly non-professional in character, bomb dropping contests and similar events enliven the gathering, and all aviation interests in the Capital participate.

Democracy rules the airways in these new sports. The limited fraternity of the airman takes in everyone who can fly, and even some of the more likeable kiwis who never leave the ground. Flying mechanics who work on the planes of the rich members of flying clubs enter the hunts and cruises with the bluest "bloods" of the country, and free-for-all clauses are usually found in nearly all rules.

On sunny afternoons these new fliers gather at their club houses and think up new means of entertaining themselves. There are a few old favorite games, as simple as "spin the bottle," "follow the leader" and "tag" of childhood days. "Spot landing" is such a one. The contestant takes off, climbs to a predetermined altitude, and stops his motor. Then, with a "dead stick" or motionless propeller, he endeavors to land and roll until his wheels are near the white circle in the center of the field.

"Paper straffing" is popular, and it requires maneuverability in a ship and skill in a pilot. The pilot releases a ball of paper tape which unrolls as the ball falls, while the streamer floats for some time in the air. He turns and dives and endeavors to cut the paper by driving his plane through it. Either the shortest time for three cuts, or the greatest number of cuts is considered in determining the winner.

Stunting, in its daredevil and reckless manifestations is somewhat out of date. The uninformed and foolhardy pilot still likes to stunt, but many of them make their final landing on the front pages of the newspapers, and the world goes on without them. It remains true however that nothing in the flying game so thoroughly satisfies the animal spirits, nor ministers so soothingly to human egotism, as taking a plane aloft and twisting its tail just for the fun of the thing. Properly considered, stunting is an excellent test of a pilot's skill. The pilot who can fly through standard acrobatic maneuvers smoothly and with grace and exactness, is a good pilot, and long practice is necessary for perfection. Therefore, stunting can become a definitely competitive game, properly regulated and safely conducted.

"Balloon busting" has long been a favorite, and it includes all the elements of a good sporting event. Hydrogen-filled balloons are released while a pilot is in the air, and he dives and zooms at them to burst them. This game provides great sport for the spectator too, because of the antics of a tiny balloon when the propeller fails to strike it, and it gets into the swirling slipstream as the plane goes by. A good balloon "buster" is a good pilot.

Barrier landing, that is, coming in over a frail barrier erected on the field and landing as close to that barrier as possible; bomb dropping, using sand or flour bombs, and follow the leader are favorite fliers' sports.

The Long Island Aviation Club has taken four of these old timers and built them into a perennial basis for locker room arguments, and an ever-ready excuse for competitive flying between members. A man's conscience sometimes rebels against a waste of gas in just straight pointless flying, and the so-called "ladder" competition gives rhyme and reason to the club's flying.

Four boards were posted, headed, "Bomb Dropping," "Spot Landing," "Stunting" and "Barrier Landing." All flying members names were drawn from hats and placed on pegs on each of these boards. Thereafter,

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Tonight and Forever

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old dames would start a drive to remedy the deplorable situation. All the hoboes would profit and I'd be a sort of hero. Perhaps I'd even get a decent burial? But I watch my companions snoring placidly and realize how small is the possibility of freezing to death. And if I did manage! In the morning the sun would rise and thaw me out, and then I'd look just like any ordinary dead man. It wouldn't do at all for me to look like just any ordinary dead man.

I spread several layers of newspapers on the ground and settle down near my companions. I know I won't be able to sleep or get any rest, or even forget my troubles. I can just stretch out my body and lie here with my own misery for company. If only it was warmer, then I could fold my hands under my head and simply look up into the starry night and feel somehow things were easier to bear. The limitless space, the innumerable tiny sparks millions of miles apart that glow so close together would make me realize how unimportant and without real significance I am. It would please me to think this way: to be aware of my own smallness, because then I'd be conscious of the triviality of life and of man's accomplishments and I'd feel justified in being the way I am. And perhaps a beautiful calm would possess me, a curious calm strangely akin to melancholy. But hell! It is cold! Too well I feel the cold earth, the biting air and the stones pressing into my back. How can I forget? How forget for one little moment the tomorrow that awaits me?

Ceaseless tomorrows flow one after the other with rhythmic sameness. Each recurring day brings fainter hope. Each night finds me further and further from everything.

Tall rises the city about me, mingling with the blackness of night. It is early, very early, and the city sleeps. Yet in my ears rings the constant hum of its activity. And in the ground I feel the pulse of the city—a delicate, relentless throbbing that swells with resentment against me and such as me. We have no place in this great scheme of things; we struggle down below in a world apart, helplessly borne along on the tide of circumstances, without goal, ambition or place. Therefore we must be eliminated! In its own way the city tramples, crushes and casts us aside. We must go under—it cannot be otherwise. I feel no bitterness. I feel nothing, only a great wonderment.

Olaf Hears Rachmaninoff

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ting nervous right at the start that made him make so many mistakes in most of his pieces, like he did.

Soon's the clapping stopped he started in tuning up. His fingers was kind of stiff at first, and he just poked 'em around, but pretty soon they got limbered up something surprising and the first thing I knew I was sitting on the edge of my seat trying to figure out how he could keep them fingers from getting all tangled up with each other, he was tearing along so fast. He went up and down and up and down, faster each time, like he was trying to show folks how much speed he could work up. But after a while he gave that up, and started in trying out this tune and that, but dropping each one by the time you almost got the hang of it. Then he made up his mind to see how loud the piano'd go, and as soon as he saw how much it could stand he stopped.

And say! How them folks did clap! Everybody was glad that he was ready to settle down and begin playing some pieces.

He started right in, but it sure didn't sound very encouraging. Don't know but what I'd enjoyed the tuning up just about as much. He seemed to be having a hard time making up his mind just which piece he'd go ahead and play, which was mighty aggravating. There'd be a lot of real nice sounds and then he'd jump into something else.

But he finally kept on one long enough for a person to get some real satisfaction out of it, and I was just beginning to settle back and enjoy it, when he went and got the tune lost in a bunch of wrong notes. He went right back and made a fresh start, but always got lost in the same place again. He kept on trying though, harder and louder each time, like he was bound and determined to get it right even if he had to stay there all night. But it didn't get any better till he gave up and got clear off that part—and not much better when he did. He was getting pretty hot you could see, and I didn't blame him—falling down on the job in front of all them folks.

He kept getting madder and madder, and pretty soon just lost his temper complete over the thing, and the way he wolloped them keys was something awful. It sure was lucky the lid was propped up or the dammed piano'd exploded sure. Then all of a sudden he come down with both hands just as hard as he could, making the sharpest crash I ever heard in my life. And then he just gave up and scuttled the whole mess.

He stood up and bowed, like he was kind of apologizing for even having tried it. Anyway, that's what I thought, but Jenny told me it was supposed to be a wonderful piece. And say—you should of heard those folks clap! That clapping sort of bothered me, seeing as how they might know he had sense enough to see they was just being polite.

I was going to say something more to Jenny about it, but I've got reasons to know it ain't wise to speak your mind to womenfolks. But Jenny's not so dumb, and she said:

"Maybe you haven't cared for these numbers, Uncle Olaf, but some of them you'll just love."

"Gotamighty, I hope so!" I said. I was thinking six dollars worth right then.

She crinkled all over then and said: "You'll be glad you came. Just wait and see."

But the next couple of pieces didn't amount to much, and yet the folks clapped every time. Since then I've figured that they must of known he had something good up his sleeve and they was just keeping him encouraged till he got to it. Jenny claimed he wasn't making any mistakes at all, but I guess my ears are still good enough for me to know when a tune is all off its course. The only thing I got to say for him is that he wasn't a bit wobbly about being wrong—which almost makes it right, so to speak. That way he kept reminding me of Hep. She's so dammed set in her faults you almost got to admire her spunk.

Well, before he started one of them pieces you just knew it was going to be good. Everybody seemed to be sort of holding their breath, and the folks ahead of us leaned back in their seats like they was settling for life.

He jumped right into it all of a sudden, and started trying to see if he couldn't fool a person about where his hands was. They was at both ends of the piano at once, flipping back and forth and into the middle and grabbing up a handful of notes one place and slamming 'em down somewhere else, like he was trying to peel the tops off the keys. One hand was chasing the other up and down, sputtering along like hail rattling on deck, sharp and brittle, and going faster and faster till his fingers got all out of control and went careening along without ever stopping, reminding me of the time old Cap Sprague, who mostly was able to hold his licker, went skittering along deck in a storm trying to look like he didn't have hold of the rail.

He got mixed up once and had hard going for a while, but he made a wild scramble and got back into it again, wilder and wilder. It was like the wind wailing and tearing through the rigging, with one flapping sail trying to keep up with another jittery canvas. He kept hammering those keys with one hand bearing right down on top of the other till he had it cornered, then he leapfrogged and started leading back the other way. And up and down, and up and down he went so fast I was dizzy trying to keep track with my ears and eyes. Them hands was jumping over each other and taking each other's places so fast you never saw the like.

And all the time you could hear two tunes just as plain—like a thin gull scream against a roaring surf.

Then all of a sudden he stopped and threw his hands up in the air and let 'em stay awhile. And say! You could just hear them tunes still dripping off his fingers. When he put his hands down again he went right into a swift, powerful sailing, smoothing that tune out like big, beautiful combers rolling along, and you could just feel yourself being lifted and set down, and lifted and set down again. And every once in a while he'd slip in a handful of bright, glittery sounds, like spray running along the crest of a breaking swell. They was little rippling sounds that he made by wriggling his fingers round and round in the same place all the time till you'd declare he was going to trip hisself. Then he'd do it a little higher up and little lower down and sort of run them together till I don't for the life of me see how he kept his own head clear on what he was doing.

Every once in a while the piece would sort of end, but he'd pick it up again like he just hated to quit yet, and when it did come to a stop you knew it was in just exactly the right place.

I could of choked them folks for starting to clap just the second he was finished. Seems like after he'd played for 'em like that the least they could do would be to let him alone and enjoy his own feelings for a while.

I asked Jenny what the name of that piece was. She told me, but I didn't hear it plain and wouldn't ask her over again because it was about something passionate—and she's so young yet. They might be a little careful how they name their pieces, seems to me. I asked her if she could play that one too, because I'd sure like to hear it again some time. An awful sad look came in her eyes for just a minute, then they twinkled and she said:

"Not like *he* does, Uncle Olaf!"

And the funny thing is, right then I could see the first ship I ever sailed on—time I run away from home—and,—well, I wondered how I'd be feeling right then if somebody'd yanked the deck out from under me for good. And it made me do a lot of tall thinking in the next couple of minutes.

Rachmaninoff was all tuckered out by that time, and if the rest of the pieces hadn't been down on the program I guess he wouldn't of bothered with 'em, and so far's I was concerned he needn't of. What notions some folks got about tunes is way beyond me.

But after he was supposed to be all through he handed out a couple of pieces extra, and that's where he got down to real, sure-enough tunes that you could keep your mind on. I don't remember their names, except one of 'em was about some Turks marching, and say! that one went ahead from start to finish without a single mistake. I'll bet he likes to play that one. You couldn't no more have stopped him once he got his fingers into it than you could stop the tide.

You want to hear him play it sometime—and that other passionate one too. Jenny says he's going to keep on playing even after the Depression's dead and forgotten, and I don't know but what he's right in sticking to it. With more practice on some of them pieces, and leaving some of the others out altogether, he'll get along just fine.

I asked Jenny sort of off-hand if there was any teacher better than that Lorry and she said no. Then when we was waiting for the train to heave off I told her I'd figured it would be plumb foolish after all for her to stop taking lessons from him, seeing as nobody knows better'n me that it takes a good pilot to steer you straight.

She started in to cry, but stopped when the train whistled for me to get on. She smiled then, and told me I'd never be sorry.

Well, I know I won't. There just ain't nothing in the world can beat seeing a person sailing in the direction they want to go.

I'm keeping my mouth shut in front of Hep about all this. Looks like now me and her is anchored together for keeps, on account of how much this here Lorry charges. But I'm not kicking. Seems like the more me and Hep see of each other the better we get along after all.

Not that the sailing's any too smooth yet. But I always keep remembering how it turned out when them folks gave Rachmaninoff a couple of chances.

The Lifting of the Bull

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these towns." I don't know how come he thought he shouldn't do it where he was known, except that it made him embarrassed.

One experience on that trip I'll never forget. We were short of change and spent the night in an empty box car on a switch. Lowrey slept in my bathrobe that looked like a rainbow. The next morning I told 'im that as he wasn't doing a thing on the trip but riding along with us, he had to get up and hook some roas'in' ears for Buck outa that patch across the road. It was pretty cool, so he kept on the bathrobe and went slipping into the corn.

In a few minutes, just as a joke, I hollered, "Here comes the sheriff!" And I wish you coulda seen Lowrey. He ran like a jackrabbit, with that rainbow robe fluttering in the breeze. I got tickled—what I mean, violently tickled. The muscles in my stomach cramped, and there I rolled till Lowrey sneaked back and beat them out. That was about the only useful thing my manager did on that trip.

We made a few more towns, but we didn't do any good. Lowrey never did get away from home. And I got tired of doing it all. Those Mississippians don't appreciate anything like bull-lifting, anyway. They've got nasty dispositions. Always want to argue about the weight of the bull. In one town I had a nice crowd drummed up and was getting ready to show when one old grouch started arguing about Buck's weight. He kept me wrangling there till the crowd got disgusted and left.

After the way Lowrey and ever'thing turned out, I just got disgusted and cancelled the rest of the tour. I come on back home and gave the old model T back to Walter. I was thru with the show business.

Once more, though, I found out I couldn't quit bull-lifting. By that time Buck weighed about 600 pounds, but I kept on picking 'im up ever' day. I got curious to see how long I could keep it up.

In October the Memphis Press-Scimitar sent Charley Schneider out to see what I was doing—to sorta check up on me. They expected to have a write-up saying the bull had got too heavy for me and all that. So when they found out I was still lifting, they made some pictures and give me a nice write-up. That, of course, got me steamed up again.

Then when they sent one of the pictures to Ripley and he used it in his "Believe It or Not" cartoon Jan. 3, 1931, I begin to burn up with ambition. All the old ideas about getting famous and making big money come back—specially when the Hearst Metrotone and the Vitaphone newsreel men showed up to shoot me. On the day Ripley's cartoon came out, Buck weighed 682½ pounds. I got a statement signed by witnesses.

All that notoriety got the neighbors perked up again, and lots of 'em said I'd be a fool not to go on and get rich bull-lifting. So with my clippings I went to see the manager of the Orpheum Theater in Memphis. He booked me for a week. But at the very first performance I found out both me and the manager had made a mistake. Buck, you see, wasn't house-broke.

Ted and Al Waldman, coupla blackface comedians, were on the bill, and they agreed to help me put on my act. Our turn came, and I led Buck out on the stage. And I don't know who was the scaredest—me or Buck. Neither one of us had ever been on the stage before. Well, sir, somebody turned a spotlight right in our faces, and Buck began shaking his head and backing. I thought he was gonna bust down the scenery, and I had a tussle getting 'im under control.

Finally, I got 'im calm, and then slipped around under 'im, raised up and reached out my hand and asked for his leg. Well, I don't know whether Ted did it on purpose or whether he was just scared of the bull and excited. Anyway, he handed me Buck's tail. Buck got mad. He twisted and squirmed and bellowed—and just messed me and the stage up terrible. Uh!

Then that damn fool Al run and grabbed some rubber boots and a shovel, while Ted got some roses and started skipping 'round and scattering rose petals. The house was hollering—and I was nearly burning up. That ended the contract. The manager cancelled it—and I didn't kick. I had enough, too.

A few weeks later, though, Mr. McElravy, manager of the municipal auditorium, offered to put me on at a big ball, and I didn't have any better sense than to take 'im up. Buck pulled the same stunt over again—only worse, I reckon. I think he had learned he could get out of a lot of work by pulling that kind of trick.

I went home mad and disgusted. But the next day I was out in the lot, acting a damn fool again. Bull-lifting had got to be a habit and I couldn't break it.

Well, in a month or so the same old trouble come back on me. I began to think about another big tour. So in May, 1931, I swapped Gee Whiz, our old sorrel mare, for a decrepit bread truck. I don't know how old the thing was. The speedometer had 65,000 miles on it—and was broke. And did that pile of junk rattle! No brakes. Oil gauge broke. Motor sounded like a blacksmith shop. But it would run.

I got in touch with a fellow out in Los Angeles I used to know, and he told me to come on out as I'd go over big in the movies. That's all I wanted to hear. I loaded Buck into the old bread truck and struck out across Arkansas, into Texas and on west. I started with no funds, figgering I could more'n make my way bull-lifting, and I had a mighty tough time. Some places

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The Lifting of the Bull

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I'd get only a dime or a quarter for my stunt. I didn't worry about any cylinder oil for the truck, but the thing just had to have gas. And I mean it drank it up.

Buck had to eat, too. Often I'd tote 'im just for his feed. In Arkansas and Texas he ate cottonseed and watermelons, and in New Mexico and Arizona it was cactus, alfalfa, cantaloupes and watermelons.

I picked up lots of hitch-hikers because I liked company, and I was having lots of punctures with my old tires and needed help. One day about 20 miles west of Toyah, Texas, I had six hitch-hikers with me. Two were on top. Three were in the truck, sitting on my clothes chest alongside Buck, and one was on the front seat with me. We were going along at a lively clip when all of a sudden—kerbloom! The tire on the left front blew out and the truck headed for the ditch.

I swerved just in time to keep out of the ditch, but the two boys on top went into it head first. And Buck fell on the three boys beside 'im and nearly killed 'em. All of us were lucky to escape with our lives.

By the way, if you're ever traveling like that, take a tip from me. If you want some good eating for a gang cheap, just get you a quart of sweet milk and a box of graham crackers. I did that several times. I'd just dump the crackers into a pan and we'd take spoons and go to it.

But to get back to that trip. The scaredest I got, I reckon, was that day on the New Mexico desert when my old motor commenced to spit—and finally died. I was out of gas, but there was a filling station just ahead. I started coasting and rolled right up to it.

I was broke at the time—I had figgered I had plenty of gas to get to the next town—and I asked the owner of the station to let me tote Buck for a few gallons. But no, he didn't care nothing 'bout that stuff. And there I was! Maybe I wasn't sweating.

Then I looked down the road and saw a transcontinental bus coming. I was desperate and it looked like my only hope. I decided to hail it regardless of consequences. I got ready—and then I saw it was going to stop, anyway. It did, and the driver hopped out and went running to the men's rest room. And what a break it was for me!

I stuck my head into that bus and started rattling off my best spiel. I mean I tooted my horn that day. I told 'em about Ripley. I was the champion bull-lifter of the world, and I was on my way to Hollywood to take a big movie contract. I had miscalculated and run out of gas and money, and if they'd just get out of the bus a minute I'd show 'em something they would talk about the rest of their lives.

I reckon they wanted to stretch, anyway, so ever' one of 'em come crawling out. I put on my stunt, passed the hat and got $3.35—enough to feed me, Buck and the truck. And we left there feeling great.

At Benson, Ariz., the big breakdown come. The truck threw a connecting rod and the jig was up for the time being. I put Buck on pasture and caught a freight on to Los Angeles, figgering I could see my friend and maybe get a movie contract and some dough and ever'thing would be jake. But I couldn't find that fellow anywhere. And I couldn't get anywhere by myself.

In a day or two I was on another freight, headed for Memphis and mama's. I stayed home three weeks, got a few dollars together and caught a freight west to get Buck and the truck. I had the thing repaired, went on to Los Angeles and even to San Diego looking for my friend, but I never did find 'im. The movies didn't seem to be interested in me except for the newsreels, and there wasn't anything in that. So once more I struck out for home. I was sick and tired of it all.

On the return trip I seemed to have better luck. The El Paso paper carried my picture on the front page, and a fellow named Hunt who makes fried pies agreed to give me all I could eat and a bag full to carry away with me if I'd boost his pies along the road. They were mighty good, and I nearly killed myself eating. And at Weatherford, Tex., some fellows paid me for a show I had given 'em going out. They give me a truckload of watermelons, and me and Buck ate watermelons all the way back to Memphis.

In all that driving I spent only 50 cents for cylinder oil. Most of the oil I used was second-hand stuff they had drained out of crankcases and were glad to give me.

Well, back home once more I kept on picking up Buck ever' day. But early in the fall I come to the conclusion that he was beginning to gain weight a little faster'n I was gaining strength—or so it seemed. And I begin to think it was only a matter of time till my stunt would have to end, and if I was gonna make anything out of it I had better be at it.

So Nov. 10, 1931, I loaded Buck into the old bread truck and started for Florida and one last attempt to make a killing out of bull-lifting. I went through Meridian, Mobile, Pensacola, Tampa and stopped in Sarasota. There I hooked up with some of the Ringling Circus folks and traveled around Lake Okeechobee, back through Fort Myers. There wasn't much money in it, though—and Buck kept getting more unruly ever' day.

Well, I'll tell you. It looks like after a bull gets up to be a pretty big bull like Buck was getting to be, they don't like stunts like that. They get mean and full of fight. In Florida, by the way, Buck learned to eat oranges, grapefruit and palmetto cabbage buds.

In Fort Myers I got a contract to do bull-lifting in front of the grandstand at the Lee County Fair, and it was there that I outdid myself and set a new world's record for that kind of thing.

The fellow who had charge of my stunt, unbeknownst to me, billed me not only to pick up the bull, but also the bull with a 125-pound woman on 'im. I didn't know anything about it till the wife of the clown come out there and that fellow started his spiel. So what could I do?

I had to go through with it—and I did. I reckon the fact that all them people were looking at me give me super-human strength. I got under that bull and woman and walked five steps. Buck then was way over 700 pounds. I felt so good over it I didn't even beat that guy up for double-crossing me. He had made me a new kind of champion—a woman and bull champion.

But Buck and me didn't seem to be the same after that. He got so rambunctious that I couldn't do a thing with 'im. I thought maybe he needed a change of scenery and climate, so I loaded up, said goodby to Florida and chugged into Georgia. It was then March, 1932.

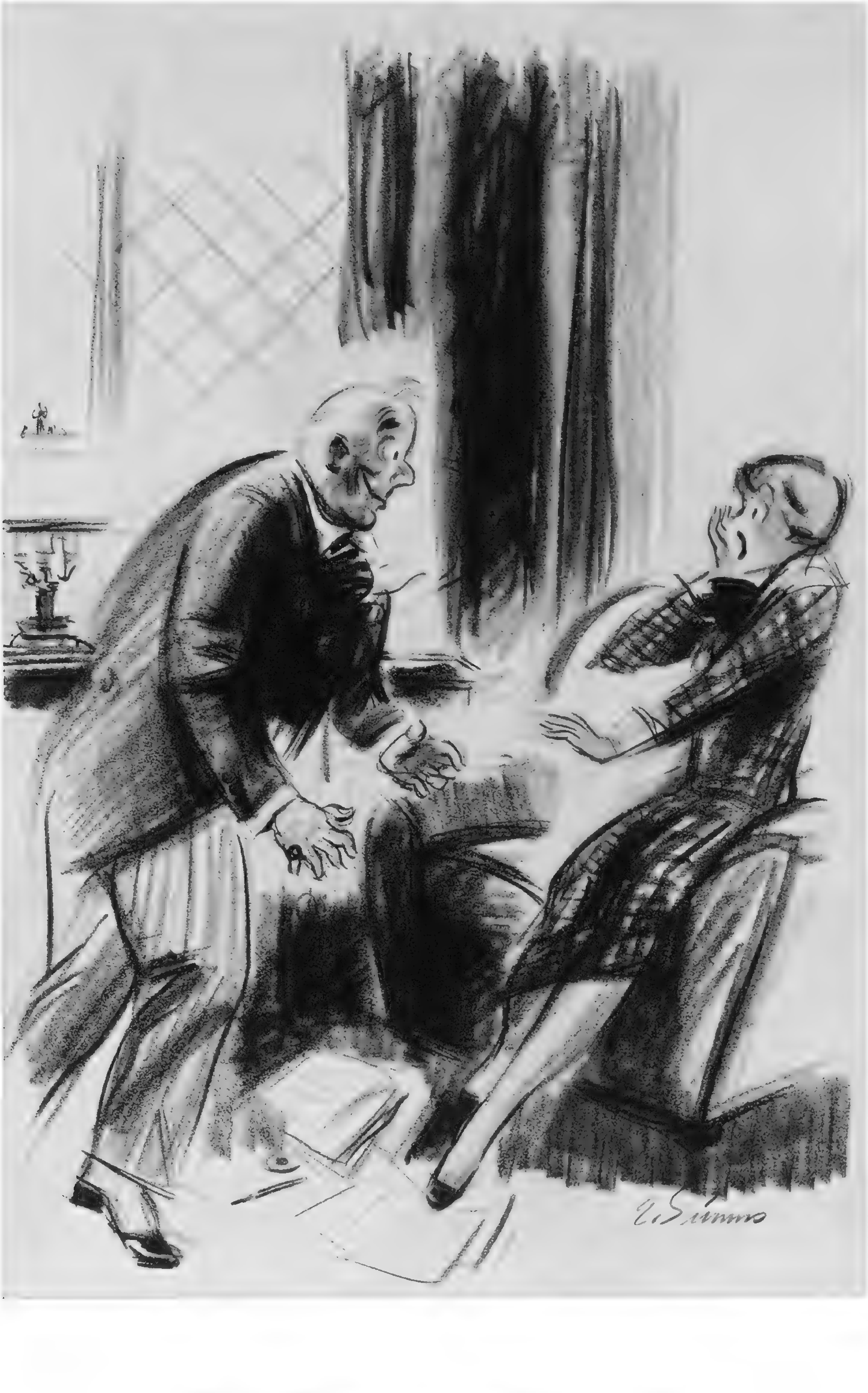
By that time, though, my money was all gone, and I told Buck that if he wanted to travel with me he would have to work. But no! He kicked and butted and messed me up ever' time I tried to put on my stunt. It was hopeless. At Macon the partnership was dissolved. I sold 'im and the old truck and hitch-hiked home.

And right here I want to say the report that I got broke and hungry on that Florida trip and barbecued and ate Buck is another damn lie. I woulda no more thought of eating Buck than I woulda my uncle. I hated to part with 'im, but I didn't have any choice.

But that made me swear offa bulls—for a while, anyway. I got me a colt and started training and lifting it. Got along fine, too, but somehow or other it didn't appeal to me like the old bull stunt. So now I've got me another bull calf and I'm starting all over again. Funny the way it sorta gets a fellow.

Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you one thing that made traveling a rather tough job was another stunt or hobby I got started on when I first went touring—and then couldn't break it just like I couldn't stop bull-lifting. I decided that, just for fun and to be able to say I had done it, I would swim in ever' river and good-sized body of water I crossed or saw. Well, that got to be a nuisance after a while. But you know how it is. After you've gone so far with a thing like that you hate to ruin your record.

So that's another thing I advise you not to take up—that and bull-lifting. Both of 'em are a pain.



"Why Mr. Frisbee—you're a public enemy!"

The Sea Still Calls

About maritime adventure—the grain race, circumnavigators, a warning about the "paying guest" expeditions

by ALAN VILLIERS

I LIKE to read an obscure column in my daily newspaper. Nobody writes it: it carries no featured names; it is not syndicated. It is headed "Maritime Miscellany," in rather unobtrusive type, and it treats of ships. The state of an ice-jam in the Cape Cod Canal; the damaged crockery of a liner in a North Atlantic gale; a rudderless steamer sending out distress calls somewhere near the Azores; a sloop-of-war burning on the coast of China—these are its subjects. To it fishing schooners, out-of-place channel buoys, sunken barges, and Atlantic liners all rate the same.

"Halifax: Fishing schooner A. W. Longmire (Br.) with her sails carried away and engine disabled, was carried by heavy sea on a ledge off Western Head and battered to pieces; Captain William Muise and twelve men took to dories and landed at Rockeport after a hard fight." "San Francisco: Coast Guard cutter towed in yacht Sinaloa twenty-seven days out from Honolulu, leaking, lost sails; women passengers at pumps with crew." "Queenstown, Ireland: Finnish barque Winterhude arrived exWallaroo: Captain Morn reports west of Cape Horn encountered westerly hurricane which completely flooded cabin, destroying all contents of poop, carrying boats overboard: all well." "Cherbourg, France: Liner Berengaria arrived reports damaged crockery furnishings worth 50,000 dollars in storm."

So it goes. But what a vista of maritime adventure is opened up! Romance at sea is not yet dead, and never will be while there is a sea left to roll and a man to sail on it. Any day of the week, a handful of hardy fishermen may be putting up a "hard fight" getting ashore in dories from a smashed-up schooner somewhere along the stormy coast of Maine; on any dull evening a Finnish barque may be taking a washing-out down near the Horn. Adventure still sails the ocean. There are still racing sailing-ships. There are still lone circumnavigators. There are still strange stories of the sea, and stranger happenings—missing ships, and inexplicable occurrences; pirates (on the China coast); blackbirders (in the Bay of Bengal); mutineers (anywhere).

My Miscellany this morning told of a Norwegian steamer gutted by pirates off Bias Bay; yesterday it spoke of a small steamer very much overdue on a North Atlantic passage. She had left South Wales, bound to a Canadian port with coal. That was forty-five days before. Since then—nothing. No sign of the steamer; no report; no sound. At least one ship a month goes missing somewhere . . .

Two big four-masted barques have just equalled the clipper-ship record to Australia. The best passage ever made in that trade was the sixty days of the crack Thermopylae from London to Melbourne, and that was sixty years ago.

In 1934 the German four-masted barques Padua and Priwall sailed from the Isle of Wight to Spencer Gulf in 62 days. They are no clippers. They are great steel sailors, built since the war, and they are manned by boys. They are entrants in the great Grain Race of all the surviving windjammers in the world that takes place annually from South Australia to the English Channel. Twenty-one grand sailing-ships, still racing round the Horn! Most landsmen do not know that any Cape Horn sailing-ships still survive.

You will not see them at sea. You will read little about them in the newspapers. They go quietly about their business, still doing their share of the world's work. They carry grain in sacks from small ports in South Australia, circumnavigating the globe on every voyage—outwards in ballast by way of Good Hope, and homewards deep-laden by way of the Horn. The old, old road that all the clippers sailed in days thought to be long gone; the old, old road of red-blooded mariners, and wind ships, and romance! They sail their own routes, far from the steamship lanes—seeking the wild west winds that howl through their steel riggings on the rolling road around the Horn, wallowing in symmetrical loveliness through the balmy Trades, lying quietly like modelled ships anchored to their own inverted images in the calms on the Line. Brave ships!

And still they race, though the most of them are very old and their days are numbered now. Only the Priwall and Padua of the German House of Laeisz—famous in any history of Sail—have been built since the war; the average age of the rest of them is nearer forty.

Sometimes one sails, and does not come in—the graceful Danish Kjobenhavn, the loveliest of them all; the old four-masted battler Hougomont, that was once wrecked on Fire Island but floated off again and sailed for fifteen more years; the big Melbourne, cut down by a blundering tanker on the Irish coast, with her landfall made and her anchorage in sight, after a 105-day passage from Australia.

The Kjobenhavn went missing, with her sixty boys; the Hougomont lost her rigging, and struggled into an Australian port under two sails.

The Archibald Russell (four-masted barque) smashed up her port watch when a spare spar took charge in a Cape Horn hurricane; the ship Grace Harwar drove her officers insane; the Swedish four-master C. B. Pedersen was twice driven from Cape Horn by a succession of savage gales, and forced to run for Panama Canal in distress; the old Norddeutscher Lloyd training-ship Herzogin Cecilie (now a Finnish grain-racer) was caught in the ice off the Horn last year, and her consort Olivebank escaped collision with a giant berg by a hair's breadth . . .

Apart from the Grain Race, sailing-ships still find their share of adventures. The Danish barque Suzanne, last survivor in the logwood trade from the West Indies to Le Havre, rode out a hurricane that sank three steamers and made port after a long, bitter voyage only to be sold to shipbreakers in the end—the other day. The Spanish barque Guardalahorce left New York and was never again heard of—the other day. The Finnish barque Plus, making her home port of Mariehamn after a long passage from the Seychelles Islands with guano, drove ashore in a winter gale and drowned all her crew almost on the thresholds of their homes—

the other day. The barque Fred and the barque Loch Linnhe were lost in the same gale.

Well? Ships always were lost, anyway. That is nothing new. But it is strange that so many should still be willing to risk their lives, under sail—and sometimes to lose them. The mortality in the Grain Race itself is high—five per cent, in an average year. Twelve big square-rigged ships have gone missing in this trade only since the war; and nothing of them ever has been found. Nothing of them, and nothing of their crews —and nothing ever will be.

But sea adventure is not given up entirely to the professionals. A transatlantic passage in a yacht has become almost commonplace; even a circumnavigation of the globe in a small vessel is taken as a matter of course.

In a yacht harbor in San Francisco Bay a month ago I saw an old man in a small green ship he had built himself; he sailed her alone, he said, and he just went where he wanted to. His name was Drake (a good name for a circumnavigator); this was his third ship. (He had lost the other two but he did not mention that.) He had just come up from Honolulu and was about to sail for ports unknown.

He sailed by himself, he said, because he'd kind of got used to his own company and knew he could put up with it; he wasn't so sure about anybody else. In the nights he just hove-to and hung a lantern to his schooner's bow "so she'd find the way." His craft was about 35 feet long, with one cabin; she looked rather homely to me, but to him she was grander than any liner. Good luck to you, Captain Drake!

Moored quite close to his undistinguished and not altogether yacht-like command was the crack shooner Zaca, also fitting out for a circumnavigation. The Zaca is one of those typical American schooner-yachts which may turn up anywhere and often do — from Bali to Levuka, and Zanzibar to the Hook of Holland. Diesel-powered, sweet-lined, powerfully-rigged, she could go anywhere. She had, I gathered, already been twice around the world.

In Los Angeles harbor I saw a sixteen-foot skiff a man had brought up single-handed from Australia—and he had never been a sailor. When he came in the immigration authorities held him up as he had no visa. A poor welcome, one thought; after all, there would have been scant fun for Columbus if he had been met by an immigration inspector seeking visas.

The would-be discoverer of today must take himself and his craft circumspectly about the globe, with the proper documents and rubber stamps and labels all in order. A port without some inspector or customs man or heavy-handed investigator of imaginary shortcomings is rare indeed, even in the South Sea islands; sometimes one is driven to the bitter reflection that a welcoming committee of cannibals had some good points.

After all, you could usually get rid of them with a hand-out of old opera hats and colored beads . . .

At San Diego a small ketch came in that some British naval officers had built out in Hong Kong; they had their leave, and were sailing the ketch to England. She was about forty feet long.

At City Island I saw an old cutter which —to be perfectly frank—looked none too good even for a summer's day in Long Island Sound. They told me a man had sailed the cutter from the west coast of Africa, coming in one day as unconcernedly as if he had just dropped down from Pelham Bay.

The Atlantic was crossed at least ten times by yachts under sixty feet in length last year. The yawl Dorade broke all records for a west-bound passage on her return from a cruise that began in New York, took in Norway and England, and then the return across the Atlantic again, coming back in twenty-two days. The Dorade is only 37 feet on the waterline.

The French marine artist M. Marin Marie sailed his cutter Winnibelle II from France to New York single-handed; a Norwegian named Hansen brought a little pilot cutter from Norway to Chicago, to have a look at the World's Fair there. He left, when that was over, and dropped in on Montevideo the other day. From there he thought he might drop over the South Atlantic and have a look at South Africa.

Two other Norwegians sailed a twenty-five foot cutter from Norway to New York. They were unemployed sailors and they built the cutter for something to do. When she was built they naturally had to sail her somewhere; so they came over to the World's Fair, too.

They came in with long whiskers, smoking tea leaves, and were happiest at the number of pretty girls who came swimming out to meet them. They saw the fair, sold the yacht, and went home again. Latest reports are that they are building another cutter.

So it goes, with the story not yet begun. There is Irving Johnson in the Yankee; the Walters brothers in the Ahto that has crossed the Atlantic five times and doesn't look strong enough to cross the Delaware; the German ketch Te Rapunga, thirty-five feet long, which by latest reports was somewhere in New Zealand. The number of circumnavigating yachts and schooners at this moment must be at least a dozen; and there will soon be more. Some of them, of course, never accomplish their objective. Few are lost; but there are — well, rows amongst the personnel, and they split up and come home. Or they split up without rows: the effect is the same.

With the coming of every spring, a day scarcely passes without an advertisement in the great national dailies asking for some "able-bodied young college-man" to join this schooner or that, or donate his services (usually plus some fixed or unfixed sum in cash) to this expedition or that.

If I were an able-bodied young college-man I would be somewhat chary of such advertisements and such schemes. There are good ones, of course; I suppose the most are. But it has always seemed to me that the transportation of a number of "paying guests" in any manner of vessel, bound on a long voyage with no real aim, was a foolish preliminary to a great deal of unnecessary bickering, trouble, and expense. These round-the-world paying trips rarely work. There have been many on paper, but few actually on the sea. I know of only one that is thoroughly worthy, from every point of view; yet it also is not without its troubles. A group of human beings collectively seeking escape are usually not the best of shipmates; the first lesson any mariner must learn is that there *is* no escape, but the landsman clings to his belief that the sea will bring relief, and change, and everything illusive he has so long sought.

It won't—unless he contributes a very great deal himself.

No, if I were an able-bodied young college-man I think I would set about getting a ship of my own—a small one, husky and strong. And I would sail her myself or with one or two tried and worthy friends. But first of all I think I would take a passage in one of those Grain-racing windjammers that thrash around the Horn—and then maybe I would never want to go seafaring any more.

Of course, that useless advice is only if I were an able-bodied young college-man. I'm not; I went to sea when I was fifteen and I have been in those Grain-racers round the Horn now seven times. And though I too have learned that there is no escape (except maybe from telephones, newspapers, and radio—which is something) I guess quite likely I may go again, in any kind of ship that I can find.

For after all, the land is a mighty dull place, anyway.

Hew to the Line

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wouldn't know a rivet if I saw one; if I did I wouldn't speak to it.

Well, Patterson came in about then, so I got down off my girder and talked about how much I liked Ogdensburg. Patterson told me that there would be a directors' meeting Monday and that they would decide then whether to let a New York firm handle the contract. I said I'd wait over.

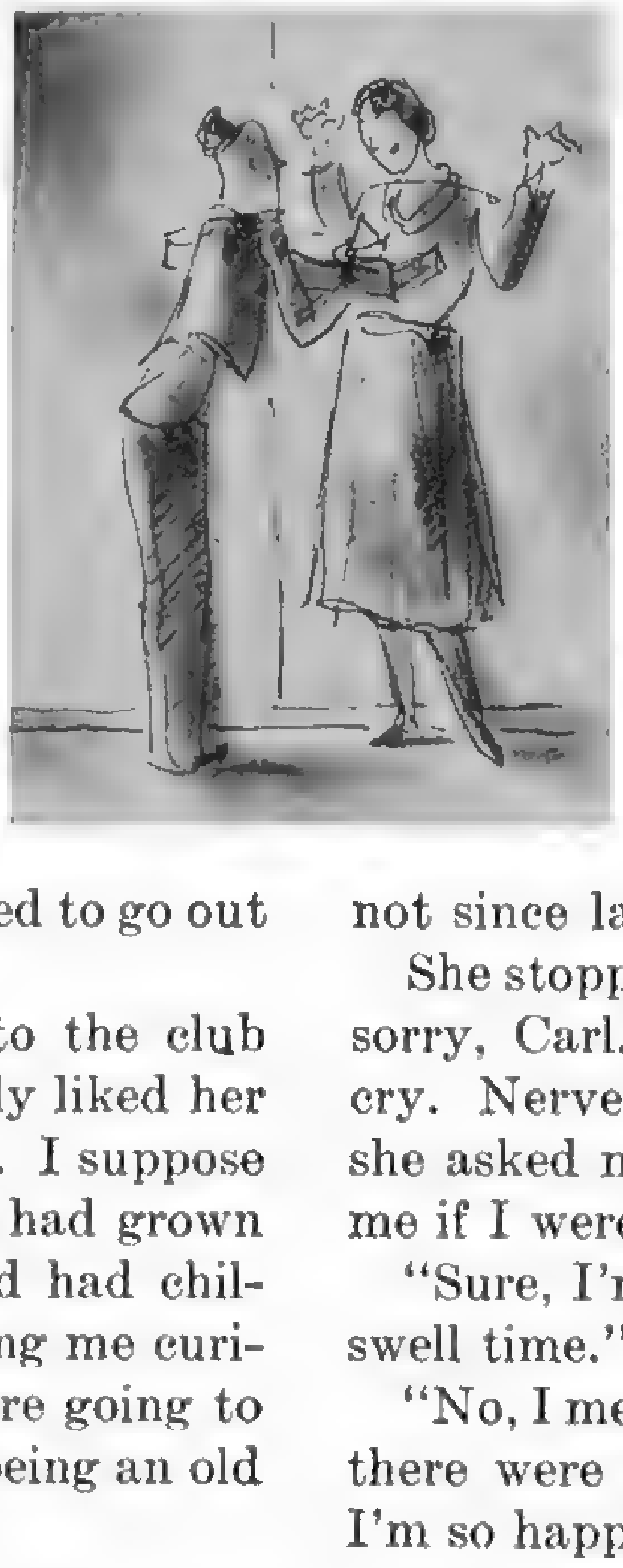
"If Mr. Randall is going to stay the week-end," Mabel said to her father, "he might like to go to the dance at the country club tomorrow night."

"By all means," said Patterson. "I'll be delighted if you'll come as my guest, sir."

Mabel said, "Do come, Mr. Randall. The dances are really awfully good fun."

I figured to myself how much fun a dance at the Ogdensburg Country Club was likely to be. But, as Murphy said, I wasn't up there for a vacation. I saw my cue and I took it.

There are more ways than one to sell a bill of goods. My best angle of approach to this job, I figured, was through the girl. I played up that line about the thrill of being a big builder—you know, the soldier of fortune sort of thing—and I could see she liked me, all right. Don't misunderstand me about Mabel; I really liked her too. She was a good scout. Everybody seemed to like her. She invited me to play golf with her Saturday afternoon, and around the country club I was introduced to a lot of people whose names don't make any difference in this story. What interested me about them was their attitude towards Mabel. Older men, friends of her father, I guess, all stopped to say hello to her and ask how her game was going; and all the women asked how she was as though they really wanted to know. Even the caddies liked her. My kid confided to me that she was the best woman player in the club and then added as an afterthought, "an' the nicest, too." Every time she missed a putt it nearly broke the youngster's heart and whenever she won a hole from me I could see that he wanted to go out and light bonfires about it.



The crowd we joined to go to the club dance in the evening all evidently liked her too. Most of them were married. I suppose that by now all the girls Mabel had grown up with had gotten married and had children. I could tell they were eyeing me curiously, wondering if maybe I were going to save their precious Mabel from being an old maid.

At the dance, I had her on my hands little enough. There was always someone to cut in on her, pretty frequently one of the older men. I didn't get much time alone with her until quite late when we decided to walk outside for a breath of fresh air.

It was one of those swell summer nights with just the tail end of a moon and a hundred million stars. I had a pretty good idea of what was going to happen just as soon as we stepped out of the club. Girls don't go out walking on golf courses just to get their evening slippers dusty.

We strolled out along one of the fairways. "I like all your friends, Mabel," I said. "They're a grand crowd of people; and they certainly all seem mighty fond of you."

"Yes," she said, "they're fond of me."

I was puzzled by the way she said it. Neither of us spoke for about a minute. Then she went on: "I guess they all think of me as a sort of big sister. Sometimes I wish they didn't."

"What do you mean by that, Mabel? Of course they all tell their troubles to you. You're a grand girl."

"Fondness isn't a terribly exciting sentiment," she said.

"No, that's true. It isn't. I guess excitement is what you're looking for."

"I suppose it is. Only I don't want to take cheap thrills as a substitute."

"You couldn't ever do anything cheap, Mabel," I said. "You're too real."

"Do you really believe that, Carl? Thank you."

We had stopped by a clump of trees at the end of the fairway and were standing pretty close together in their shadow where it was quite dark. She turned half towards me, looking up into my face. Hell, I've been around long enough, you know, to tell when a girl wants to be kissed.

I put my arms around her and she just stood there stiffly while I kissed her. Her lips were rough and dry. Then, suddenly, as though something had snapped inside her, she unstiffened. Her body clamped itself against mine, and her arms went up around my neck, pulling my head down to her. I kissed her again. There was something excitingly animal about her. Her lips became moist and I could feel their fullness and softness. She trembled a little.

Then she commenced to cry. I know all about that; I've run into it before plenty often. It seems whenever you kiss a girl the first time she's got to cry a little just to let you know how much it means to her. I guess they want to make you think they've never done it before—not since last night, anyway.

She stopped after a minute and said: "I'm sorry, Carl. I don't know what made me cry. Nerves, I guess. You're sweet." Then she asked me a funny question. She asked me if I were happy.

"Sure, I'm happy," I said. "I'm having a swell time."

"No, I mean really happy, Carl. As though there were something bursting inside you. I'm so happy now that I can't seem to hold it inside myself. I feel overflowing."

After a bit, she said in a low voice, "Carl, listen, you aren't just playing the city slicker with the small town girl, are you? I couldn't bear that. I've never acted like this with anyone before."

"Of course not, Mabel. You ought to know better than to think that."

"I don't think it, Carl. I was stupid to say that. You're so different from any of the men I've known up here. You've lived so much more excitingly and done so many things. I . . ."

"You're lovely, Mabel," I said fervently. "You're a grand girl." I almost meant it, too. She really looked lovely, standing there with just a little moonlight filtering down on her through the trees and the breeze ruffling up a few stray wisps of hair.

Before I left for New York on Monday, I had two things definitely accomplished. One was that old man Patterson agreed to give due consideration to an estimate from Roy-Murphy. The other was that Mabel promised to come down the following week-end and to see me Saturday evening. You can see how the two tied up. By the end of the week we'd have our bid ready and wire it up to Ogdensburg. Then over the week-end I could work on Mabel, so that she would go back and talk turkey to her father before he let the contract. I told Murphy when I got into the office that I thought it was in the bag.

Sayre, the architect, worked with Murphy and me over the plans, so I knew we had the inside track all right. By Friday we had a figure ready, and I wired it up to Patterson. The same day I had a telegram from Mabel, saying she'd get to New York at five o'clock on Saturday.

I really did Mabel proud on the old expense account. I sent her a corsage of orchids; the way she exclaimed over them, you'd have thought I'd given her a diamond wrist watch. She was like a little girl. We dined at Maison Lafitte and afterwards we went around to Leon and Eddie's and had a couple of more drinks and listened to some songs. She was very gay all through dinner. With the liquor, she became even more vivacious. Her color was naturally high, and her eyes glistened, so that she really looked quite pretty.

I was waiting for a chance to say something about the job in Ogdensburg, but I didn't want to rush matters. I was hoping she'd bring it up herself, but she didn't.

Late in the evening we went over to my apartment. We were both a little drunk, I guess, when we got there. I helped her off with her wrap, and it seemed to be the thing to do, so I took her in my arms and kissed her. "Carl, darling," she said, "you do really care about me a little, don't you?"

Naturally I said: "Of course I do, darling. You're the sweetest person I've ever known."

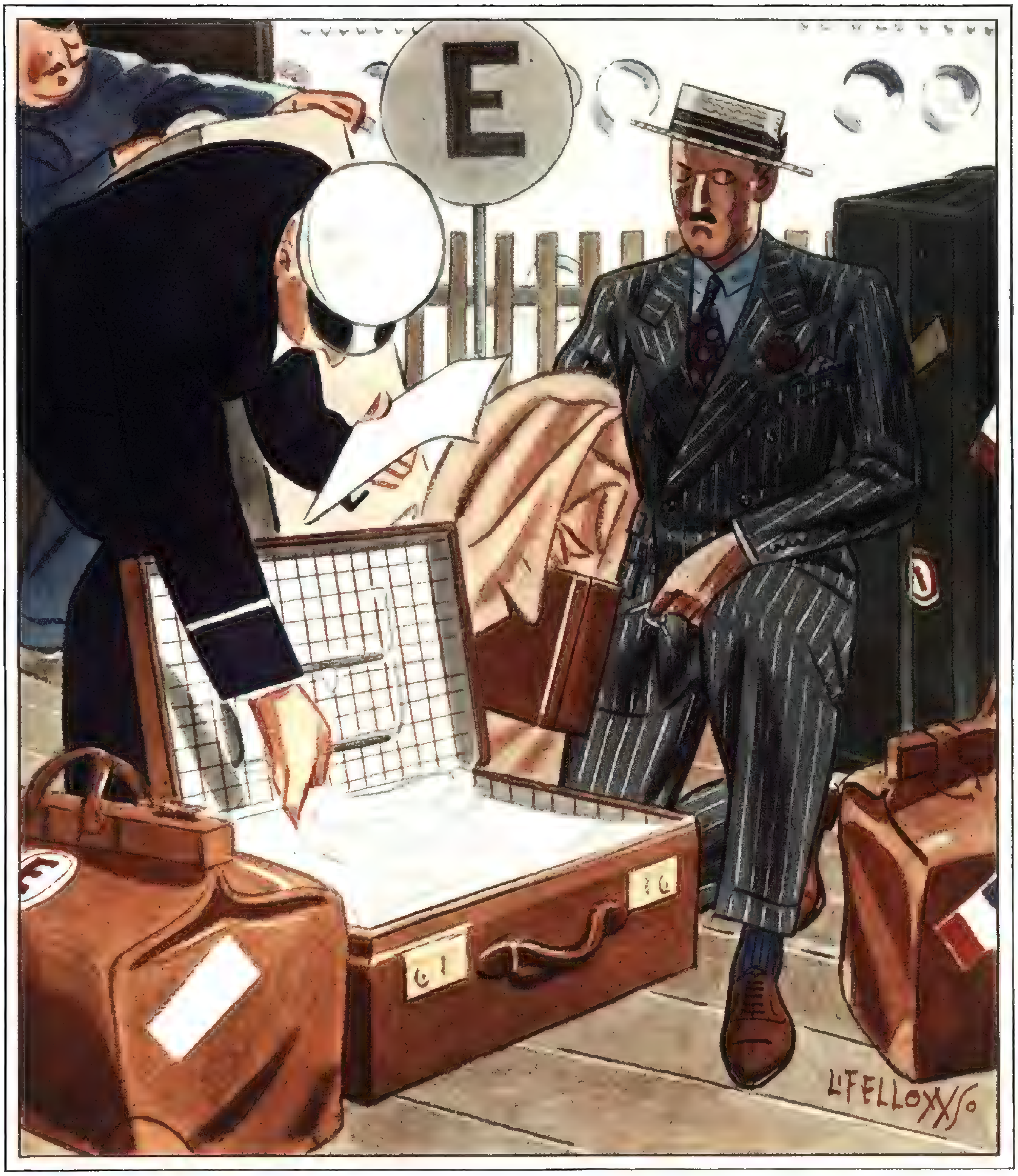
We sat down together on the sofa and suddenly she put up her two hands and held my face between them and made me look down at her. Her eyes had a strange, deep, shiny quality. She held me like that for a long minute; then she sighed happily and put my arm around her and let her head rest on my shoulder. I figured this was as good a chance as I could possibly get to clinch the business of that contract.

I waited for a couple of minutes before I said anything and we just sat there silently. Then, as though it had just come into my head, I asked: "By the way, darling, have you heard anything about the contract for the new building?"

"No, I don't know what they're going to do about it. Father hasn't said anything."

"You know it means an awful lot to me," I said. "I'm counting on you, darling, to help me get the job. I sure want to land it."

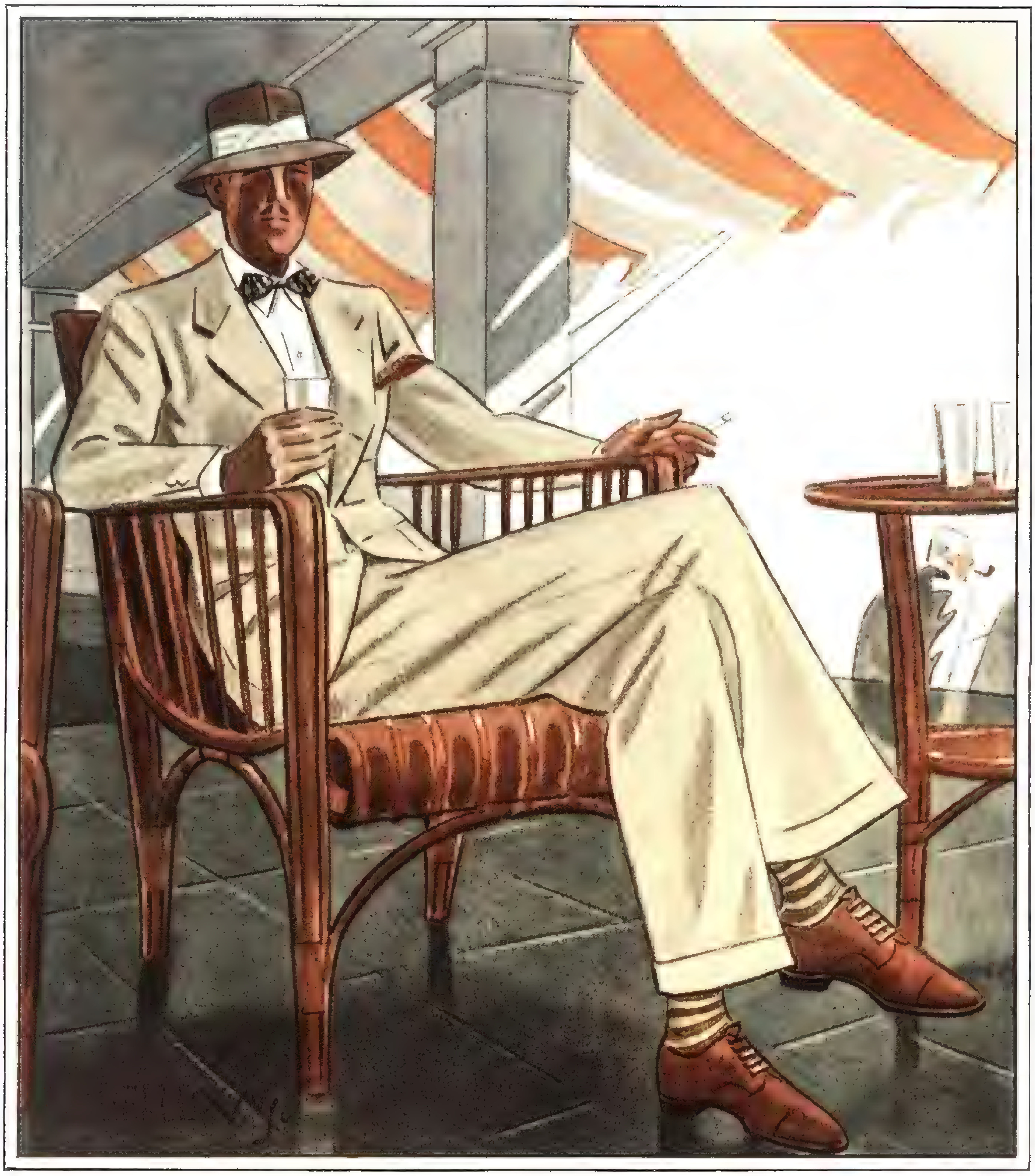
Continued on Page 107



WHEREIN TO LOOK DOWN ONE'S NOSE AT CUSTOMS MEN

If you want to give yourself the earmarks of that hero of all the classy copywriters, "The experienced traveller," get yourself to your outfitters with this page in your hand. The suiting is that fabric of which well dressed men will never tire, although they may some day rise up in righteous rebellion at hearing it spoken of, season after season, as The Prince of Wales' Own. It is a medium dark grey flannel with white chalk stripes spaced about three quarters of an inch apart, and it is usually made up in a double breasted model like the one sketched here, of which the distinguishing features are the rather long jacket, which drapes gracefully at the shoulders and is slightly fitted at the waist, carrying an extra cash or ticket pocket. Note, also, that it has a slight taper both in the sleeves and in the trouser legs. The shirt is a tab collar model, the collar being somewhat lower set than the original tab as introduced by that prince whose name we have so often vowed not to mention again. The tie is a blue crepe with large red spots, a high fashion item that was given a great play in London last season. The hat is a boater straw, with a club band —the boater straw being just one more item which we become very tired of crediting to the prince. The shoes are of brown buckskin with leather soles and heels, made over a town last. This is another new wrinkle, buckskin having been confined to sports and country models in the past. Some small solace for good Americans who grow weary of the mention of the English origin of so many of our fashions may be gained by labelling the buttonhole carnation as Harvard Red. The overarm coat is a tan camel's hair in a polo model.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



TO KEEP AS COOL AS A LONG DRINK IN A FROSTY GLASS

The high points, from a fashion standpoint, of this outfit are: the dark brown leghorn hat with the puggaree band of white shantung, the pointed end India madras bow tie, the color of the suit, and the fact that the brown buckskin shoes have leather soles and heels that are varnished black. The universal acceptance of white suits for summer wear gives the natural tan shade an edge in the preference of those men who make it a point to be a jump and a half ahead of the general vogue rather than barely abreast of it. Breaking the outfit down into its component parts, it consists of a single breasted notched lapel suit of light weight shantung silk, in the natural tan color, a white shirt with collar attached, and light weight lisle hose, plus the items already mentioned. Either the jacket or the trousers may, of course, be worn in combination with odd jackets and slacks. A hot note is afforded by the breast pocket handkerchief of red silk in a Persian design. For that matter, the tans, reds and browns employed in this turnout would all probably be classified by the people who make up the scientific color charts as rather warm colors, which proves nothing but that men's fashions are little, if any, more amenable to the dictates of common sense than women's. If a color happens to be smart, it's in, and if it doesn't then it's out, and that goes in any weather. However, these colors are very becoming in conjunction with a healthy coat of tan and the nature and weight of the materials puts this outfit beyond reproach, even when judged on a basis of comfort first. The brown leghorn hat, by the way, seems to be catching on very fast. In the recent past, this was considered an old man's style, but now it's smart as all get out.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Hew to the Line

Continued from page 104

She stirred suddenly and sat up straight and looked at me. She didn't say anything for about a minute. Then she just said in a curious, low voice, as though she were speaking to herself more than to me, "Oh . . . I see." That was all.

I realized that maybe I'd been abrupt about it, so I said carelessly, "Well, we can talk about it later on. Would you like a drink? I'll go fix you one."

She didn't seem to hear me. "Shall I go fix you a drink, dear?" I asked again.

"Yes," she said. "I'd like one."

So I went out to the kitchen to mix a couple of highballs. I wasn't out of the living room more than about three minutes. But when I came back, she wasn't there. She wasn't in the bedroom either. She'd just left without a word of explanation. It was a swell mess. I figured I could just kiss that Ogdensburg job good-bye. Christ, what a break after all the work I'd put in.

Well, I waited awhile and then called her hotel. They told me her room didn't answer. I went over there Sunday morning, and they told me she had checked out and gone back to Ogdensburg. Fine situation, wasn't it? I thought I might get a letter from her Monday telling me what it was all about, but nothing came. By Monday night I figured my only hope was to run up to Ogdensburg and see if I couldn't possibly pick up the pieces. So bright and early Tuesday I barged into Patterson's office.

"Hello," he said cheerfully. "Glad to see you. I was going to wire you to take the train up tonight."

If he'd come after me with a hatchet, I'd have been less surprised. However, I smiled genially and said, "Well, sir, I beat you to it. I thought you might be wanting to see me, so here I am."

"Good. That's fine. There's a day saved then. We've decided to award the job to your firm. Your contract's ready for you. The sooner you start work on it, the better."

The old boy's gone loony too, I thought. But he wasn't kidding. The papers were all in order. I signed for Roy-Murphy. He shook hands with me cordially, congratulated me on landing the job and wished us luck in carrying it through. Then he invited me to come home with him to lunch.

"I'll be delighted," I said. "I certainly want to see Mabel before I go to New York."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he told me. "She's not home. When she came back Sunday from New York, she found a letter from an old school chum inviting her out to Cleveland to visit for a few weeks. She made up her mind suddenly and left this morning."

"I'm mighty sorry I missed her," I said. "Did she—uh—did she leave any message for me or anything?"

"No, I don't think so. She told me how very nice you were to her in New York and what a splendid time she had. You can thank Mabel, by the way, for this contract. She told me she wanted very much to see you get it. I set a great deal of store on Mabel's judgment, you know."

Well, all right, you dope it out; I can't.

An Offering to the Sea

Continued from page 33

suspicion, then shipped on this one outward bound, an' here I am, safe an' sound. That's the yarn, mates."

Scudder rose and stretched himself, the usual gleam of ferocious humor in his eyes, and something that looked like the triumph of the artist who knows his work is good and sees his audience thrilled too deeply for expression. It required an able man, he seemed to think, to throttle a helpless woman and dispose of her body without drawing suspicion on himself, and perhaps he was right in a way. After a little he turned from the hatch and mounted the ladder to the fo'c'sle head, aware of the ominous silence of the others and wishing to be alone, perhaps to gloat over his frightful act of vengeance. Up there, however, he fooled about with a rope, seemingly at peace and forgetting his dead young wife.

Larry left the muttering group on the forehatch and went aft to the quarterdeck, where the mate was enjoying a smoke, leaning against the rail on the starboard side and scanning the horizon in search of a breeze.

"Scudder's the Joner, sir," said Larry. "He's the bloke I told you about."

"What's he done?" the mate enquired, staring steadily at the bos'n while he recounted the tale of the murder he had just heard. "That's the reason for the sky an' the sea bein' so queer, sir," he commented when he had finished. "This ship is doomed if we don't get rid of that man somehow."

The mate continued to stare, wondering if there was any truth in this Jonah business or if the long continued calm had driven all hands crazy.

"What do the men say?" he asked finally.

"They say, sir, that the ship will float on this dead sea till she rots, an' every man aboard of her will die if Scudder stays among us. We'll never get another breeze of wind as long as the curse of foul murder is laid on us, an' the only way to get rid of it is to get rid of Scudder."

"All right, Larry. Go forrid, an' I'll find out what the skipper thinks."

Larry went forward to the main hatch and sat down to light his pipe while the mate slowly mounted the poop ladder and halted in front of the skipper, who was again pacing back and forth, the frown of anxiety cutting a deeper line between his brows. He listened to the tale of Scudder.

"Do you believe in the Jonah theory, Mister Crosby?" he enquired at the end.

"I don't know, sir, whether I do or not. I've seen some queer things at sea, but I never saw weather like this before, an' I've never been shipmates with a Jonah. Mebbe there's some connection between them."

"Yes, I believe there is a connection," declared the skipper. "This sea and sky will drive me crazy if there isn't a change pretty soon. I'm almost convinced that we're walled in here by some unknown power of justice, and here we'll stay, as the men say, until we rot, unless we get rid of Scudder. But you and I can take no official action in the matter. Tell the bos'n that I sympathize with the men, but I can do nothing. Maritime law makes no provision for Jonahs."

"Very good, sir," said the mate, returning to the main deck and calling Larry aft to tell him what the captain had said.

"What does that mean, sir?" Larry asked.

"As I understand it, the skipper ain't takin' a hand in gettin' rid of Scudder, but he won't interfere if the men attend to the matter themselves. You'll have to make your own plans."

"What about you, sir?" Larry asked with some anxiety.

"I'll be doin' something else," replied Mister Crosby. "But remember this. Don't do Scudder any violence, like knifin' him or knockin' his brains out. All you can do is to put him alive over the side. Get him off the ship an' let the gods do the rest."

"Right, sir. I'll remember that."

The mate sauntered away, and Larry went forward as far as the main hatch, where he was shortly joined by Scotty, Nibbs, Graham and Gunderson.

"What's the word, Bos'n?" these four wanted to know, and Larry told them.

"Listen, you blokes. Spread among the other men an' tell them to take their sheath-knives in their hands an' gather round Scudder. We're not to hurt him personal but make him think we're cravin' to plunge our knives into his guts. We'll drive him to the rail then make a rush an' throw him over unless he's scared enough to jump before we reach him. Got that?"

"Sure, we got it. Ain't nothin' to it," they assured Larry.

"Awright. Get goin'."

The conspirators spread themselves among the other men and whispered with winks and furtive jerking of thumbs in the direction of Scudder, who had returned to the main deck and stood leaning on the rail abaft the fore rigging, smoking his pipe and gazing intently into the southeast where he seemed to see something. He was not unaware of the whispering among the crew, and at times a shadow of fear darkened the odd light in his eyes. Watching Larry and his lieutenants moving among the others he felt certain they were talking about himself and regretted his fondness for yarning, the dominant impulse that drove him to find his highest fulfillment in holding an audience spellbound. When that urge possessed him he was really insane, as he must have been to give such evidence against himself.

He turned inboard at a sudden concerted movement of the men, who advanced in crescent formation with naked knives pointed threateningly, hemming him in against the rail. The sun had set and the swiftly gathering darkness was closing down on the ship, but he could see the grim faces of his shipmates and the dull gleam of their steel, and he knew he would receive no mercy from them. They were in the deadly grip of olden superstition, convinced that in killing him or casting him to the sea they were saving the ship and the lives of all her company. But the captain and the mate would defend him, he thought, and he threw up

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An Offering to the Sea

Continued from page 107

his head and sent a shrill call aft:

"Captain! Mister Crosby! They're killin' me!"

"They won't help you none, Scudder," Larry told him coldly, and the line of steel drew closer. "Get off the ship, you bloody murderer. Over the rail, quick, or we'll carve you into mincemeat."

"That's right," said Nibbs. "You're the Joner that's put the curse on us. They want you in hell for throttlin' your wife."

"This knife o' mine won't keep steady much longer, Scudder," Scotty warned. "An' I'd hate to see your guts flowin' all over the clean deck."

Scudder looked desperately from one hard, bronzed face to another and saw no sign of pity or indecision, and it came to him that the captain and the mate had given the men permission to do this, since the officers had made no response to his appeal for help. The bristling line of knives drew inexorably closer, and he knew that the sea would be kinder than the men who held them. With this thought came decision and he vaulted to the rail, swung round and stretched forth his horrible hands in ferocious condemnation.

"I'll see you all in hell," he raved. "Blast you! I'll come back to this ship an' laff at you. I'll be with you every minute till you reach port." He threw his hands above his head and dived into the sea, and the men swept to the rail and watched him disappear under the dark and silent water. For a long time they stood staring down, until the ripples of his entrance had rolled away out of sight and the sea become stagnant again, then they turned inboard, sheathing their knives with sighs of relief, and moved to the forehatch, silent and not quite certain that their action was justified. After the manner of men who are swayed by emotion, now that the deed was done they were troubled with doubts. Nibbs rose suddenly.

"Geez!" He exclaimed. "It's my lookout." He ran up the ladder to the foc'sle head as seven bells went aft. One of the men rose from the hatch and struck the time on the ship's bell while Nibbs inspected the sidelights, which had been lighted at sunset.

"Lights are burnin' bright an' all's well, sir," he sang out.

"Aye, aye," came the response of the mate through the still darkness.

The headsails quivered and the sheets made a faint rustling sound. A sudden lifting sensation brought the men to their feet, and a babble of sound broke forth. The breeze fanned their faces as if wafted by angels' wings, the headsails filled, the foresail bellied out, the main sheet creaked with the pressure of wind that sighed gently in the rigging, and the sea awoke to life.

"Lee fore braces," roared the mate, stamping forward along the main deck, and the men became as children at play.

"What d'you know about that!" they rejoiced, their doubts blown clear away by the godsent wind. "That Joner Scudder ain't been gone half an hour, an' here comes the breeze. That proves we was right."

"Who don't believe in Joners now?" challenged Gunderson.

"Quit belly-achin'," cried the mate. "An' put your weight on them braces. Haul them sharp up for the southeast trades."

They braced her up on the port tack, and the mate went back to the poop.

"This is the most remarkable confirmation," mused the skipper, the deep crease gone from his forehead. "It seems to prove beyond a doubt that Scudder was really a Jonah. I've never heard of anything more conclusive. It's opposed to reason and good sense, yet we must accept the evidence. The breeze has come, the sea is itself again, and the sky is beautiful with stars."

"Yes, sir," agreed the mate. "I don't know what better proof we could have."

The man at the wheel steered "full and by," humming softly as he twirled the spokes, watching the weather leech of the main royal in the faint but sufficient light of the stars.

The breeze grew stronger and sang through the rigging, the ship lay over at a slight angle, cutting through the water with power and glory, and the foam curled up from her forefoot. She began to rise and fall, quivering like an eager horse as she headed into the bright sea, smacking friendly sprays upward from her bows, but not as high as the rail. It was a lovely breeze, not too strong and not too gentle but just exactly right. The night passed happily, and the next day, and in the second dogwatch the men gathered on the fore hatch according to custom.

As they sat there joking and laughing in the shameless manner of seamen, Scudder walked calmly out from under the foc'sle head, stopping in full view of the astonished men to beat the coal dust from his dungarees. The mate had just come forward to take a look at the fore tack, which he thought might be hauled down another inch or two to set the sail a little smoother. When he caught sight of Scudder he stopped and stared, and the sailor stared back, approaching gingerly.

"I ain't no Joner, sir," he declared civilly. "I came aboard again two'r three minutes after I went over the side, an' I been down in the forepeak among the coal all the time. That proves I ain't no Joner, sir. We wouldn't have this steady breeze if I was."

"How'd you come aboard again?" the mate asked, avoiding argument.

"I swum round the cutwater an' came up on a rope I left hangin' over the bows, sir. When the other fellers was lookin' over the starboard side I came down the port ladder an' stowed away in the forepeak, sir."

"So you had it all fixed up?" The mate was annoyed but admitted the caustic humor of the situation. He wondered with potential inward laughter what the skipper would say about this.

"Yes, sir," replied Scudder. "I had to look out for myself. But I ain't no Joner, sir. I've never been married. My pay ain't enough to keep a wife an' a mother, so I does without the wife an' keeps my old woman. I never done no murder, sir. That tale about stranglin' my wife was jest a yarn."

"A yarn!" repeated the mate, opening his eyes wide. "What made you tell a bloody-awful yarn like that?"

"My hands, sir," said Scudder, thrusting them out, his glittering eyes ranging across the outraged group on the hatch.

The mate was tough and seasoned with the brine of twenty years seafaring. He had faced death and destruction on many a sea-swept deck without a tremor, but when he glanced at those murderous hands he felt a chill run down his spine.

"You see, sir," said Scudder convincingly. "They looks jest right for throttlin' a wife, so I spins the yarn accordin'."

You've Got to Have a System

Continued from page 67

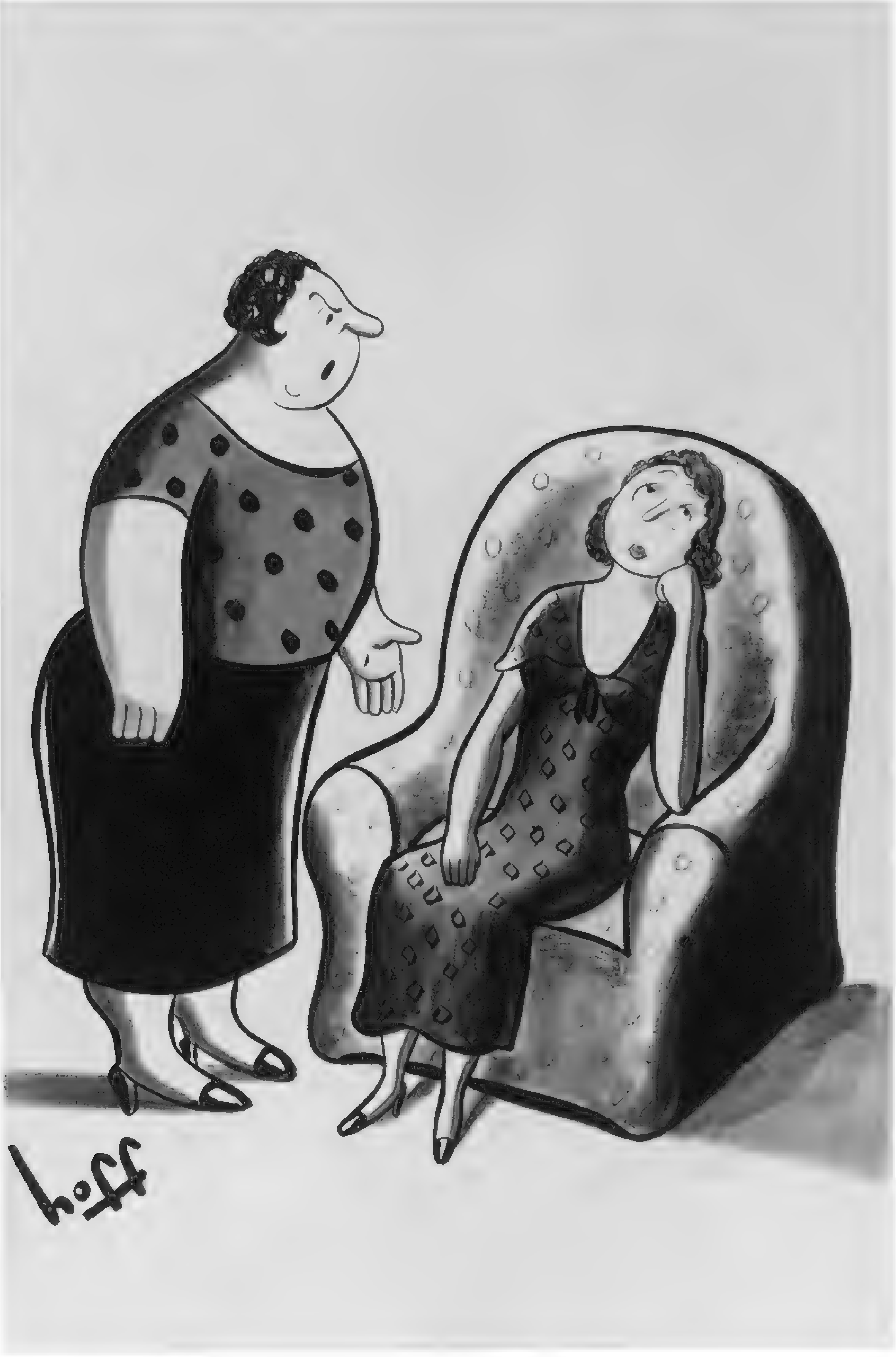
found a casino. Any day, now, we could begin saving.

In the meantime we spent our daily or nightly winnings, talking very late over Welsh rarebits and beer, with Oxford graduates and English colonels retired from active service in India, Africa, or China. We went to teas. We walked to Mentone, and Monte Carlo, along the Grande Corniche, high above the sparkling Mediterranean. Once we climbed up through the green mountains behind Nice—where industrious Frenchmen grow flowers to send to the nearby perfumeries in Grasse—to enjoy the winter sports at Piera Cava. We did everything—except start saving our money.

Then, one awful night, I found myself clinging to the back of Carl's chair for support. He placed his first hundred-franc bet. Then his second, and finally his third, the 38th and last bet on the chart. It couldn't happen; not to us. But it did. Our infallible system crashed. Like sand into a flood we poured our money, vainly trying to stop the disastrous flow and recoup some of our losses. Forty throws without our number, 44, 49, 50. Dumbly we reached into empty pockets and stood with our hands in them as the *boulier* droned out his endless sentence—the order for our banishment. Our number failed to show for 55 times! We were through for good.

Our lamentable error, which we recognized in the following weeks of painting and rust-chipping as workaways on a New York-bound freighter, was not setting up a surplus against the awful, inevitable night. If we had established out of our winnings a reserve capital; if we had bought two steins of beer each time instead of four—then we could have returned to win another day. However, what a trifling life. Better to return home before having to explain our extraordinary income to wise but unworldly parents. Return to America and amount to something!

The Casino is still there, invitingly open to all the idlers who seek its *grandes diversions*. People stroll in the Riviera sun along the Promenade, turning in now and then to throw down a bet on the long green table. Foolish people! No system to their play; just random betting. You've got to have a system to win.



"—and maybe if you listened to your old lady, you wouldn't get thrown over by everybody"

The Fox in the Sky

Continued from page 97

every pilot had to protect his standing, and any pilot was entitled to challenge either of the two men immediately above him on any of the four ladders.

For example, the locker-room argument revolves about the bomb-dropping ability of Pilot A, and he immediately challenges the men above him. They must accept the challenge or default. They meet some afternoon and fight it out, with club members, mutually agreed upon, acting as judges. The beauty of this competition over most of the others is that it is possible for any two members to get together any day in the week for competitive flying. If the man on the rung ahead of a challenger in the barrier landing ladder is busy, he may choose to challenge his immediate superior on the stunting ladder, and so on. This one idea has done wonders to pep up the flying at the club, to give it a purpose and relieve it of the condemning phrase of "wasteful."

The ladders change complexion frequently. The occupant of the topmost rung on any one ladder is a prominent target, and the real go-getters of the club aspire to sit on all four top rungs. Men and women, due to the insistence of the latter, compete together.

To get some physical action into their sports and still retain the necessity for mental brightness, the Pylon Club at Norristown, Penn., one of the most "flying" of the flying clubs, devised a hunt in which the scavenging idea was substituted for the treasure-hunting motif. They made it possible for a pilot, active on his feet, active in his mind and clever at the stick, to come in a winner.

It was called an I Q hunt, announced publicly in advance, and recorded by a loud speaker at the field for the benefit of a large crowd that gathered to see the fun. That I Q monicker insinuated something about the contestants' intelligence, and the instructions strongly confirmed the insinuation. These are some of the instructions:

"This is a test of resourcefulness, ingeniousness and intelligence, but don't be discouraged on that account. The rules are simple. Each contestant is allowed one associate, preferably of the opposite sex. That is sufficient handicap—one of them will get you mixed up enough. Good sportsmanship will preclude chiseling or gathering trophies by unfair means. Play it straight. Get nothing from the club house. Don't spend more than one dollar in costs and bribes. Things you borrow may be returned later. Return in two hours, finished or not."

And these were the articles to be gathered:

1. Fly to Boulevard airport and bring back:
   a. A hair from the dog that bit Huey Long, or
   b. Half a dozen fresh eggs, or
   c. Last night's Evening Bulletin.
2. Go to Wingsport and get:
   a. A hangover from last night, or
   b. A piece of ice man's ice, or
   c. A vest button. (Don't cut off one of your own.)
3. Go to Norristown and get:
   a. A cat in a burlap bag, or
   b. Some hypothetical substance of physical phenomena, or
   c. An extra pair of pants. (Not your own.)
4. Get from any airport:
   a. A pair of corsets (no fair your partner's) or
   b. Marlene Dietrich's slipper, or
   c. A quart of rainwater in a milk bottle. (Allowable spillage 20%.)
5. Get—anywhere you can:
   a. A Curtiss JN-4 or any Curtis product, or
   b. A police sergeant's badge and/or autograph, or
   c. A guinea hen's feather.
6. Go to Pitcairn field and get:
   a. A bag of anthracite, or
   b. An inner tube, or
   c. A bottle of good liquor.
7. Find:
   a. Sally Rand's fans (Bring Sally if you can) or
   b. An Indian head penny, or
   c. A whisker from some aviation club's president's mustache.

Three contestants, Richard Bircher, Tony Little, Jr., and Phil Sharples made perfect scores, as far as gathering the articles was concerned, but Bircher won by getting home first.

No one got a hair from the dog. Dogs are modest too, and none would admit biting a Kingfish. To the great disappointment of the committee, nobody brought back a whisker, although they had a definite mustache in mind. Probably because the president had a faster ship, he came home with the mustache intact. No one caught the difference in spelling the words Curtiss and Curtis. Being good narrow-minded aviation enthusiasts, everybody brought back some spare part of a Curtiss plane, and left magazines published by the Curtis Publishing Company lying around.

There were dozens of eggs, several copies of the Bulletin. Not one hangover, but lots of vest buttons, extra pants, three pairs of corsets and one guinea feather. Abbie Wolf saw a fowl in a barnyard that looked like no fowl he had ever seen before, so he reasoned it must be a guinea and ran it down and plucked a speckled feather. Only Walter Dean remembered that matter is a "hypothetical substance of physical phenomena." The judges decided that the only bottle of liquor submitted did not qualify as "good," and ruled it out, after sampling all but the odor that lingered in the bottle.

Another scavenger hunt carried these instructions:

1. Get Hank Dupont's signature on a fresh egg.
2. Get a tool out of Ed Wals' hangar.
3. Bring one of Phil Allen's "No Trespass" signs or a piece of his wife's underwear.
4. Bring back some water dipped out of the Delaware river.

The time limit was two hours and fliers were handicapped according to the known speeds of their planes.

This clue bulged with a flying atmosphere. and it stumped many a contestant:

"Go through Baltimore to New Orleans, Gananoque, Buenos Aires then Chicago. Next follow a west course placing emphasis on accuracy. Use map continuing to fly west until at a junction 500 meters, low altitude, detect green or blue flag less difficult to find than the three yellows with 'X' and red markers on them which all of you very readily will see. Next pass signal tower and look for mark KINGSTON on each gooterdammerung Mussolini position Sagittarius Pilsudski on Elmer Zilch map."

That sounds sensible in spots, but then you come to Mussolini, Pilsudski and the Zilch person and all bets are off. But the crazy words give the clue. Read every third word and you have clear instructions to—

"Go to Gananoque then follow course on map, fly at 550 altitude or less, find three 'X' markers which you will pass and mark each position on map."

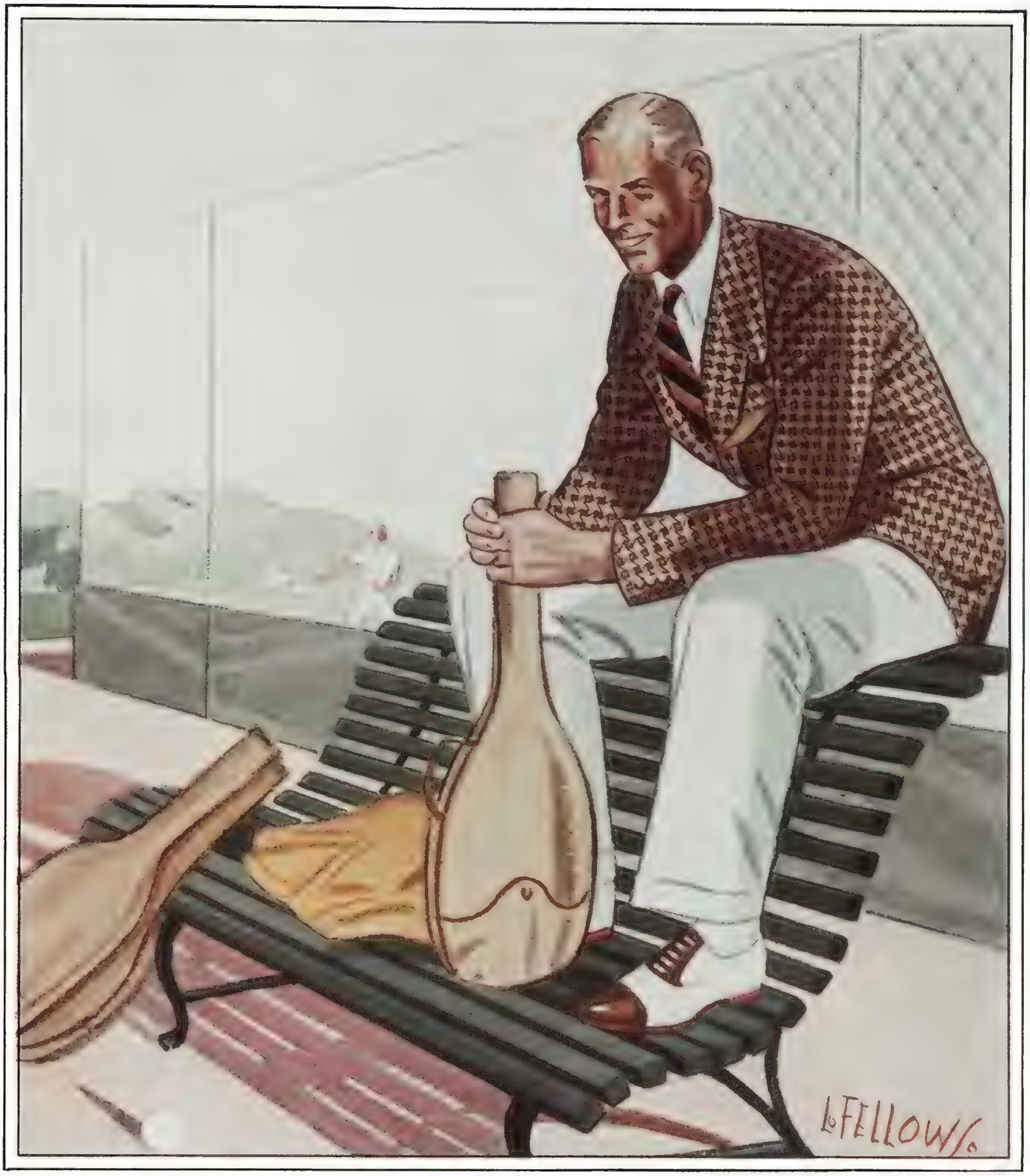
Many of the games being played at the clubs originated as stunts at the air fields of the country, when paid publicity agents were thinking up ideas to attract prospective pay passengers to the field. Bomb-dropping, using paper bags filled with flour as the bombs, has provided much fun. An automobile on a field, or a motorboat on a bay make good targets, and the spectators in each case can see exactly the location of shots, from the white cloud that rises.

At Washington, a hard-boiled exponent of safety in flying, Chester Warrington, has decided that wild-eyed scavengers or treasure hunters get themselves into danger in these games. He has proposed some "air-brakes" to slow down the hunt, to prevent their barging down into fields in all sorts of landings, leaving their engines running, taking off across or against the wind, etc. In their proposed 1934 treasure hunt, each contestant will land at the first stop and be handed a pair of dice. There, on a blanket in the presence of judges, he must throw "box cars" before he is given the clue to his next destination. At the next stop, he must take on five gallons of gas, and at the next one, he must land over a barrier to the satisfaction of judges there, even if he has to make several "passes" at the field. Thus Warrington hopes to avoid reckless landings and "jackass" turns.

Another variation planned by the Washington club is a golf game in which two airplanes are paired with two pairs of a foursome on the ground. The pilot flies the course between tee and the first hole (making the turn if it happens to be a dogleg hole) and drops two marked balls as near as possible to the green. His two teammates then sink the balls, and the procedure is repeated. Low score, of course, wins.

New and interesting contests of such nature are suggested by the development

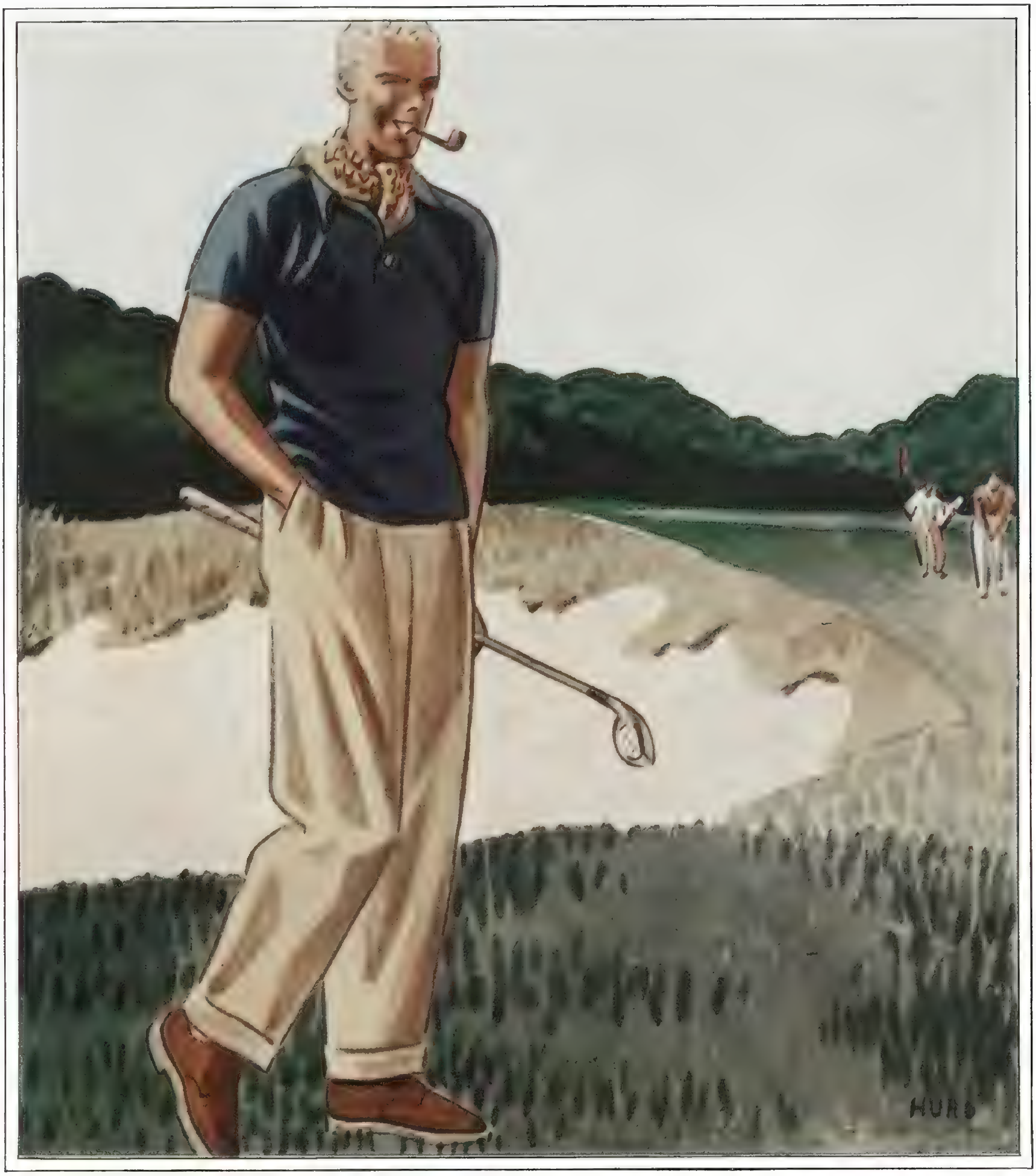
Continued on page 113



THE COTTON JACKET WOVEN TO RESEMBLE TWEED OR SHETLAND

At Newport and Southampton, and among the fashionable minority at all the other summer resorts, a typical outfit is the combination of a checked single breasted jacket and white flannel slacks. For the sake of the record and as a matter of accuracy, it must be noted that these jackets are almost invariably made of either tweed or shetland, but this year, to get the double advantage of increased coolness and decreased cost, you can get one of soft woven cotton, in the exact tweed colorings, which can't be told from the genuine woolens at a distance of, say, fifteen feet. These jackets are available in all the different versions of the hound's tooth pattern which are so popular at the moment in tweeds and shetlands. They are, of course, much lighter in weight. Note that the coat collar carries an extension tab at the slit of one lapel, which buttons over when the collar is turned up—a feature that has its points when you put on the jacket immediately after a session of exertion under the summer sun, obviating the necessity of a muffler. As for the rest of the outfit, it is suited to the needs of either active or spectator sports usage. The shirt is that perennial favorite, the white oxford with buttoned down collar attached, which is the best tennis shirt there is, next to a mesh shirt that is made especially for tennis, and the white flannels are obviously appropriate, both on and off the courts, for summer resort wear. The shoes, too, because of their red rubber soles and heels, will get by on all but the most cherished club courts and yet, with their brown calf trim, are suitable for general resort wear. The plain white socks are made of lightweight wool.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.



GOLFERS IN UNIFORM —THE MOST POPULAR OUTFIT LAST WINTER

If any sports kit could be said to have approached the status of a uniform at Palm Beach last winter, it was this combination of navy blue polo shirt and tan slacks. This was out in front and off by itself, in the favor of well dressed men of all ages. It was one of those races where "there just wasn't any second." The fawn color slacks, and fawn color is the proper term, since the new shade is not simply any old accidental tan but a specific and special color, are edging out the long established grey flannels, which have been eligible for a pension these last few seasons, anyway. Practically the only variation of this outfit is in the manner of wearing the polo shirt and in the choice of fabric for the slacks. The variant form is depicted, elsewhere in this issue, in one of the cloth cutout pages, revealing the fact that the polo shirt is as often worn tucked inside the belt as it is left hanging free, as shown above, and that cotton slacks are alternates, in good fashion standing, for the flannel slacks sketched here. The shoe choice indicated with this outfit is the brown buckskin, itself a feature of no slight importance in the current fashion picture. The bright handkerchief is worn with the ends tucked into the open throat of the polo shirt and this item allows a lot of latitude in the matter of personal taste, as almost any color will harmonize, or at least go well, with the navy blue polo shirt. The combination is correct for club house wear, usually with the addition of a double breasted grey flannel jacket, either plain or with chalk stripes. Or you could wear the jacket shown on page 111. The shoes have crepe rubber soles and heels and are made on severely plain lines. They have no toecaps. Their popularity is increasing steadily.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Fox in the Sky

Continued from page 110

of the radio compass or direction finder by the Bureau of Standards in Washington, and the commercial adaptation of this device to private planes. By tuning in any of the 592 commercial stations, a pilot is able to fly a straight line toward that station. Washington private fliers have already considered an intricate contest between planes having such equipment—liberally mixing radio programs, stations, wave lengths, artists, orchestras and geographical locations, which will require some fast headwork in the cockpit.

The baby of all the new flying clubs is the Cruisaire Club at Cincinnati, of which Charles A. (Bunny) Hinsch, Lawrence Schmidlapp and John Pattison are the founders. They have established a "wing" of their club at Muncie, Indiana, where Frank and Edward Ball are charter members. They plan cruises and games at Lunken Airport in Cincinnati.

Prominent members of the Long Island club include George B. Post, Richard F. Hoyt, Grover Loening, F. Trubee Davison, Betty Huyler Gillies, John W. Gillies, Jr., B. Allison Gillies, Erwin G. Taylor, Rudolph R. Loening, Thomas Eastman, Lawrence Turnure, Miles Vernon and John M. L. Rutherfurd.

The most active pilots at the Pylon Club are H. A. "Tony" Little, who has 70 or 80 trophies in his attic, Dick Bircher, who has two planes, Marshall Reid, who has been flying since 1911 and "who has a Kinner sport plane with detachable wings for getting away from small pastures," Phil Sharples, who commuted between Philadelphia and his summer home in the Thousand Islands every week-end last summer without a weather cancellation, Wes Smith, Bert Lambert, Bud Lieber, a "blind-flying addict," and Abbie Wolf, and Lew Barringer.

This Pylon club is an aggregation of two-fisted sportsmen fliers. Some of their past events include a dinner at the club, a flight in dress clothes and open ships to New York, attendance at a theater and back home in the darkness; a fox and hound race in which the fastest plane present, bearing a secret number on its side was released, while the hounds sought to overtake it and learn the number; a treasure hunt, invented by Phil Sharples in which the hunt started at the clubhouse, the first clue was on a boathouse somewhere among the Thousand Islands and the treasure hidden somewhere in that maze of islands; a Florida junket during the Miami races, a highlight of which was a costume party where costumes were limited in cost to $1 and had to be bought at the village store; (Sorry Mr. Editor. All photographs were destroyed by the censor); and a stunt on a frozen lake in which a club member pulled a ski-rider across the ice at 90 miles an hour, believed to be a world record.

Detroit, Atlanta and Chicago are all quiet on the sportsman flying front. Major Reed Landis in Chicago says that some such events have been contemplated but the ideas have not yet crystallized into an organized club. Winship Nunnally, enthusiast at Atlanta, is planning similar activity.

In Detroit, Williams B. Stout, designer and energetic private flier, describes the situation thus: "Don't know of any private owners around here who are doing any treasure hunting by air; the only treasure hunting they are doing is on foot, trying to collect enough money to buy gasoline, so that if they can get somebody to loan them enough money to pay the hangar rent, they get their ship out and go for a hop."

Polo Goes Democratic

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whether your rating is ten-goal or no-goal, you will play with willow balls that cost 25 cents each, with clubs that average $4.50 each and, unlike golf clubs, do not last a lifetime and may go to pieces with the first healthy smack of the ball.

So, too, with clothes the costs are the same. A good polo playing outfit may represent an average of one hundred dollars expenditure—or considerably less—or a great deal more. Chances are, remark careful sartorial observers, that the casual player will spend more on his actual personal outfit than will the tony club member. Both will have a great polo overcoat to put on, after exercise, but that can hardly be blamed on the game—for so will the majority of the spectators, unless it is summertime.

English boots will cost $80 or so a pair, but very serviceable domestic ones can be obtained at $30 and the department stores have them as low as $10. Tailored riding breeches will be $50 a pair; it is much better to play in linen or cotton ones at $7.50. The polo shirt or sweater costs about what you want to pay, from a dollar and a half up quite a way.

Some players wear gloves and they will be expensive, for they must fit perfectly; most high-goal men play barehanded. But not bareheaded; the polo helmet is one cost no player can safely dodge, the danger of a skull fracture in the tumbles they all take, great and small, is too great. The helmets come from England or India, chiefly, and will set the player back about $15.

Now, having considered how polo has gone democratic in the matter of attendance and of opportunity for playing, lets look at how it spreads out geographically and in the division of honors.

Once the Persians were the best polo players in the world—but the world was not very big at the time, that being in 600 B.C. Then India held supremacy, under the Great Moguls. The English took the sport home from their Eastern empire and ruled the polo world. America—Yankee America, for it is necessary to be precise in this matter—took the crown from the English and Argentina took it from North America for a time. Figuring in the world picture of polo now are England, Spain, North and South America (including Mexico), India, Australia, South Africa.

In this country the spread of polo, since James Gordon Bennett introduced the game at Newport in 1876, while he was still in good social standing, has been more rapid in the last ten years than in all the time before. Clubs still remain, of course, the primary home of polo.

Meadowbrook on Long Island and Westchester at Newport formed the United States Polo Association, June 6, 1890. Today the association numbers 73 clubs. An even fifty of them were affiliated since July, 1920. Polo is a big sport with the Army and is becoming important as a college game, all over the country.

For every affiliated association polo club there are at least six, lesser organizations, like riding academies and horse-pastures, without such membership. Many of these lesser clubs have only dirt fields instead of the fine turf layouts of the true polo club. Instead of grandstands, the spectators sit in autos along the sideboards; the referee merely guessing when the ball goes out of bounds, if the sideboards, as often happens, are mere figures of speech.

There is a great deal of such sandlot polo in America. Out of it has already come one of the game's greatest players, Cecil Smith, ten-goal man from Texas, who learned to play in a horse ranch pasture, while breaking animals for what had been discovered by the ex-cowpunchers to be a good market for their horses in the polo pastime.

Spread of polo is shown not alone in the wider distribution of clubs but in the division of honors today. The Eastern Polo Circuit, comprising the Long Island Clubs that for two generations held sway in the game, has fewer than 100 of the more than 1200 handicapped or rated members of the national association.

The West outranks the East, two to one, in absolute top notch polo. For the first time since 1928 there are this year three ten-goal men (the world's highest ranking) in the American association. In 1928 they were Tommy Hitchcock, Devereux Milburn and Malcolm Stevenson, all from the Long Island crowd.

This year they are Hitchcock, who sets a new record of holding the ten-goal rating for thirteen consecutive years; Elmer Boeseke of California and Cecil Smith of Texas.

Ganging up on the East, Texas and California united to beat Tommy Hitchcock and his Meadowbrook cohorts last summer at Chicago in the first intersectional series ever played. This World Series of Polo will be repeated again this fall.

These high-goal men, like the no-goal men at the riding academies, are dashing straight through old class prejudices to make polo a really national sport for the United States. Baseball has long since lost that designation; golf deserved it for a while but its supremacy has slipped. Football sits on the throne of popularity today but polo is coming up rapidly.

The Manly Art

Continued from page 64

Another champion was Ad Wolgast, the conqueror of Battling Nelson in forty rounds. He was slow of speech, and very gentle, out of the ring.

Once inside the ropes, he was the greatest infighter on earth. Even the stout heart of Nelson broke under his relentless fusillade.

But victory and defeat have long since become meaningless to Ad Wolgast. The record book politely said that he had suffered from loss of memory. It was partly correct. He has been confined to a California insane asylum for some years. He is almost lucid at intervals.

"Ah, Jim, that was a great fight I put up in Chicago this morning."

Daily he trains, and with iron body awaits the clanging of the gong. A pugilist visits him, comes away and murmurs,

"Poor Ad's on his heels—you can't take them head beatin's that way."

Unknowing that he is also punch drunk, his heels hitting the ground first as he walks, the exponent of the manly art goes on his heedless way.

I am now able to trace the markings of time on the lads, who, virile as tigers, traded brain jarring blows with me. And even now, when the horses of memory dash by in the night, I bend under the thudding impact of water and blood soaked leather.

Only one bruiser who whipped me, and was whipped by me in return, ever held any animosity.

The test of a man is how he accepts defeat. An intelligent pugilist like Jim Corbett once struck Bob Fitzsimmons after that great gladiator had won over him in a fair fight. Corbett had not yet, in George Jean Nathan's phrase, learned the humor of being beaten.

I have seen pugilists not so intelligent as Corbett lose a heart-breaking fight by a shade, and put an arm around the victor.

Abysmal in their ignorance, hardly more than animals in their acceptance of beauty in the world, they had from somewhere plucked the larger humility, for the lack of which even Napoleon was but half a civilized man.

While I would like to save my friends of the ring from becoming punch drunk, I am not averse to pugilism.

Mr. Browning early learned—

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own.

Trying to induce the most hopeless performer to give up bruising before it is too late, is generally a hopeless task.

Overwhelming ego is the close comrade of ignorance. It rules all worlds.

Besides, if I succeeded, the disappointed pugilist might go to Harvard and make the football team.

A young man, no matter how rough, should do considerable thinking before taking up the business of the ring. There are hundreds of pugilists in the world. Every gymnasium swarms with them. There are but seven championships, and perhaps fifty good men who are contenders in each class. That pugilists are much more apt to end on their heels than with a fortune, is so obvious that even their managers are aware of it.

When even philosophers die in utter confusion and despair, one should deal lightly with the foibles of less brilliant fellows.

There are no better companions than the more intelligent pugilists, such as Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Johnnie Kilbane, Norman Selby, and, of happy memory, Stanley Ketchel and Jim Corbett.

If the Noble Science of Defence has many adherents who do not rank with these fellows, it must be remembered that all lawyers are not in the Supreme Court.

Some are in jail, where embryo pugilists guard them.

A Pitcher Grows Tired

Continued from page 61

"It's not too late."

"Yes it is."

"More women come to the games every day."

"It's a fad," said Rodkin. "Few really like it."

"My wife likes it."

"She's different."

"When you stop winning games Joie's heart will break."

"We all stop sometime," said Rodkin.

Hank spoke, casually, quietly: "Some pitchers pitch years with their heads."

"Yes."

"I've known pitchers who stayed around two and three years that didn't have a thing on the ball—just brains."

"Johnson pitched a long time like that."

"Yeah, and Alexander too," said Hank. "If a pitcher keeps getting smarter and doesn't bear down too hard—except in the pinches—he could stay around as long as Quinn did. He was near fifty before he left the majors."

"He was a spitball pitcher."

"That makes no difference. He had nerve and a head. You have them too."

They looked at each other. Rodkin lowered his eyes. He slipped on his coat. "So long," he said.

"So long," said Hank.

Rodkin walked out of the clubhouse. He wanted to see the park again. He wanted to go back a long way. He stood in deep rightfield and looked across the diamond to home plate. A great stillness lay over the field and stands. There is no lonelier place in the world than a ball park when the crowd has gone and it is cleaned out and in the west the day swiftly dying and nothing remains but a quietness that seems to speak. Inside Rodkin was filled with an emptiness. An aching loneliness started at the pit of his stomach and crept slowly upward past his chest, lingering in his throat. Whenever he spoke of those men a dullness came to him. Once there had been something and now that thing was gone. Once, long ago, he had pitched to those men and now they were no more. He remembered Cobb standing at the plate, kidding him, calling him a dumb rookie. Cobb was nearing the tiring age then. Who was it that said Cobb's only weakness was a walk? It was true anyway.

His eyes went to the green of the outfield. Speaker, Hooper and Cobb were ghosts running swiftly to catch long low drives. Their figures were silhouetted against the blue horizon: satyrs racing gracefully over the fresh spring earth to catch a white ball no larger than their closed hand. They had been great men and great players. Rodkin wanted to pitch to them again, but they had gotten tired and gone away. Their hearts had remained enthusiastic but not their bodies. He too was tired and like them would some day go away. He felt fine after the rubdown, but knew he would not be able to pitch any real ball for four days. Peck would not ask him to pitch until then. Peck was saving him. Rodkin wanted to be saved. Baseball was a part of him and he could not imagine what he would do without it. There is a difference in liking to see it played and in liking to play it. He wanted to play it forever—to pitch big league ball until he died. The great players he loved were gone, but every spring would bring new players and like young Blake some would stay and grow older and become smart, that is, if they had the courage and were thoughtful and listened to what was told them and did not dissipate too much. They would stand before Rodkin with confidence, the crowd roaring or sitting in hushed stillness, and it would be their thinking against his. There would always be young players staring into the sun, dreaming of being as great as Cobb or Sisler, and maybe, one or two would reach that goal and he would then be too old to pitch to them.

And Burke? Burke must be tired. But he wasn't. Not until he straightened up a trifle to throw to second base. He would then be tired and the afternoons seem long and endless. And shortly after that time he would find there was to be no more afternoons. Rodkin never wanted to see that day. . . . To wipe the vision away he sank the palms of his hands against his eye lids.

He moved slowly away. All days wouldn't be like today. He could stay a long time if he pitched with his head. He could stay for another three years—maybe four. He would have to be careful. He would have to be smart.

Tippling Trivia

Much general lore, plus many specific examples, of the art of mixing and serving drinks

by WILLIAM B. POWELL

It's with no thought of competing with Mr. Julian Street, Mrs. Emily Post, Oscar of the Waldorf, the bartender of London's Savoy, or any of the girls and boys who have been writing on that ubiquitous topic, Drinking. I am not equipped to hold forth on what wines to use with this or that—and I promise not to spring that favorite admonition "A Martini, should be stirred, not shaken." No, my humble contribution towards more and better drinking—especially the latter—is merely the fruit of sitting at bars, both public and private, in various quarters of the globe, and gossiping with the bartenders, most of whom I find grand companions and invaluable for giving the low-down not only on drinks, but on localities

Naturally, I start with the South, for it probably knows more about drinking than any part of our land—or maybe any other land. Not that they drink more, but better. Take Kentucky. A Colonel may have no money in the bank—but he'll manage somehow to come across with the necessary Bourbon with which to offer his guests a julep. And speaking of juleps, here is what I gleaned on the subject from one who is probably the best julep authority in the world—the bartender at Louisville's famous club, The Pendennis.

He is an Italian, named Martin Cuneo, and he has been dispensing drinks to thirsty Louisvillians long before prohibition. His directions for a real Kentucky julep are: use a 14 oz. or 16 oz. silver julep cup. Dissolve a half or one lump of granulated sugar in clear spring water. Add two or three sprigs of tender mint, place gently (don't bruise the mint). Fill the cup with cracked ice and add 2 full jiggers of Kentucky Bourbon whisky. Stir gently and refill the julep cup with cracked ice. Take a full bunch of tender mint, cutting the ends to bleed, and place on top. Let it stand for about five minutes before serving. There should be a small linen doily with each julep, as the frost on the cups makes it uncomfortable to hold. Martin also gave me the recipe for that Pendennis cocktail, which you who go to Louisville for the Derby, must have smacked your lips over: to ¾ oz. of Hungarian apricot brandy and 1½ oz. of gin, add the juice of one lime or lemon, also 2 dashes of Peychaud Bitters (made in New Orleans before prohibition, and probably now on the market again). Pour the mixture over cracked ice, strain into cocktail glasses. When Martin supervises these, he puts half of a pitted kumquat in each glass.

Perhaps Virginia should have been mentioned first. There's a state where drinking has always been done in the grand manner—ever since the beginning. Major Bryan Conrad who dispenses hospitality at the Westmoreland Club in Richmond, tells of his early boyhood recollections of how a Virginia day started. "After a more or less cheerful good morning, the man of the house visited the sideboard and withdrew therefrom a heavy, short glass in which he placed a lump of sugar, poured over it a small amount of water, then proceeded to mash the sugar. This being accomplished, one large drink of Bourbon whisky was placed on top, the masher removed and a spoon inserted. Then the compound was taken in one large gulp, and after much clearing of the throat, the Virginia gentleman took his position at the head of the table.

During the rest of the day (except in mint-julep weather), all drinks were taken straight, a glass of water in one hand, whisky in the other."

With such early training, no wonder the Virginians are authorities on drinking. Here are a few private recipes of Colonel Tuly, lord and master of the famous Tuly estate near Charlottesville. Starting the first of December and throughout the winter, the first thing in the morning which guests at the Tuly house heard, was a rap at the door which announced a darky holding a silver tray on which was a foaming glass of egg-nog, to be followed throughout the next twelve hours by drinks, such as hot apple toddy, spiked rum, all sorts of wines with meals, and then as a night-cap, another egg-nog or punch. Here are some of the high spots of tippling a la Tuly:

Hot Apple Toddy—Roast 6 apples that have been covered with molasses, butter, brown sugar and cinnamon. Add sufficient water to cover them and after they are tender, pour brandy over. Have piping hot before serving.

Spiked Rum—Take a pint of boiling water, sweeten to taste, and insert bits of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and mace. Let this boil five minutes, then add enough rum to give the right flavor.

Tea Punch—Use a pint of strong tea, a pint of sherry and a half pint of Jamaica rum. Add the juice of maraschino cherries (a ten cent size bottle). When cold, add bits of orange and lemon peel before serving.

The directions for making Virginia egg-nog, as given out by Colonel Tuly, are so intricate, it would almost require a book—so that will have to be passed by.

If you are taking a drinking tour of America, going farther South, you will probably head for New Orleans, and make a bee-line for Antoine's. Here you must be prepared to eat as well as drink for, in typical French manner, Antoine's frowns on hard liquor, in lieu of aperitifs such as dry sherry, vermouth, or a light martini, made with very little gin. They are firm in their belief that strong cocktails deaden the palate for fine wines which, of course, should be drunk through the meal. Even in the 80's, this fascinating bit of France was famous for a cocktail called "Antoine's Smile," which was supposed to give the one who drank it a smile similar to that of the mixer. Here is how to evolve it: ⅔ of a jigger of very old apple brandy, the juice of ¼ of a lemon, dash of imported Grenadine syrup. During the past winter when His Royal Highness, Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern was in New Orleans, he naturally used Antoine's as one of his favorite hang-outs. He is fond of what is to me a very strange mixture—Bordeaux wine and champagne. He claims that a bit of the red wine adds immeasurably to the flavor of champagne. This may be an old trick, but it's new to me.

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Hand to Shagreen!

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Great fins, traveling above ominous shadows, could be seen cutting through the edges of the chummed area. Then one of those shadows materialized into an enormous shark as it approached warily, apparently suspecting the unusual conditions.

It swam close to the boat, so close that it was easily recognizable as a much desired Great White shark, but hovered tantalizingly just out of effective range.

Realizing that the shark would likely come no closer the doctor signalled to his engineman, who engaged the clutch and sent the small boat slowly and cautiously toward the fish.

Then the doctor hurled his first harpoon!

It entered the shark's back with an audible thud! That fish started away from there, dragging the line fastened to the harpoon from its tub in the bow of the boat in a wild, hissing swirl.

Desperately the doctor tried to throw a half hitch around the forward snubbing post with a boat hook, but that line was paying out too fast to be handled.

The tub, which had been filled with three hundred yards of light line, emptied rapidly. Something had to be done. The motor was opened wide and the boat started in pursuit of the harpooned shark—but just as the propeller reached its maximum efficiency the end of the line was reached.

It had been secured to a ring bolt in the bottom of the tub. There was a short humming buzz as the line stretched from the sea and grew taut, and then it parted! The shark was free.

Regretfully Dr. Coles returned to the area which he had baited, to study the sharks which were then more numerous. Six of the tremendous creatures were in sight and they swam about indifferently, evidently unconcerned by the presence of the motor boat, which was smaller in both length and displacement than any of them! They were all of the Great White species, easily identified not only by their incredible size but by their black eyes, for no other shark is so distinguished.

Another tub, brought along for just such eventuality, was arranged in the bow of the boat, but this time it was set loosely on the forward thwart. Even if a shark did succeed in running away with all the line it would not be free; the tub would be pulled overboard and towed through the sea. It would serve as a constant drag and could be followed until the shark was captured. That, at least, was the plan.

Rolling slowly toward the largest specimen in sight, the doctor waited until he was almost over the beast. Then he sunk his harpoon into its back! With a terrific lunge the injured fish shot away under the boat, carrying the starboard gunwale under for a moment as its back scraped the hull!

But it was fast! The line was hissing overboard, and it was just as impossible to stop that shark or even to slow it down as it had been the first one. The harpoon held, and with a rattling "plop" the tub was snatched into the sea.

It shot under the surface—to reappear a moment later bobbing with the idle indirection that told only too well that it had been torn away from the line. The plan had failed.

Dr. Coles then felt sure that his efforts to harpoon a Great White shark and capture it subsequently would be futile as long as he continued as he had been. Regretfully, he returned to Pt. Lookout.

Then he approached his problem as any scientist would, and solved it by abstract and impersonal thinking. Evidently a harpoon in a shark's back, especially when the beast is much larger than the boat from which it is hunted, is a matter of small moment to the creature at the time.

Dr. Coles knew of the unbelievable vitality of sharks, how their hearts would continue beating for hours after they had been removed from the body which they served, how a completely eviscerated shark could swim about, apparently unannoyed by its condition, for hours.

There was no wonder that a harpoon wound in the back was impotent to capture such incredible creatures. There was nothing fatal in such a wound.

And *that* was the evident solution! A fatal wound must yield success, but the irritating question was how it could be inflicted.

There was one palpable method, but the very audacity of the plan almost prevented its consideration; but, happily for science, Dr. Coles was absolutely intrepid and fearless. The translation of impersonal logic into personal action was inevitable.

He immediately had his blacksmith prepare more harpoons for him, but *short* handled ones. When a number of them were ready, he started on his quest anew.

He cruised to the waters over the feeding shoals, baited the sea liberally, and was immediately rewarded by the appearance of a ravenous Great White shark. The beast churned through the baited area furiously, looking for the food which it smelled, manifestly angry because it was not instantly evident.

Dr. Coles had slipped out of his clothing some time before, and was wearing only bathing trunks. He was poised on the gunwales at the very bow of his craft, and, annoyed because of the shark's refusal to approach the boat, ordered his engineman to approach it!

"Creep up on that shark!" he directed, and the boat began a slow advance on the lurking monster.

As the watery space between him and his prey diminished Dr. Coles tensed; and just as the shark was about to slip to one side, he leaped directly toward the monstrous killer!

Immediately the shark started for him! Dr. Coles' body was perpendicular in the water. The shark had to roll onto its side to take him in its frightful jaws, but as it did so the scientist twisted his body sharply to one side and lifted it toward the surface!

The massive maw, filled with cruel, rending, serrated rows of teeth, swept past him—and then the doctor lunged toward the fish!

With all the strength at his command he plunged his razor sharp harpoon into its gill slits! The gills were penetrated and cut! The first fierce wrench of the injured shark lacerated them still more, and blood began to pour into the sea!

It was a vital hit! The copious loss of blood and the failure of the injured gills to supply oxygen to what vital fluid remained within the shark's body was sure to kill it!

Dr. Coles clambered back into the boat. The shark had rolled back to an even keel and bolted for the open sea, but the engineman was already gleefully retarding its first mad rush with a half hitch about the snubbing post which had been placed there before the doctor went overboard!

Elatedly the scientist took the line himself, and then began one of the strangest battles between man and fish that the Atlantic had ever seen.

For three hours Dr. Coles battled that ferocious shark, as it vainly tried to escape. Fifty feet of line would be regained laboriously, only to be lost when the tension on the line threatened to carry it away.

But finally the constant red trail left by the fighting killer began to take its toll. Line began to come in more easily, and was held with safety. At last that Great White shark was whipped; it was almost alongside, swimming feebly.

Then Dr. Coles sank two more harpoons into its back, without any considerable objection from the fish. The lines were secured to cleats on the gunwales, and the creature towed ashore!

That it was attacked and mutilated somewhat by others of its kind before it arrived there was of small moment. The doctor had proved his plan! He could get specimens of the Great White shark whenever he wanted them—and he was the *only* man who ever did capture them. The other earlier specimens had been obtained by science accidentally.

Once ashore with his captive, Dr. Coles made his measurements and observations. He cleaned the mouth and skin for parasites. He weighed the internal organs and classified them. Stomachal contents was bottled for analysis. He cleaned and then assembled the skeleton—and then he prepared, happily, to capture more of the ferocious killers!

It was not long, the following day, before he had located another Great White one in a little area that had been chummed.

Convinced that he had to harpoon the shark at the very instant that it rolled to take him, while the gill slits were near or at the surface, the intrepid scientist made the approach of the creature doubly sure by tossing a bucket of chopped, raw meat into the sea—and then leaping into the very center of that deadly area!

The shark started for him instantly, but swerved unaccountably without making an effort to attack. The engineman backed his boat away, so that it would not obscure the motions of the fish, which was now a greater menace than ever before.

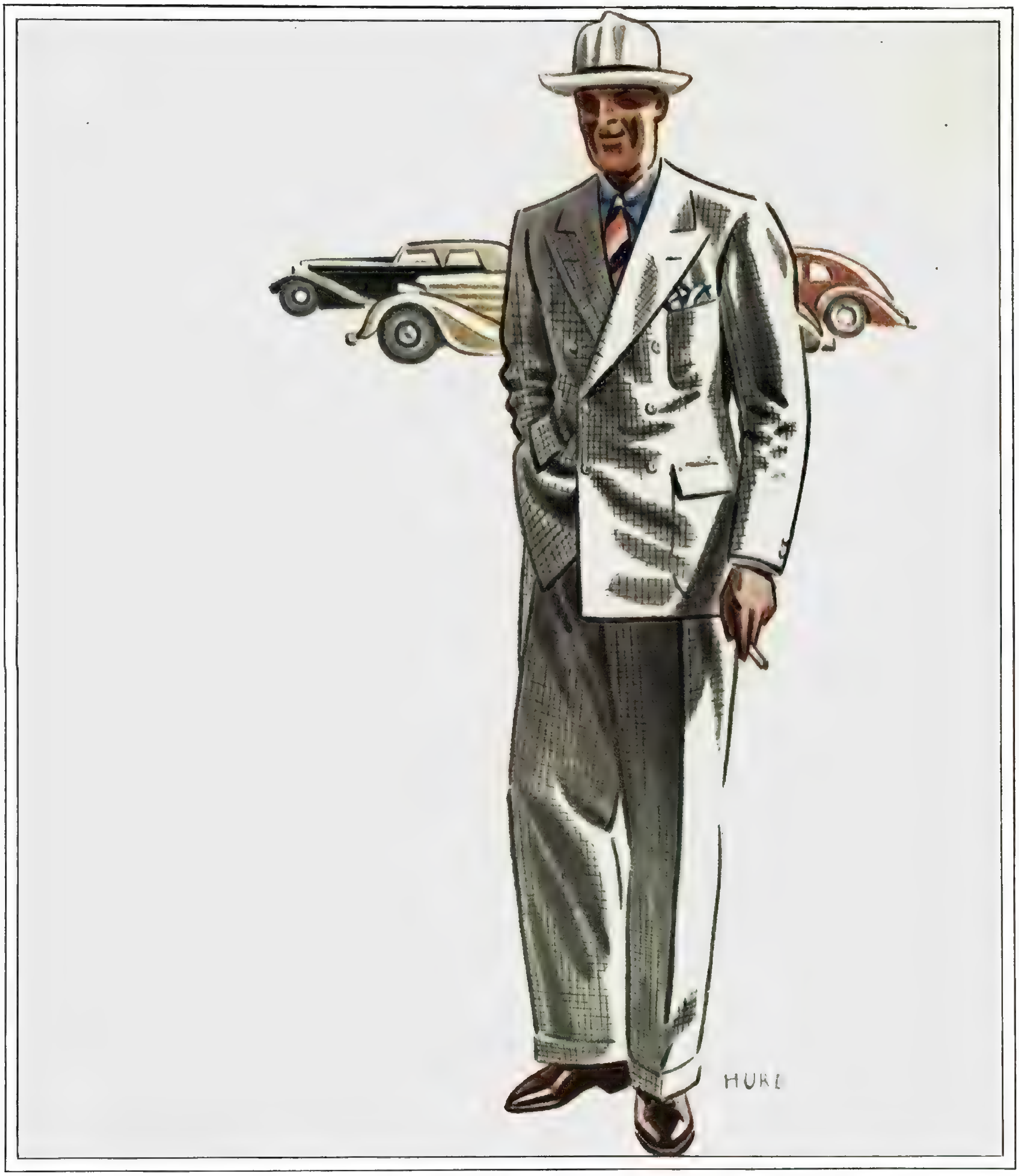
Dr. Coles lost sight of it temporarily, but a warning shout from his engineman advised him of the monster's approach.

"Behind you, doctor!"

Dr. Coles twisted about, and there was his quarry, rushing toward him with its dorsal fin ominously gaining speed as it approached! There could be no question that it intended to strike *that* time!

Desperately the scientist twisted and

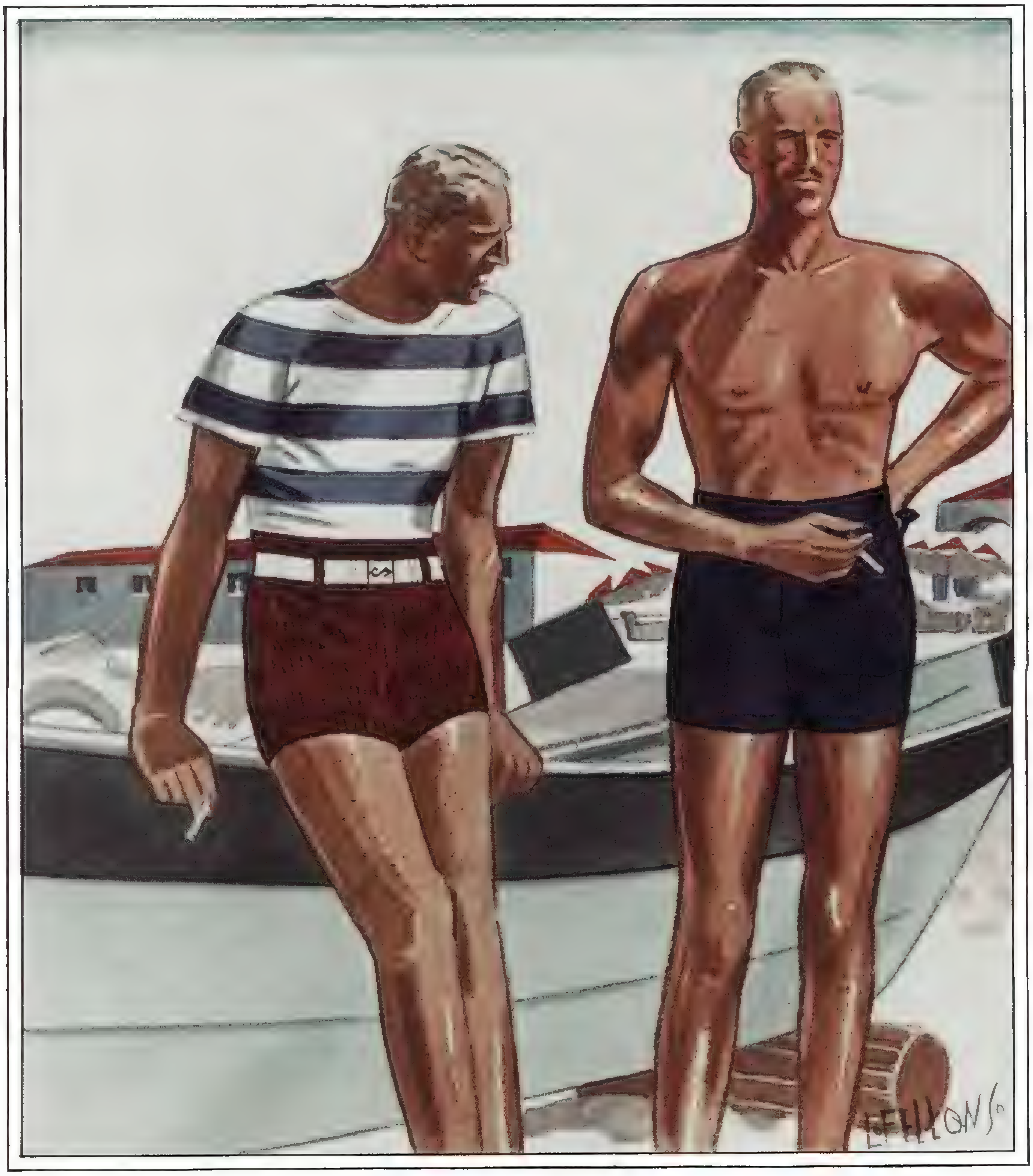
Continued on page 119



SEERSUCKER SHOWS UP IN CHECKS FOR A WELCOME CHANGE

SEERSUCKER has long since earned an assured place in the foreground of the fashion scene by virtue of its being an extremely practical fabric for wear on hottest days. Its puckered and crinkled stripes have become so familiar that it is probably news to most men that seersucker can be obtained in patterns other than stripes. But here is a grey chalk seersucker in an outline check that is a refreshing departure from the established conception of this cloth in the mind of the average man. The double breasted model makes a waistcoat unnecessary and this feature added to the coolness-giving nature of the cloth itself, makes this just about the farthest point north on any day when the sidewalks sizzle. As for the hat, don't let the absence of color in our sketch give you the idea that it is one of those curious concoctions of white felt that you find on sale in the novelty shops on board most ships—it is a Panama with a natural optimo crown and with a flat set brim which is worn with its edge turned up all around. As for the shoes, the sketch indicates their proper color but cannot convey any notion of their weight—they are of very light weight calfskin which, when made up in a sufficiently light weight, is a splendid leather for warm weather wear. This is something that the shoe people themselves had never discovered until a couple of seasons ago when calfskin began to get organized exploitation as a summer shoe leather. The color is that deep, rich reddish shade which is known as briar brown. The shirt is of an extremely light weight mesh fabric, with a medium pointed collar attached, in a cool shade of blue. The tie has multicolored stripes of equal width.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



EVEN THE PUBLIC BEACHES EMBRACE THE NUDE DEAL

Shirtless swimming has been generally accepted at private beaches for the last two summers, and last year, at least in the larger cities, was permitted on public beaches. This tolerance was extended, during the past winter, to include the public beaches at the Southern resorts, so it looks like a bare-backed and hairy-chested summer. Trunks, this year, are more form-fitting and are not as high waisted. Fashion gossip has it that this trend was started by the action of a well-known sportsman who went into a Palm Beach shop and bought a pair of peg-topped flannel trousers and had them cut off at mid-thigh for use as swimming trunks. With this exemplar there was a sudden brisk demand for a light weight fabric trunk that was of normal waistline height and form-fitting. In the past, flannel and gabardine trunks have been cut with a skirtlike flare but the incident of the truncated slacks (pardon, no pun intended) has changed all that. The trunks on the man at the left are knitted, with a raised rib, giving them an elastic hip-and-thigh hug whether wet or dry. The jersey beach shirt, as shown at the left, is taking the place of the swim shirt. It is an essential, even for the shirtless swimmer, for wear when out of the water when protection is needed against either a chill breeze or a too-ardent sun. These crew neck quarter-sleeved shirts come in both cotton and worsted, with horizontal stripes in gay colorings. They originated with the Basque fishermen, whose presence in fashion reports has been so constant for the last few years that one wonders when they have any time to fish, and mention of whom reminds us that you ought to have a pair of rope-soled canvas beach espadrilles—another good Basque idea.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Hand to Shagreen!

Continued from page 116

rolled his body aside just as the shark reached him. Off balance because of his protective maneuver, he nevertheless struck with the harpoon as the vicious beast slipped past.

A hit! Blood fairly spurted from the punctured gills, and the shark shuddered from the impact. Then, with a terrific twisting convulsion it dived for the bottom.

As it did, Dr. Coles was flung from the water, blood streaking his side and thighs.

When he landed he started swimming feebly for the boat. The engineman rushed to him and picked him up immediately—to see that most of the skin from the doctor's exposed body had been scraped off by the rough hide of the infuriated fish.

Two of his ribs were smashed, too. The handle of the harpoon had whipped under his arm when the shark shuddered, and his awkward position because of the unexpected angle of attack had been responsible for his injury.

As soon as Dr. Coles was safely aboard, the engineman leaped for the harpoon line, which was paying out rapidly. Suddenly it stopped slipping over the side, and went slack.

"Sorry, doctor. Believe it got away," regretfully announced the man—but almost before he was done speaking there was a heavy, grating impact on the hull of their boat.

It was shaken and thrown about as a terrier shakes a rat. That shark had come up from beneath them and was trying to capsize their craft or crunch its hull.

The two men grabbed harpoons and rushed to the gunwales. They thrust their weapons into the body of the great fish beneath them repeatedly, and the infuriated beast started to leave. It went with a rush—and the light line still fast to the harpoon imbedded in its gills snapped like a string.

The men returned to shore. There, with the boat pulled onto the beach, they found two enormous teeth of the shark imbedded in the stout planking. Their escape was more fortunate than they knew, for they were later to learn how easily that infuriated fish might have stove in their boat. Why they survived they never learned.

That was the only accident the doctor ever had in all his experiences harpooning sharks in the water—but it was not to be his only narrow escape.

One day in late September he had gone to his favorite shoals in hopes of getting a superlative specimen of the dreaded carcharodon. He had baited several patches of water but the sharks that had responded were comparatively small.

Dr. Coles wanted the largest he could get fittingly to round out his year's incredibly successful work. Just as he was about to abandon his quest an enormous dorsal fin was seen coming in from the sea.

"Well, here's what you wanted!" exclaimed the engineman, grimly, and no wonder. That fish was enormous!

"Looks like a submarine!" agreed the doctor, but he prepared to go overboard, nevertheless. His many successful fights with sharks had made him a trifle contemptuous of their very real menace.

But the action of the shark caused Dr. Coles to delay leaving his boat. The tremendous fish swam around the small craft several times, too far away to make an effort to entice it advisable. It appeared to actually estimate the situation created by the presence of the boat in baited waters.

It swam well to the front of the boat and lay there, motionless. It was then Dr. Coles began to be concerned. That great fish was unquestionably appraising the craft and its occupants.

"I have never felt so much like mere food in my life!" the doctor said, in an effort to prevent fear from affecting his one man crew.

"Nor me," rejoined the engineman, just as jocularly—but they both knew that there was nothing but deadly seriousness in the situation.

"What'll we do if that shark charges us?" the man asked.

Before the doctor could answer, that charge started. The shark hurled itself through the water, rising higher and higher as it approached the boat. As it flung itself through the surface, horrible jaws agape to engulf the bow of the boat, the doctor and his crew looked at Death.

Just as the jaws were to clamp and shatter the frail structure, a miracle happened! There could have been no other possible explanation.

A huge loggerhead turtle rose from the depths swiftly, to be caught between those serrated clamps! With a crunching clash, they closed—to cleave through the armored carapace of that turtle like so much foam!

As the shark shot past the rocking, nearly capsized boat the doctor hurled the harpoon at it which he had grabbed to defend himself as well as he could when the charge began. It penetrated the gill slits, and the battle between man and shark began!

Fortunately, the fury engendered by the wound in its gills prevented the shark from thinking of attacking the boat again. It was badly injured, and succumbed quickly to the punishment of a yanked line.

Hours later, exhausted but happy, Dr. Coles arrived at Pt. Lookout towing both the turtle and the shark! The carcharodon was slightly longer than forty-five feet. Its mouth, carefully propped open, easily accommodated a man sitting upon a chair!

The turtle, weighed with the piece bitten from it after it had been recovered from the shark's stomach, tipped the scale beam at more than a thousand pounds!

That capture was a fitting climax to Dr. Coles' intrepid hunting.

Later he was to astound various bodies of scientists by describing his hand to shagreen encounters with the worst killers of the sea, and to receive honors from them for his accomplishments.

Fortunately—for scientists are necessarily a skeptical class of men—his exploits could not be questioned. He had frequently entertained many individuals among those gathered scientists on his hunts, men who had actually seen his performances.

Distinguished laymen, too, had often accompanied him and there had been dozens of unimpeachable witnesses to his intrepidity, including that grand old scourge of liars and Nature fakers, Theodore Roosevelt.

No white man had ever before deliberately fought the shark in its own element and beaten it. Dr. Coles' attainments are unique, and they cannot possibly be excelled.

Songs that Mother Used to Sing

Continued from page 34

But the landlady's daughter brings our
shaving water—
And that's why we stay at the Grand Hotel.

The Bright Young People, who imagine that we were all completely sentimental in those days, may be surprised to hear that the most popular duet in one of the Edwardian musical comedies was:

You're just the sort of a little girl that I
could adore.
If you had only got a modest million,
or more.
Then I, next Saturday, upon your father
would call,
But, as it is, I don't intend to do so at all.

I might add, at this point, that it has always seemed to me that the thoroughly "modern" implications of these lines from the *Floradora* sextette have escaped a generation who merely think the costumes were quaint or cunning, as the case may be:

If I love you, would it be a silly thing to do?
For, I must love someone,
And why not you?
Yes, I must love someone, really,
And it might as well be you.

The impossibilities of fidelity were enshrined in song long before our torch singers became so intense about it. "Could you be true to eyes of blue, if you look into eyes of brown," "There's a girl wanted there, there's a girl wanted there. He don't care whether she's dark or fair," "What's it matter, if her eyes are blue, or black, or brown, or gray, what's it matter if she dreams of you, by night as well as day?" In such wise did we suggest that all cats look alike in the dark.

As for the notion that we believed in a matrimonial Santa Claus, what of the duet from the *Belle of New York?*

Teach me how to love, dear,
Teach me how to squeeze,
Teach me how to sit upon your sympathetic knees.
Teach me how to coo, dear,
Like the turtle-dove,
Teach me how to fondle you,
Teach me how to love.

And its melancholy corollary, "love is not all, dear, that poets may say, sometimes it lasts but a year and a day."

Even the problems of Prohibition were anticipated when we sang:

We had to carry Carrie to the ferry,
And the ferry carried Carrie to the shore.

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Songs that Mother Used to Sing

Continued from page 119

Now, the reason why we had to carry
Carrie was
Because Carrie couldn't carry any more.

And the sentiments of the Jazz Age were perfectly expressed in such lines as:

Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this.
Yip-i-addy-i-ay.

even if it was played in one, two, three time.

In retrospect it seems to me that, if anything, the late Victorian and Edwardian eras took the facts of life more cheerfully; there was not so much laughing with tears in one's eyes, not so much leaning against the side of the proscenium arch to announce hoarsely that gin and lust are transient pleasures. The words of the *Merry Widow* waltz are not exactly platonic, and the average male point of view is still fairly represented by the men's song:

With her fair, flaxen hair, eyes of blue,
She's a long way too knowing for you.
Yes, it's deeper than diving for pearls,
Courting girls, girls, girls, girls.
You may study her ways, if you can,
Still a woman's too much for man.
Should she smile, should she frown,
You will still be done brown,
Courting girls, courting girls, girls, girls.

In fairness to the period I will grant that, occasionally, one heard the true modern snivel, the whine that launched a thousand night clubs, but less ginny as to larynx and melody:

It's a girl, just a girl,
And what she can do we all know.
For that girl
She can twirl
You round her finger so.
Should she frown,
You feel down,
But her smile sets your heart a-whirl.
If true, she will make you,
If not, she will break you,
Like a girl, just a girl.

How Women Tell Right from Left

Continued from page 41

will do equally well and are, some think, a bit more distingue.

In these days automobiles—especially in our own *prosperous* land—are almost more numerous than clocks. It is quite simple to remember that in all cars of American make the wheel is on the *left*. Of course, the intelligent woman will not try to use this test on the Continent, but will reserve it for the United States alone (just as she will avoid being geographically or socially confused by the fact that in trains most Europeans prefer to ride backward). However, it is a curious fact that even in Europe most unsteered cars roll to the right on an even road. And as Europeans are careless about locking their parked cars here is a rough check which is frequently available to the girl with a little muscle.

Since waltzing has gone out, or, at least, degenerated, it isn't much help to be told to remember in a pinch that *right* is the foot a woman advances *first* in a waltz. However, every girl of breeding knows on which side of the plate the knives and spoons are placed at dinner, and once she gets it established in her mind that this is the *right* side, and that the fork side is the *left* side, another infallible rule for getting bearings is at her command. When her husband shouts, "Right—go right!" she will merely say to herself quickly, "He means the spoon side."

Playing cards are another unfailing aid, and in these days of practically compulsory bridge nearly every woman has at least one pack of cards in her reticule. How helpful then, for a girl to learn at her mother's knee that every Jack of Hearts wears his hair on his *left* shoulder, and that every Jack of Spades wears *his* hair on his *right* shoulder. These are the "One-eyed Jacks" of quaint whist club parlance. The "Two-eyed Jacks," the Club and the Diamond—show locks both to starboard and port, and hence are no use for our purpose. But it is not bad to remember that all Kings and all Queens look to *their right* or *your left*, except the monarchs of the Realm of Spades, who, for some curious reason with which I am not *au courant*, are doing just the opposite.

But, when all is said and done, woman is ever personal, so it is not surprising that most normal women prefer one of the more *intimé* tests for determining starboard and port. Women who are married or affianced often avoid difficulties by learning the bearing of some landmark on the loved one's face, as a whirl in the moustache, a bald spot in the beard, or—since most American males have gone hairless and sexless, a wart, or Gilletich (i.e., razor nick).

But it is even better for a damsel to have her indicator about her own person. Every Amazon always knew *right* by the fact that this was the side where her breast had been cut off in order that she might draw the bow freely. Modern women might slit their right ears a trifle, or—less painful suggestion—wear only one earring.

For the maid who smokes the matter is easy. This is due to the fact that most smokers habitually hold a cigarette in one hand or the other, not in the two interchangeably. Hence the fingers of one hand become noticeably stained with nicotine. All the woman smoker has to do is to show this to some man friend, ask him to determine for her whether it is on her right hand or her left, memorize his reply (preferably writing it in her diary or scratching it on the inside of her compact), and *voila!*

Tennis without Aces

Continued from page 47

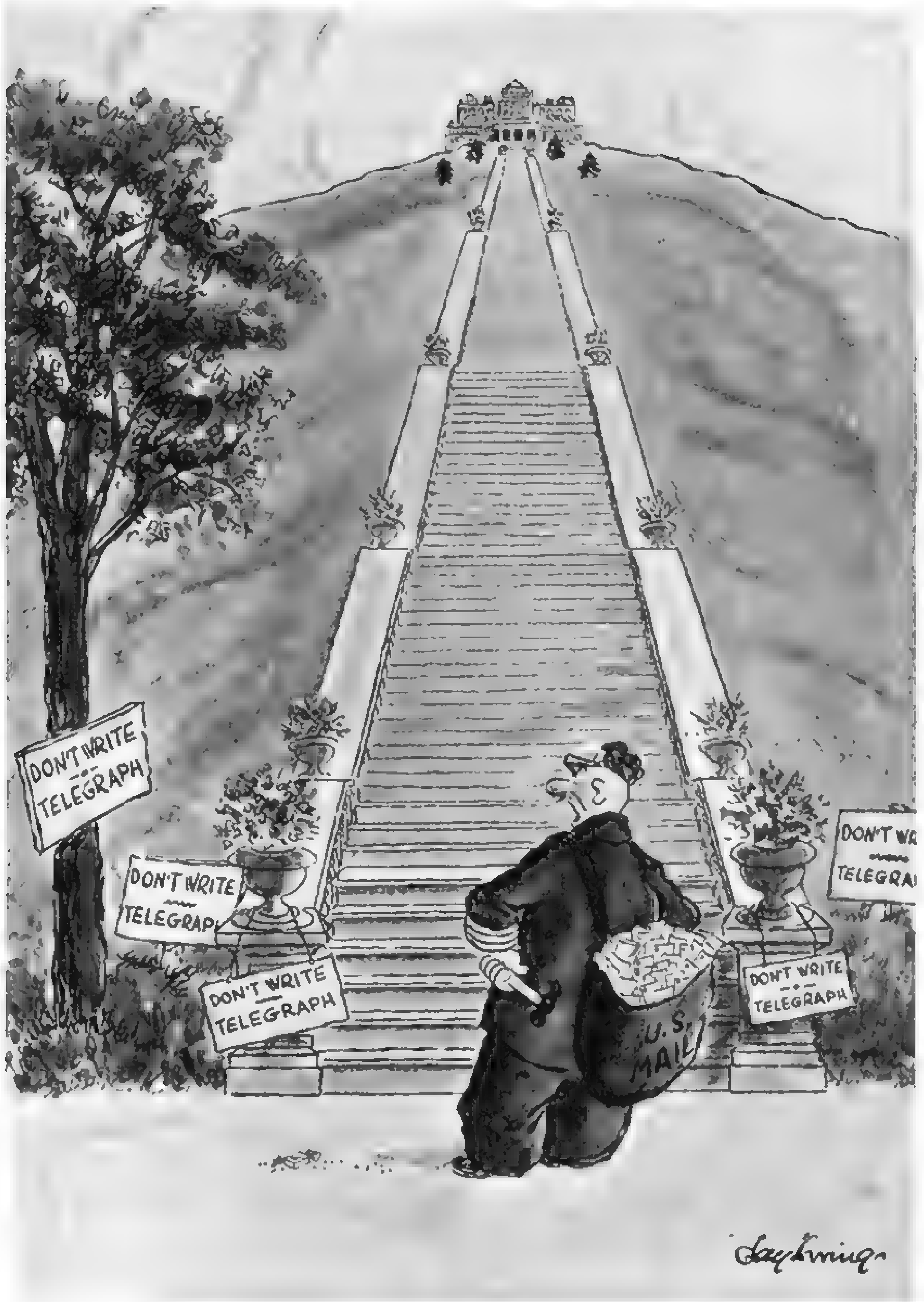
cause any serious inconvenience, but I don't believe that it is necessary.

I believe this plan of only one serve deserves a trial and it might prove to be an aid in obtaining a better balance between the server and the receiver as it would not give the server such a pronounced advantage in having the first opportunity to take the net position. It would not be a great deal of trouble for the National Association to have some ranking players play several matches under these conditions. They should be given a reasonable opportunity to adjust themselves to the necessity of putting the only serve inside with the greatest possible effectiveness. Such a trial would give the officials enough data to conclude if it is workable.

There is another rule in Tennis which I believe has long since outgrown its usefulness, if any, and should be changed. It seems to have been adopted through an over-zealous desire to observe all the technicalities which slipped into the phraseology of the early lawmakers. It is that rule which necessitates the placing of a stick three feet six inches long under the net at a point three feet outside the singles lines when singles is being played on a doubles court. With the exception of the National Championship practically all Tennis is played on doubles courts. It is a conservative estimate that 99% of the singles Tennis played in this country is on a doubles court and there are no sticks used. It is often overlooked by or unknown to the officials of even high class tournaments. Why should a player be allowed to play practically all his Tennis on such a court and then, when he enters a tournament, be faced with a net considerably higher at the side lines than he is accustomed to? Why keep in the rules a law which is entirely technical, and which proves a handicap to the officials in charge of a tournament and to the accuracy of our players? The rule could be changed to read "two posts, three feet six inches high, which shall stand three feet outside a doubles court or seven and a half feet outside a singles court." This would not necessitate any change in existing permanent courts and would affect only the placing of the posts in a very few tournaments in which the courts are marked out for singles only, as in the National Championship. These courts are laid out with removable posts on a large expanse of turf and no difficulty would be encountered in placing the posts a little farther apart.

American Lawn Tennis, a magazine devoted exclusively to the game, now has subscribers in seventy countries, which is conclusive proof of the world-wide interest in the sport. There are few greater honors in the realm of amateur sport than becoming a representative of one's country on its Davis Cup Team.

Both of the suggested changes give promise of improving and simplifying a game which has in the last few decades become the only truly international sport and which will become ever increasingly popular with the youth of the world.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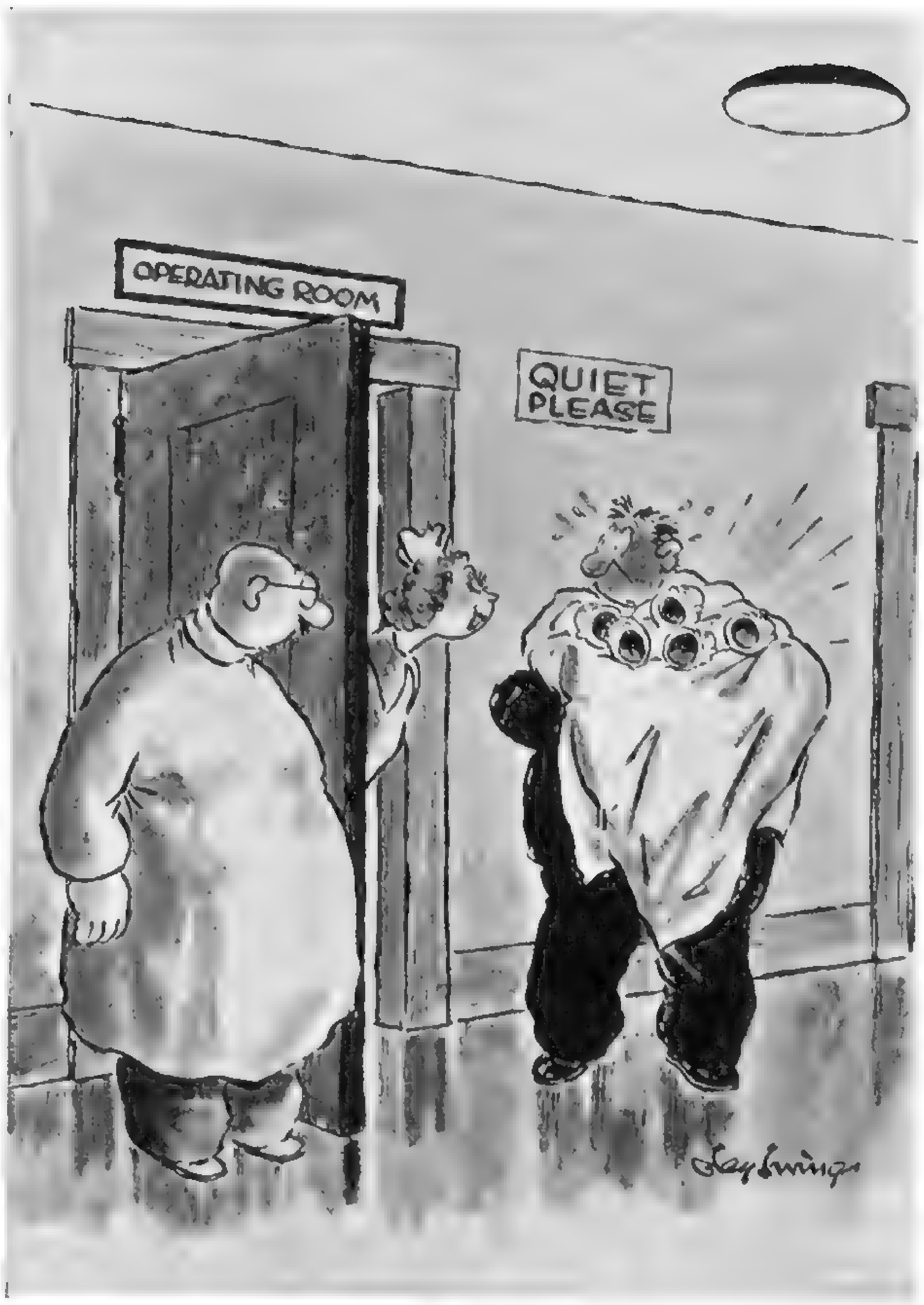
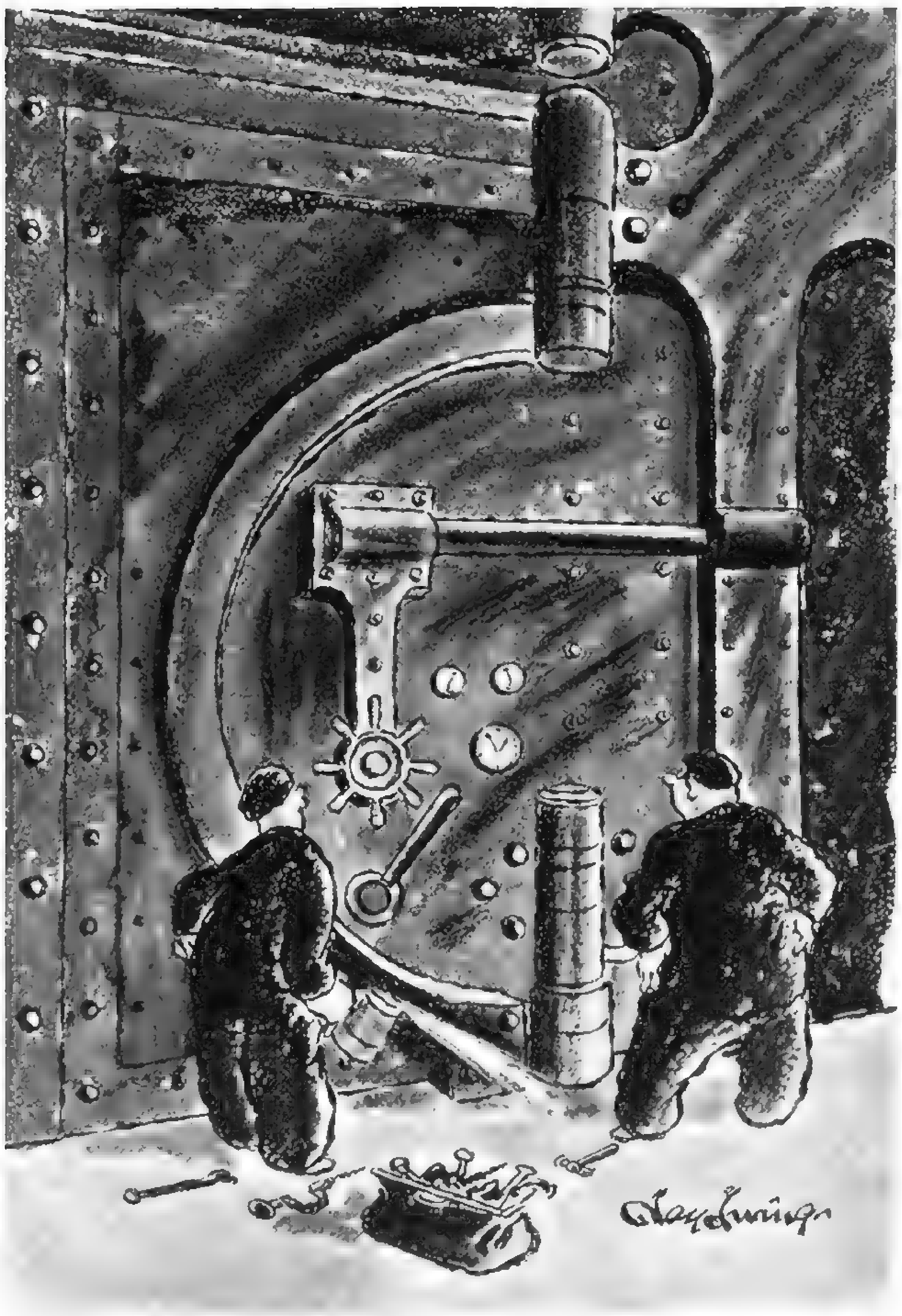
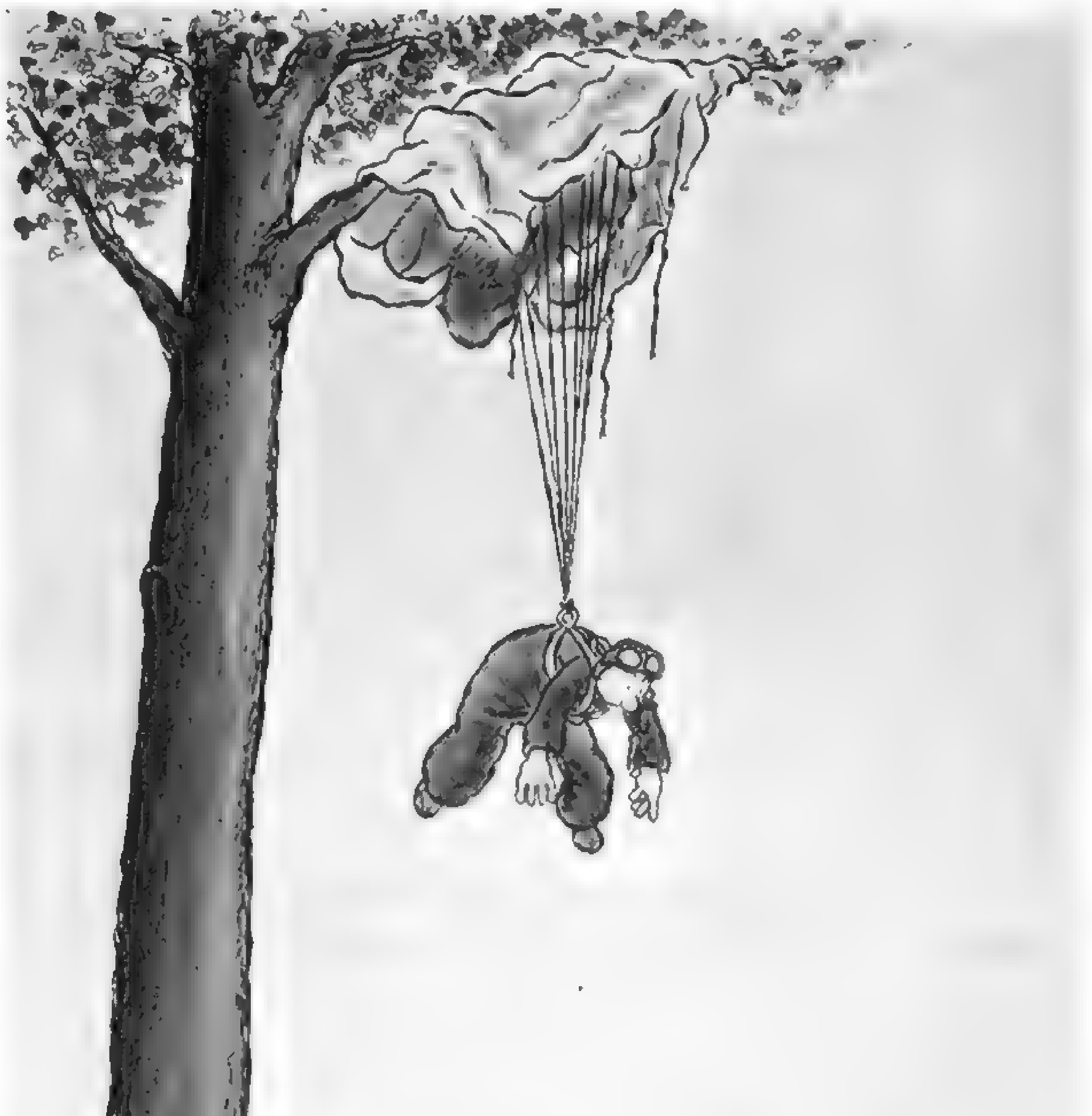
"There! That oughta do it—"


OPERATING ROOM
QUIET PLEASE

"Ohhhh, Mister Hamilburg! May I have your autograph?"



"Tsk! Fer goodness sake! Wot'll they be thinkin' up next?"



"Silly!"

Tippling Trivia

Continued from page 115

Of course, you will go to the Old Absinthe House, where the wicked green drops are once more being poured on lumps of sugar all day. You will also linger at the St. Charles bar to have a session with Paul, the bartender. Back in '91, Paul started out on his mixing career under the tutelage of Ramos, the famous bartender who used to serve John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, along with the crème de la crème of Creole society. While learning your way about New Orleans from Paul, he will probably ply you with a Ramos Gin Fizz, a Creole Cocktail, or a Mint Smash.

In San Francisco don't fail to call on Julius, who is the guiding spirit at the St. Francis bar. Julius has had a colorful background and can regale you for hours about the old San Francisco he knew when he used to serve the Crockers, Spreckles, Fleishhakers and Floods, out at the Cliff House on the Golden Gate. The blue bloods of the times often added color to their parties by inviting a celebrity or stage star to be a guest of honor. Julius's favorite was Anna Held, for whom he evolved a special cocktail. She must have been good to get away with the following mixture, which went into an Anna Held cocktail: brandy, yellow chartreuse, Dansiger Goldwasser, cloves and maraschino!

A word about "pick-ups." I have found that the question of what to quaff in the evening, is nothing compared to the problem of matutinal drinking. Bartenders in general seem to approve of the old one about "Taking a bite of the hair of the dog that bit you"—or whatever the thing is. On the Ile de France, Renauld, the chef de bar, prescribes this little number: champagne, cognac, powdered sugar, a few drops of yellow chartreuse—topped off with a bit of Grand Marnier floating on the surface. Down in Bermuda, the Castle Harbour bartender, Primo, has the following suggestion which he claims has been working wonders for sufferers from jitters over at Le Touquet, where Primo spends his Summers—at the Westminster Hotel. Christened the "Barbatoge," it is made of: champagne (any charged water or syphon), a teaspoonful of brandy and a dash of Curacao.

Those who find that a champagne cocktail is the only thing they can face on a cold, gray dawn, might like to try a variation of it. The following is a recipe from one of France's most famous champagne connoisseurs, Count Ghislain de Maigret, whose family has been responsible for the Moët and Chandon bubbles for generations. The Count has a huge collection of recipes calling for champagne. But many of them are rather complicated, so I have selected a simple one: 1 quart of champagne (this is for a punch—not a cocktail!), peel of two oranges and two sliced lemons, one slice of cucumber peel, a jigger of brandy, likewise one of Cointreau, a teaspoonful of sugar and a pint of club soda.

Other "pick-up" suggestions I have run across range from those prescribed in Peru, to remedies at fair Harvard. Down in Lima at the Hotel Bolivar, the bartender dispenses a Porto Flip to morning mourners. It is made with port, a raw egg, cream, and a dash of Benedictine. Being taken in hand up at Cambridge by young Rolf Kaltenborn, son of the famous "H.V.", I was told that the thing to drink was plain gin with a dash of Grenadine—I suppose the latter is put in to create a bit of the dear old Crimson.

One of the pet revivers of Bob Benchley, Dorothy Parker and those who for years have been patronizing Tony's (I mean *the* Tony on West 52nd Street), is the specialty called so optimistically a "builder-upper." It was named in honor of Jimmy Durante, and this is how you make it: in a tall glass filled with ice, insert a long lemon peel—as you would for a Horse's Neck—then put in 2 parts brandy to 1 part Benedictine and fill the glass with ginger ale. In London I found that the Black Velvet (champagne and stout) at Bentley's bar, next to the Piccadilly Hotel, not only does the trick—but keeps you in fine fettle all during the day.

When in Bermuda you will probably go for the most famous drink on the island, a "Swizzle," as originated at the old "Swizzle Inn." Its formula can't be pried from the originator, but I have a hunch that all you need do to evolve one is to use the following: 3 parts liquor, 1 part lemon (or lime) juice, also just enough of that West Indian white rum called Falernum, for sweetening. That other pet drink of the West Indies—especially in Cuba—"Daiquiri" was really christened by Americans. Some engineers who were working at the mines in Daiquiri, in Southeastern Cuba, used to hang out at the bar of the old Venus Hotel in Santiago. They invented the drink, but it had no name. Soon it became famous and people asking for the cocktail didn't know how to call for it. So the bartender christened it "Daiquiri." At the National Hotel in Havana, they make it as follows: 1 jigger of Bacardi rum, the juice of half a lime and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. The hotel's own "special" is composed of: equal parts of Bacardi and pineapple juice, a dash of apricot brandy, and a squeeze of lemon.

One of the closest guarded drink formulas is that of the Brighton Punch originated at Atlantic City's Brighton Hotel. The recipe is known to only two living men, the inventor's former assistant who now lives in New York, and one Rodger Evans, the present bartender. Rodger started to work at the Brighton when a lad of sixteen. Though he will never let you know how to make the Brighton Punch, Rodger will charm you with tales of the pre-prohibition gentlemen he used to serve—John Vanderlip, H. H. Havemeyer, Alexis Du Pont, Clement Studebaker, Thomas Carey of Baltimore, and Harry Darlington of Pittsburgh.

As a parting word may I do a little shouting for that wonderful summer drink served so often in Germany and Austria, a bowle. It offers a grand way to use plain white wine, or as we French say, vin ordinaire. You put crushed fruit in wine and let it stand several hours before serving. In Europe they begin to make bowle when strawberries arrive and they go right through the season, using whatever fruit is in market. From Charlie, the bartender at Vienna's Reiss Bar, which is to that city what Harry's Bar is to Paris, I found the much talked of Waldmeister bowle hasn't any special trick to it, but is merely made of a dry white wine, powdered sugar and Juniper, which grows so plentifully in Austrian woods. I suggest that on the next warm day you blow yourself to a bowle. Prosit!

Four Recipes for Men

Continued from page 69

It was served in a lovely Sevres cup, lacking a handle. Another trophy from the dump. And I asked for a second helping! I still maintain that for hungry, indigent men, nothing can compare with slum as a steady diet. Slum—as Colorado, the unsung chef, could make it!

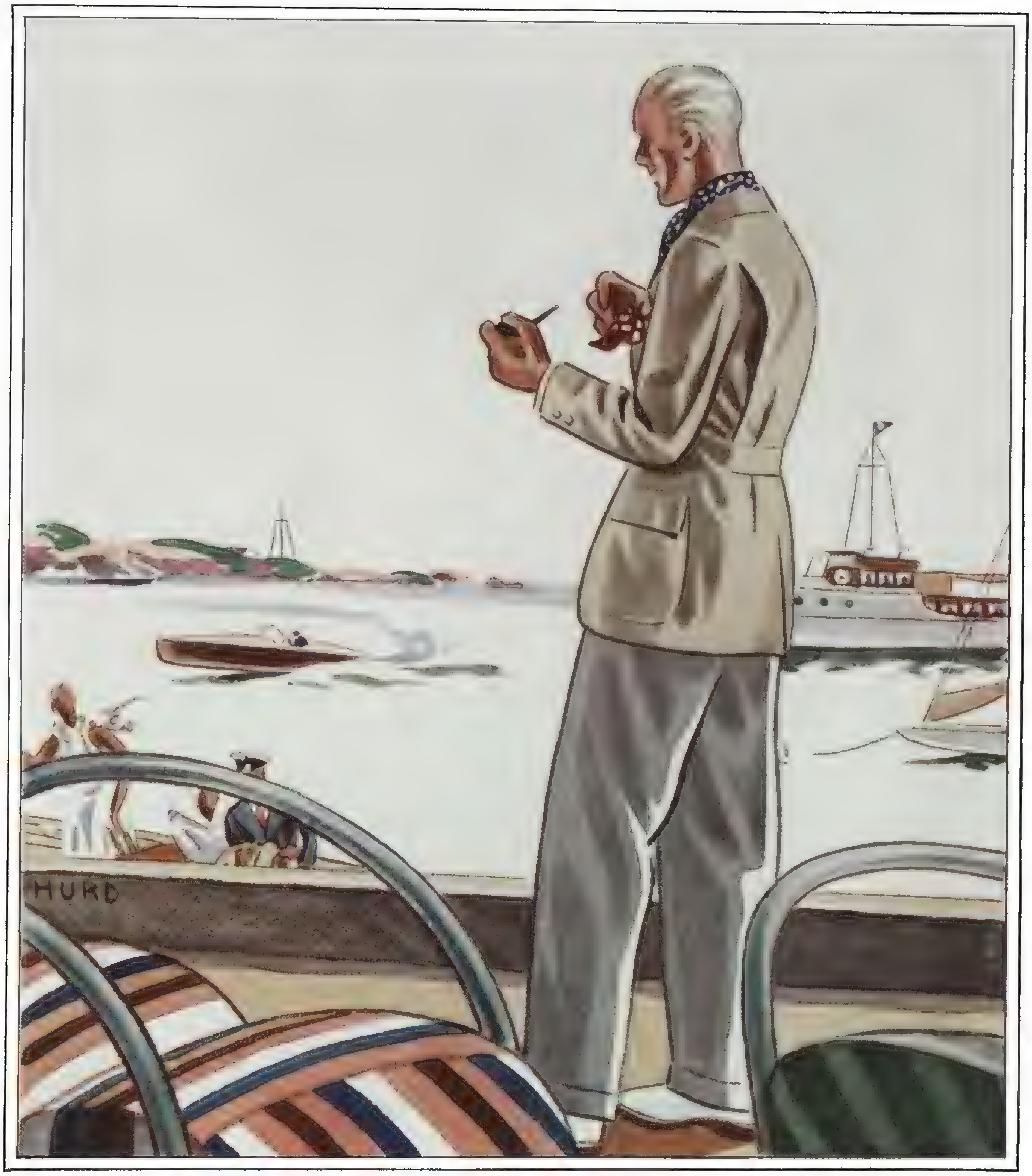
Having set down to a meal of victuals with sophisticate and outcast, let us sojourn briefly with the peasantry.

Up in Vermont is a little hamlet where I sometimes go in Spring to enjoy the sugaring-off when the maple sap is running and the snow still in the hollows. I stop with old friends, a farmer and his family, whose ancestors have lived here since long before the Revolution. I could fill pages with descriptions of the good things I have had to eat there—many of them prepared according to the recipes of ancient family cook books in faded handwriting—some of it done with quill pens.

Every housewife knows how beans are baked. You soak a quart overnight, and next day bake with half a pound of pork, a tablespoon of salt, and four of sweetening, part of it molasses if you belong to the Boston school. Not so in this old Vermont homestead. Vermonters raise and highly esteem the soldier bean. In case you are not familiar with it, this is a white bean shaped like but smaller than the kidney bean; and each bean has an odd little red marking that looks more or less like a British grenadier. Hence the name.

These are prepared as in other recipes, by soaking overnight. But when the baking commences, ¾ of a pound of salt pork is used instead of the customary half pound. A heaping tablespoon of dry English mustard is added. Then—and here is the secret—four tablespoons of granulated maple sugar! These are the baked beans I would walk a mile to get, in any sort of weather, and without galoshes.

I will close modestly by revealing my own formula for oyster cocktail sauce. For a dozen oysters or little necks, put two tablespoons of tomato catsup into a small glass, add a full teaspoon of grated horse radish, three or four drops of tabasco sauce, a bit of salt, a pinch of onion salt (or a quarter teaspoon of onion juice). Thin with white wine vinegar (or lemon juice), mixing thoroughly. Place all the oysters or clams in the glass, being careful to pour in any juice from the shells. Serve ice cold, of course.



WHERE A MUFFLER CAN REPLACE THE COLLAR AND TIE

This is an outfit you can wear morning noon and night at a summer resort, for all but formal evening occasions. It is a polo shirt and a pair of slacks, with a foulard muffler in place of shirt and tie when a jacket is added. The odd jacket is a two-button notched lapel model with a belted back and a bi-swing pleat that allows for complete freedom of swing. The back also has a center vent. The jacket is of linen or Palm Beach cloth, usually in the color of natural linen, the light tan shade that is indicated here. The trousers are blue-grey, either of light flannel or of the even lighter weight washable fabrics. The shoes are plain white buckskin, without toecaps, with red rubber soles and heels. You need have no hesitancy about showing up without a shirt and with a foulard muffler doing the shirt's customary duty in filling the V of your jacket—this is a stunt that gained great acceptance during the past Palm Beach season, where it was affected by the best-dressed sportsmen in this country. And they, in turn, were following the lead (although they would probably scorn to admit it) of the lordly folk who inhabit the watering places on the Riviera. (That's the French Riviera, by the way, and not to be confused with the Dago Riviera, which in turn has nothing to do with the Diego Rivera who painted the Rockefeller murals. You probably have an aunt who can't keep them straight, which is why we open up the subject at all.) Anyway, this is the outfit. You can also approximate this effect by the addition of a grey or blue-grey jacket to the golf outfit shown on page 112, or by combining the golf outfit with the cotton jacket shown on page 111, and wearing the handkerchief around your neck in muffler-fashion.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR ESQUIRE BY WHITING FELLOWS

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

FOOTNOTES TO A SUMMER SHOE WARDROBE

THE picture tells the story of the various shoes but the matter of their care is a story in itself. First, it is almost as important to tree your shoes, upon retiring, as it is to remove them. Next (unless you have a valet—and aren't we all?) you must clean them. To take the new look off brown calf shoes, vary the shade of polish—a dark brown one day and a deep red, like the famous Royal Navy Dressing, the next. After applying polish, brush, then rub in Meltonian Cream, then polish the shoes briskly. White and white trimmed shoes require a liquid paste that won't rub off. To get a high shine on white buckskin, use Coates Polish on turkish towelling, let dry, then rub with soft cloth. Contrary to what you hear, don't use a wire brush on brown buckskin—use an old hairbrush. Coat the edges of soles and heels with black waterproof enamel. Clean the leather trimming on white shoes with a neutral Meltonian Cream.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Being, in large part, a wise and witty dissertation on the hooey in the appreciation of the arts

by BURTON RASCOE

There are a great many people rather above the average in general taste and intelligence and with special cultivation in some of the arts and sciences, who have, nevertheless, no eye for drawings or paintings. A sketch by Rubens or Rube Goldberg means exactly the same thing to them—which is precisely nothing.

There is nothing wrong in this, nothing of which anyone need be ashamed. They miss, perhaps, a certain kind of gratification in life just as I miss a certain sort of gratification because I cannot perform on the flying trapeze. I should like to fly through the air with the greatest of ease like the daring young man in the circus. But I am not going to eat my heart out because I can't. What is more, I am not going around pretending that I could make a bum out of any member of the Concello family or high-hatting people who can't do a double somersault in the air either.

That's what some people do about the arts, though, all branches of the arts—painting especially. People who are color blind or upon whom a drawing makes no impression whatever, but who have a snobbish, pitiful yen to be considered cultured, have no hesitancy about poll-parroting the modish gabble of the studios.

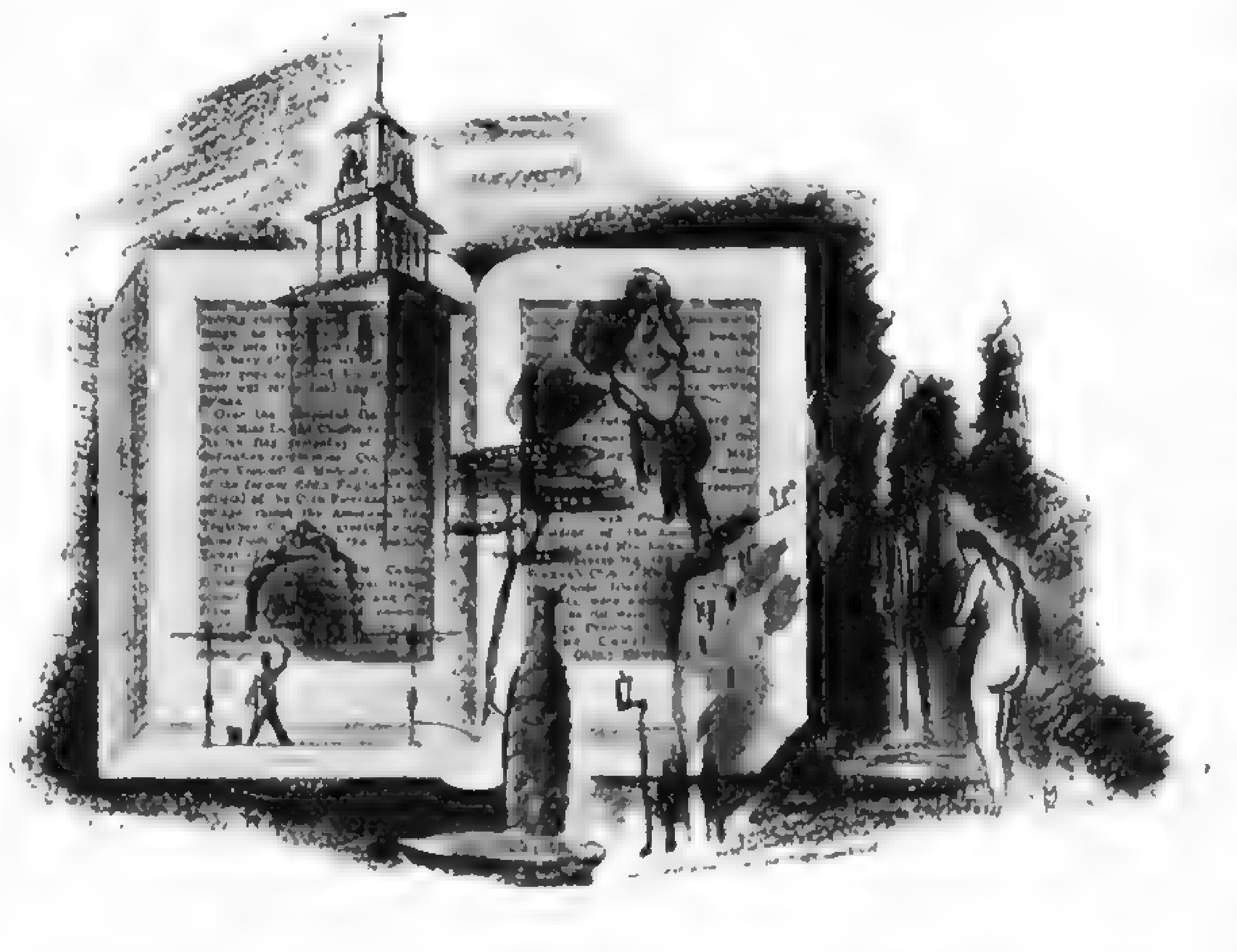
A few years ago I used to amuse myself by reading the precious little pieces on trends in the arts written by the editor himself of a magazine concerned exclusively with the arts. The stuff was awful. One gathered that the editor had never been instructed in the elements of grammar and that it would be fulsome flattery to call him half-witted. But at least you were left with the impression that he had made a nuisance of himself around the ateliers of Paris long enough to pick up a second-hand notion or two about some of the modernists and their work.

I remember he had written an article on Marie Laurencin. Now if you have any sense whatever about individual styles or characteristics in painting you cannot fail to identify a Laurencin wherever you see it, if you have ever seen one. A slight acquaintance with the work of Puvis de Chavannes and Bryson Burroughs might cause the imperceptive person to mistake a Burroughs for a Chavannes, because Burroughs took everything from Chavannes except his palette and brushes; but nobody even *tries* to imitate Marie Laurencin.

Well, lo and behold, I was at a dinner for some visiting European literary celebrity at the Coffee House Club in New York one night and it was in the place-cards that I should sit next to this languid and superior authority on modern art. As it happens, Frank Crowninshield had loaned to the club for a time his collection of canvases by Marie Laurencin. There was a whole wall strung with Laurencin's anemic virgins.

Of a sudden the gentleman who had written an article on Marie Laurencin cocked his head, lowered his eyelids, held out his fingers as though he were looking through an invisible spy-glass and said, "Ah, there's an interesting composition over there. A rather pleasing organization of line and color. I wonder who the artist could be."

"It is the work," I said, "of Charley Towne's Japanese butler. Charley thought the lad's stuff was pretty good and tried to get an exhibition of his work at the Whitney studios. Having failed there, he got the Jap to sign the stuff 'Laurencin' and showed some of it to Frank Crowninshield. Frank will buy the wrapper on a tomato can if it's signed Laurencin. You so thoroughly convinced him Laurencin was a good buy with that article of yours."



I was unfair to Mr. Crowninshield who is well-known for his discovery of new talent in painting (after he has heard a name repeated at dinner parties often enough) and who certainly can distinguish between a Laurencin and a label for a tomato can; but perhaps I will be forgiven by my heavenly judge if I ceased that night to love my table companion as a brother. I could pardon him for not recognizing a Laurencin after having written so eruditely about Mlle. Laurencin (all her pictures are almost exactly alike) but I could not excuse him for swallowing my gag about the one he especially liked being by Charley Towne's Japanese butler. Charley hasn't any butler, Japanese or otherwise. He's got an old Negro mammy.

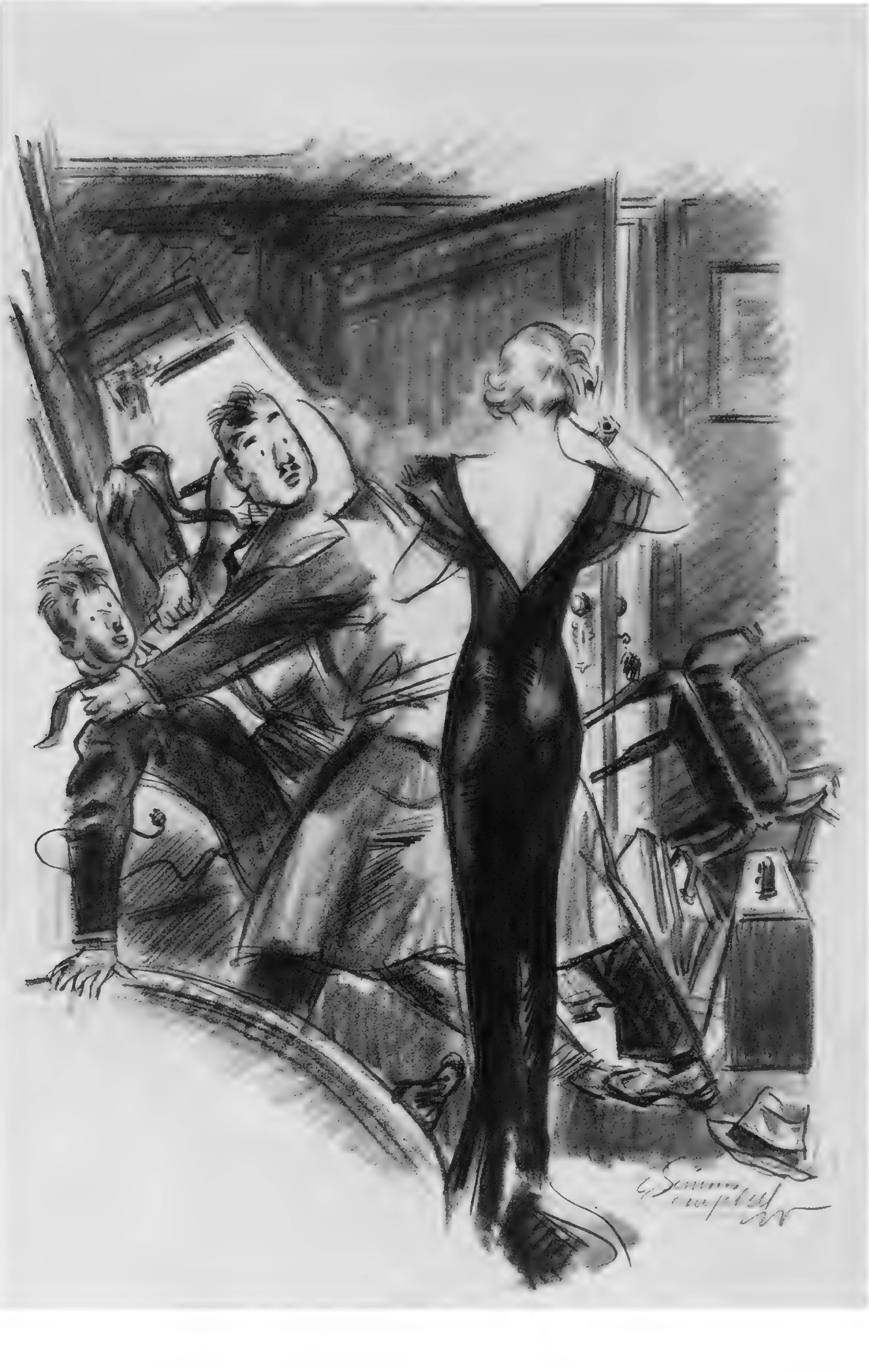
In my bathroom I have an excellent reproduction in facsimile of Cézanne's "The Bathers." In French the title is feminine, indicating in this case that there are no men present. It might also be said that there are no women present either, although there are four vague approximations to the female form and what seems to have started out to be another attempt on Cézanne's part to represent a voluptuous woman but which turned out much worse than the other four. It looks as though Cézanne tried to rub it out with a rag and then said to himself, "Oh, what the hell!" and left it in as part of the landscape.

Cézanne couldn't draw or paint the human form yet he always wanted to paint a female nude as voluptuous and as enticing as Giorgione's "Venus." He also always wanted to pose a nude in the open air, against a sylvan background; but he was afraid he would get run in by the police if he tried it. As a compensation for this double frustration he imagined four (or rather five) female nudes in positions like first-base, second-base, third-base and home plate in a baseball diamond against some green and blue that resembles grass and trees. He couldn't paint a pool of water either, so he labeled the painting "Les baigneuses" (because the women were naked) and left out the place they had been swimming in.

This particular painting is so far from what poor Cezanne tried to paint that it is one of the most famous things he ever did. In fact it is so bad in its special way that it is truly remarkable. It catches and holds the eye by its very multiplicity of errors, by its very lack of resemblance to anything catchable by the eye on land or water. It has inspired many wordy phonies, who sustain themselves precariously by writing swill for the English papers and highbrow magazines about the latest news in the art world of Paris, to compose real masterpieces of critical buncombe. They have explained this daub in recondite and metaphysical terms; they have written of its "significant form," its "fourth dimensional essence" and even of its "soul."

In other words, since it has been reproduced so many times, it ought to be pretty well known to any one who even only occasionally glances at the European art magazines or thumbs the monographs with reproductions that are turned out so prolifically in Germany. Cézanne could draw, mind you, and with beauty and distinction. Give him a vase of flowers or some fruit on a table and he could paint you something as edible as the wax fruit that used to be on your grandmother's dining room table or as much like the real thing as artificial

Continued on page 160



"That's enough George—he's only been here twice"

Mrs. Joe Cotton

Continued from page 38

"What's the matter, Alice?" he asked in surprise. Alice put her hand on his arm. "I've had a very pleasant evening, indeed, Mr. Croxton," she said, "but I think I'd better go on home, now . . . Be sure and look me up again the next time you come to Atlanta."

"So that's the sort you are," said Joe in a hard voice. "Well, let me tell you something, sister: you can't pull that stuff on me and get away with it!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"All right, then," said Joe, "I'll show you pretty quick what I mean."

He took her by the arms and threw her roughly upon the bed, and held her there. Alice struggled to free herself. She was surprised at Joe's strength and she had not expected him to react in any such manner. As she struggled to free herself from his hands her brain was working with rapidity. Then, suddenly, she ceased to struggle and lay limp beneath him, and began to cry. After she had stopped resisting him, Joe kissed her once or twice in a sullen, hang-dog way, and then he sat beside her on the bed, marking the pattern in the carpet with his foot.

"You think you're pretty wise, don't you?" he said; "well, by God you can't put anything like that over on me."

Alice buried her face in her hands. "You don't understand, Mr. Croxton," she said. "I'm not the sort of girl you think I am, at all." Joe made a laughing sound. . . . "Oh, I don't blame you for thinking those things," Alice continued; "I'll admit you have a perfect right to think terrible things about me." Joe looked at her in a puzzled manner, unable to make up his mind. "I wanted to have a good time, like other girls, and I thought I could do what they do," she went on. "Other girls have always said a man wouldn't like you, unless you did things like that and I did so want you to like me!" Alice was crying in earnest now. Slowly she raised her head and looked at Joe appealingly. She had known, of course, that he was completely defeated, now, and that she could go home unmolested, when she chose, but she was surprised to notice there were tears, also, in his eyes, and that his jaw was trembling. For a moment he regarded her simply. Then he knelt before her and raised the hem of her skirt to his lips. . . . "I don't deserve your forgiveness, Miss Alice," he said in a choking voice. . . . "I don't deserve it."

"Now, Mr. Croxton," said Alice kindly, "everybody makes mistakes, I guess." . . .

When she repeated the story to Trix that night, the girls laughed until they were exhausted. Trix lay on her bed, weak with laughter. "I don't see how you stood it, Alice, honest to God, I don't!" she said.

"I had to stand it," said Alice, "but when he got down on his knees, I thought I was going to split." Then she added, "Well, I'll never see that sap, again, I hope."

The next day Alice received a letter from Joe by special messenger. He was leaving for Chattanooga, that morning, he said, and he wanted to apologize again. He went over and over the same ground for ten closely written pages, affirming, and reaffirming, Alice's beauty of soul and pleading that she forgive him in time for the mistake that he had made. . . . "It is hard for a girl of your innocence to understand a man of the world like me," wrote Joe, "but I've been on the road for a long time and I have met so many women of the 'other kind' that I have become hard and lost my ideals. Last night showed me how far I had drifted. . . . But now," he continued, "I have reached the point where I need the sweet and tender love of a good woman. Oh Alice! Help me to renew my faith in womankind!" At first Alice did not know what to make of the letter, but finally she showed it to Trix, and they had another good laugh at Joe's expense.

Early the next morning another letter arrived from Joe. It was much like the first one, being devoted largely to Alice's goodness, and Joe's unworthiness. Alice read the letter two or three times, a thoughtful look on her face. For some reason she did not want to share this letter with Trix, from whom she had no secrets, as a rule, but Trix seeing it on Alice's dressing-table, began reading it aloud, making laughing remarks at Joe's stupidity. Alice felt a sudden, uncalculated anger against Trix. She took the letter out of her hand, and put it away carefully. After that a letter came from Joe each morning. These letters were becoming more and more imploring, and they were impressing Alice against her will.

At the end of the first week, she answered Joe's letters, a detail which she failed to reveal to Trix, and after that she fell naturally into the habit of writing him daily. She gave up smoking cigarettes, because Joe asked her to; she began dressing more modestly, because Joe liked modest women, and she quit having dates with other men. And so things went for a few months and then Alice Ochs became Mrs. Joseph L. Cotton and moved with her husband to Reedyville, where he had lived as a boy, and where he had bought a home for his bride.

Once in Reedyville, with her early life behind her, Alice Cotton drifted without effort into the church life of the town. Joe and his kinsmen were Methodists, so Alice became a member of that denomination also. At first Joe was afraid his wife would be bored with Reedyville, after the exciting life she had led, and that she would find the narrow, religious life of the town confining, but such was far from being the case. Alice, who had never in her life received religious training, took to it instinctively. As she sat in the small church listening to the hymns and the thundering, denunciatory sermons, she kept thinking: "This is what I have always wanted. Why have I missed it in the past?" Often she was sorry that she was not a member of the Catholic faith, so that she might have become a nun.

During the second year of their married life, when her husband was home on one occasion, Alice locked her bedroom door against his advances, and told him that that sort of relationship was over forever between them. Such a relationship was permissible only for the purpose of bringing souls into the world, she said, and it was apparent, now, that God did not see fit to bless their union with children. Joe did not agree with his wife's views, but he continued to love her patiently, hoping that her new mood would pass.

It never did, of course, and as the years went by, Joe Cotton spent more and more of his time on the road. He rarely visited Reedyville any more. During the week, when he was busy, he never thought of women, but often on a Sunday, in a strange town, he became lonely and picked up some girl on the street and took her to his room. At such times Joe would send out for a bottle of gin and he and the woman would drink until they were slightly drunk. Then he would begin to talk about his wife: "I married the best woman in the world," he would say. "I married an angel." Then he would cry maudlin tears and his companion would embrace him, and call him a poor boy and everything would run smoothly until they began to haggle over the amount of money he was to pay for the privilege of having the lady sleep in his bed.

Occasionally reports of Joe's goings-on got back to Reedyville and reached his wife's ears. She would sigh patiently and roll her eyes upward when people told her such things, but in reality she did not care what her husband did on the road. Gradually she took more and more interest in her church work and in time she joined Mr. Palmiller's interdenominational temperance and vice society, becoming its most efficient and belligerent member, crusading against cigarette smoking, whisky drinking, sexual congress. For the first time her life was perfect and complete. She was happy in her new work and she believed that God and all His angels understood and applauded it.

The Temperance and Vice Committee met each Monday evening, generally at the home of its president, Mr. Palmiller. Mrs. Cotton, as secretary, always came early, with her minutes and records and reports. She would seat herself at Mr. Palmiller's elbow and arrange his papers for him or fill his glass with water. Then there would be old Mrs. Porterfield sitting in a wicker chair, flanked by Mr. Asa Prescott and Miss Ruby McMasters.

One night after the regular business had been attended to, Alice Cotton began to talk about the things that went on at Violet Wynn's sporting house on Van Bergen Street and how the clerk at the Magnolia Hotel sent out for girls when their guests required such attention. There came a series of shocked exclamations and demands for more exact details: So Alice Cotton told them what they wanted to hear. When she had finished, old Mrs. Porterfield banged her cane and leaned forward eagerly: "How did you find out, Sister Cotton?" she asked. "How did you hear about these terrible things?" Alice shook her head: "It's my duty as a Christian woman to know what's going on in this town!" she said . . .

Mr. Palmiller rose, then, and offered a prayer in which he thanked God for having given to Alice Cotton her unparalleled understanding of sin, and her great power to detect and confound sinners. This power, according to Mr. Palmiller, was as important as the power to do good, or the necessity for practicing Christian brotherhood and love.

The Listening Post

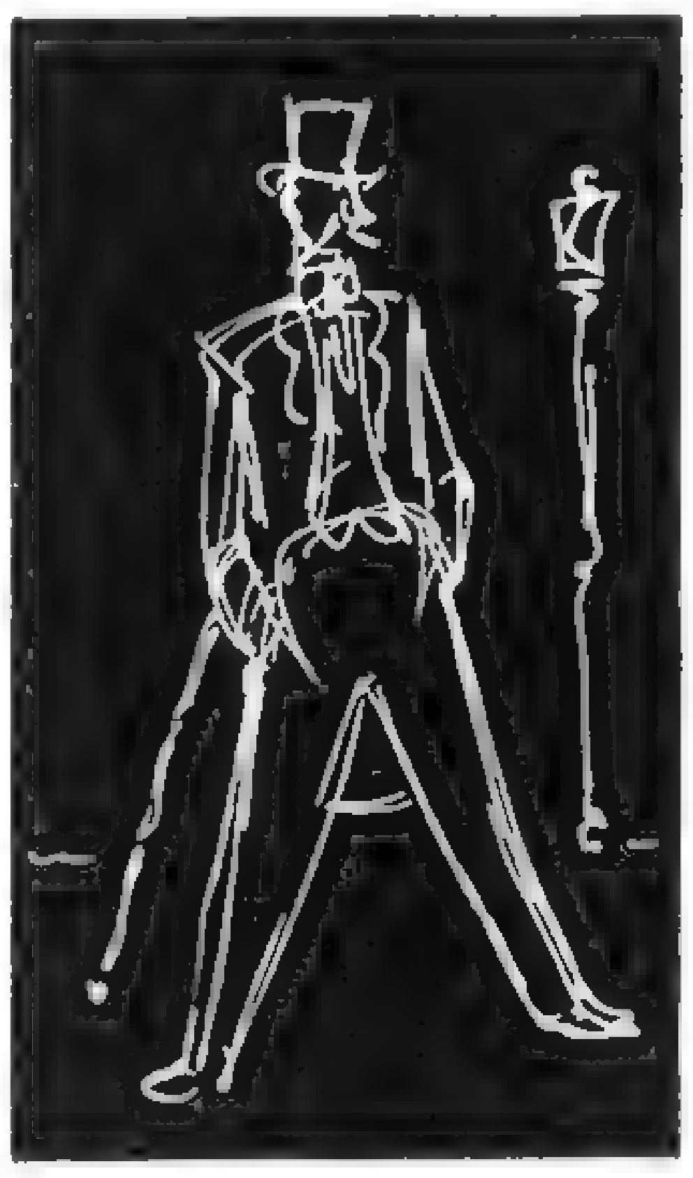
Having read about art in the book section, now read about ballet in the music division

by SIGMUND SPAETH

So they made a ballet out of the building of the Union Pacific railroad and played safe by calling it "Union Pacific." Archibald MacLeish, Pulitzer prize poet and former Yale football player, wrote the "libretto," whatever that may be in a ballet, which has no words. In any case, his ideas are excellent.

Nicolas Nabokoff, hitherto practically unknown, composed the music, also excellent. Leonide Massine told the dancers what to do, and contributed the sensational solo in person as a bartender. The production was by Colonel de Basil's Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, with decor (scenery to you) by Albert Johnson, costumes by Irene Sharaff, and an orchestra conducted by Efrem Kurtz. That seems to cover the most important credits. So far as I know, there were no shoes by I. Miller.

But it would be only fair to mention the whole company of interpreters and creators of this new American ballet, for they all did a good job. MacLeish, the idea man, picked some natural material for dancing, music and drama. America's transcontinental railway is being completed in 1869. Gangs of Irishmen are working westward, gangs of Chinamen eastward, to meet at Promontory Point, in Utah. There are fights, there are tent-saloons, there are gamblers, there are whore-ladies. But eventually the task is finished. A golden spike is driven by a capitalist. Two engines meet at the point of contact. The Doxology is sung. Photographs are taken. It all sounds like a modern piece of public relations work. And it all looks simply grand on the stage.



Nabokoff's music is pretty much Russian, in the Stravinsky manner, except when he introduces actual American tunes, and he does this plentifully, without overdisguising them. Yankee Doodle (slowed up to a hymn for the entrance of a Mormon missionary, and later in regular time for the engines). O Susanna, Pop Goes the Weasel, The Arkansas Traveller, these are all easily recognizable, and orchestrally well treated, with the help of Edward Powell. The Doxology (Old Hundredth) last just long enough to give conventional thanks to the Lord, after which the crowd and the photographer bestow real credit on the capitalists.

But the workmen seem to have the best time, especially when fighting and loving. After a surveyor (Eglevsky) has danced all over a blue-print of fantastic proportions, the Irishmen come on, laying ballet-girls for tracks and ties. (I always say home ties are the best.) The girls don't seem to mind it at all and they make tracks that justify the old line, "Go west, young man, go west."

The Chinese workmen, in the second scene, show less imagination in their work, but then, Chinese labor always was cheaper. Their surveyor (Petroff) falls for the wiles of the Lady-Gay (Irina Baronova), fittingly garbed in yellow, and bit of a peril herself. They all meet again in the Big Tent, which offers a pleasant variety of vices at obviously low cost.

It is here that Massine dominates the picture, first hiding modestly behind the bar, but eventually emerging for a combination of cake-walk and snake-hips that drives the audience completely crazy. The boy would go big in a modern night-club.

The rivalry of the surveyors for the commercial favors of Lady-Gay (and that's no exaggeration) leads to a free-for-all, in which chairs and stools are used as weapons, in addition to the traditional fists. But hard feelings are forgotten in the final scene, when the rivalry of the workingmen turns into a race for Promontory Point. It seems to end in a tie, and everybody goes into a rejoicing ensemble for the finish.

"Union Pacific" is distinctly an interesting experiment in the possibilities of an American ballet. Even though the dancers are all Russians, they succeed in creating quite a convincing atmosphere of the America of pioneer days. Except for the one extraordinary contribution of Massine, however, it does not particularly suggest American dancing, and there may be possibilities in this direction that have not yet received consideration. Sammy Lee, of Broadway, had some good ideas when he coached the dancers in John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and things are being done occasionally at the Radio City Music Hall that deserve the title of American ballet.

I cannot agree with Colonel de Basil when he says rather complacently that an American ballet "could only be developed upon the technical and artistic foundation of Russian ballet." I think people are getting a little sick of the classic posturings, the abnormal toe-balancings and other artificialities that Degas and Agnes de Mille have kidded so successfully.

It was Richard Connell, by the way, who uttered the annihilating bon mot on this whole subject. When a ballet school was projected at Westport, Connecticut, a local enthusiast remarked that it would be nice to see a lot of good-looking girls jumping about in pink tulle. "Or vice versa," was Mr. Connell's comment.

Anyone who saw Felicia Sorel interpret "Frankie and Johnnie" this year, as a dance-pantomime, or in her group of Blues with Paul Whiteman, must have felt that this style contained a possible solution for some of the problems of American ballet, but of course the words are a big help. Later, in the Sunday revues at the Barbizon-Plaza, Miss Sorel danced two modern New York scenes with Demetrios Vilan, to clever music by Jacques Krakeur, and again she gave the impression of a typically American art, by no means dependent entirely on folk-materials.

"Frankie and Johnnie," incidentally, is taking on new life, with a full-sized motion picture built around the song, starring Helen Morgan and Chester Morris as the super-lovers, following the various interpretations of Mae West, Hal Skelly, Joe Cook and others. It's rather amusing to find a publisher attempting to restrain the use of the original title and tune of this popular folk-song, basing the claim of proprietorship on a copyrighted version of 1912. "Frankie and Johnnie" was unquestionably well known long before that time. Emerson Hough, of the Covered Wagon, places it in the first half of the nineteenth century, and Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, Richard Gordon and other authorities agree that it must have been written well ahead of the gay nineties.

The 1912 version emasculates most of the original words and adds a bastard chorus that has nothing to do with the story. It omits the classic tag-line, "He was her man and he done her wrong," and most of the picturesque details of that little shooting-party in St. Louis. It's a pallid and anaemic song, as compared with the lusty ballad that so many thousands know and love in their fashion.

This whole business of copyrighting a piece of folk-music is ridiculous anyway. When a song is once in the public domain, as the lawyers call it, you cannot properly copyright anything but an arrangement, and that is all that any publisher of "Frankie and Johnnie" can claim.

They are doing some pretty nasty things

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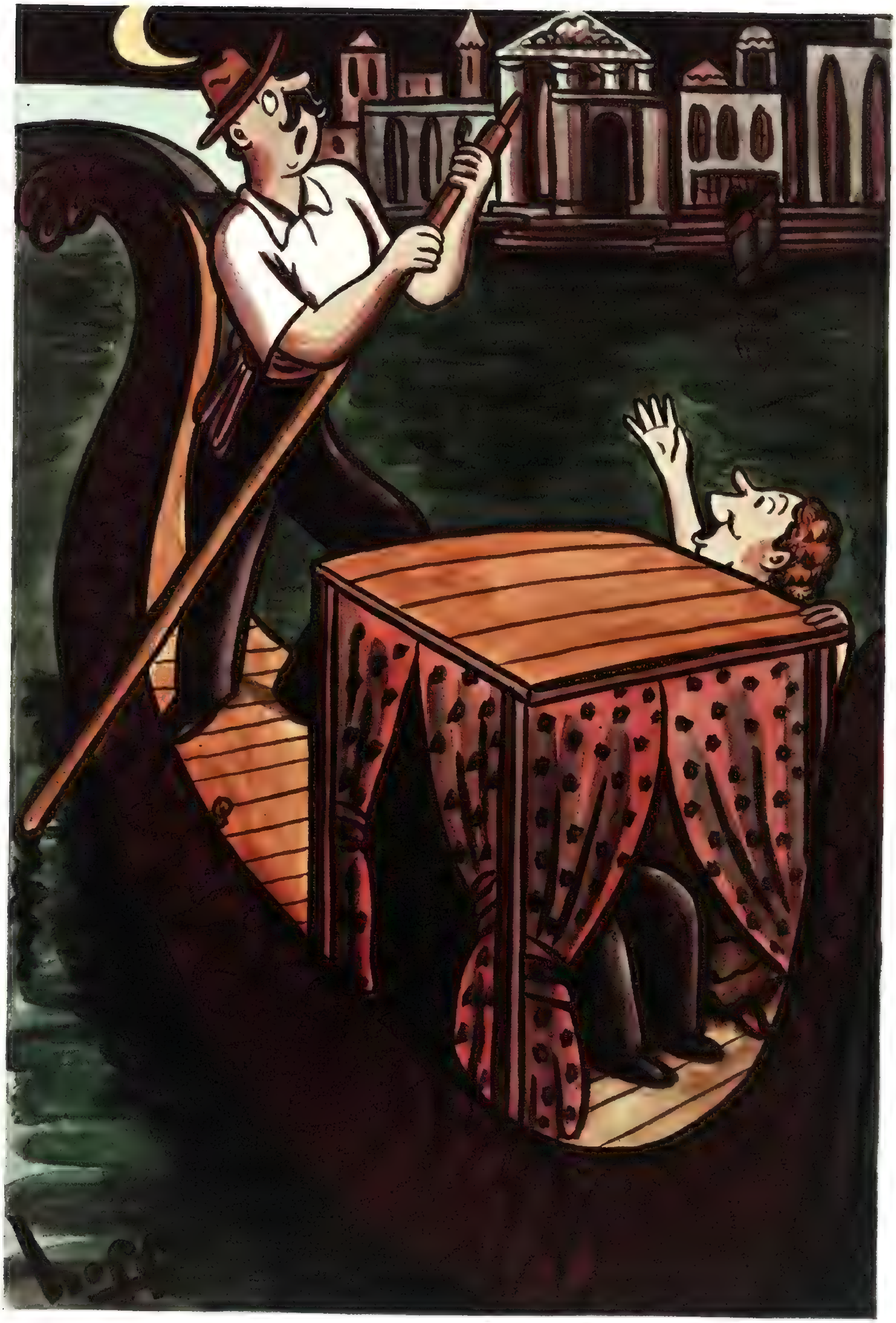
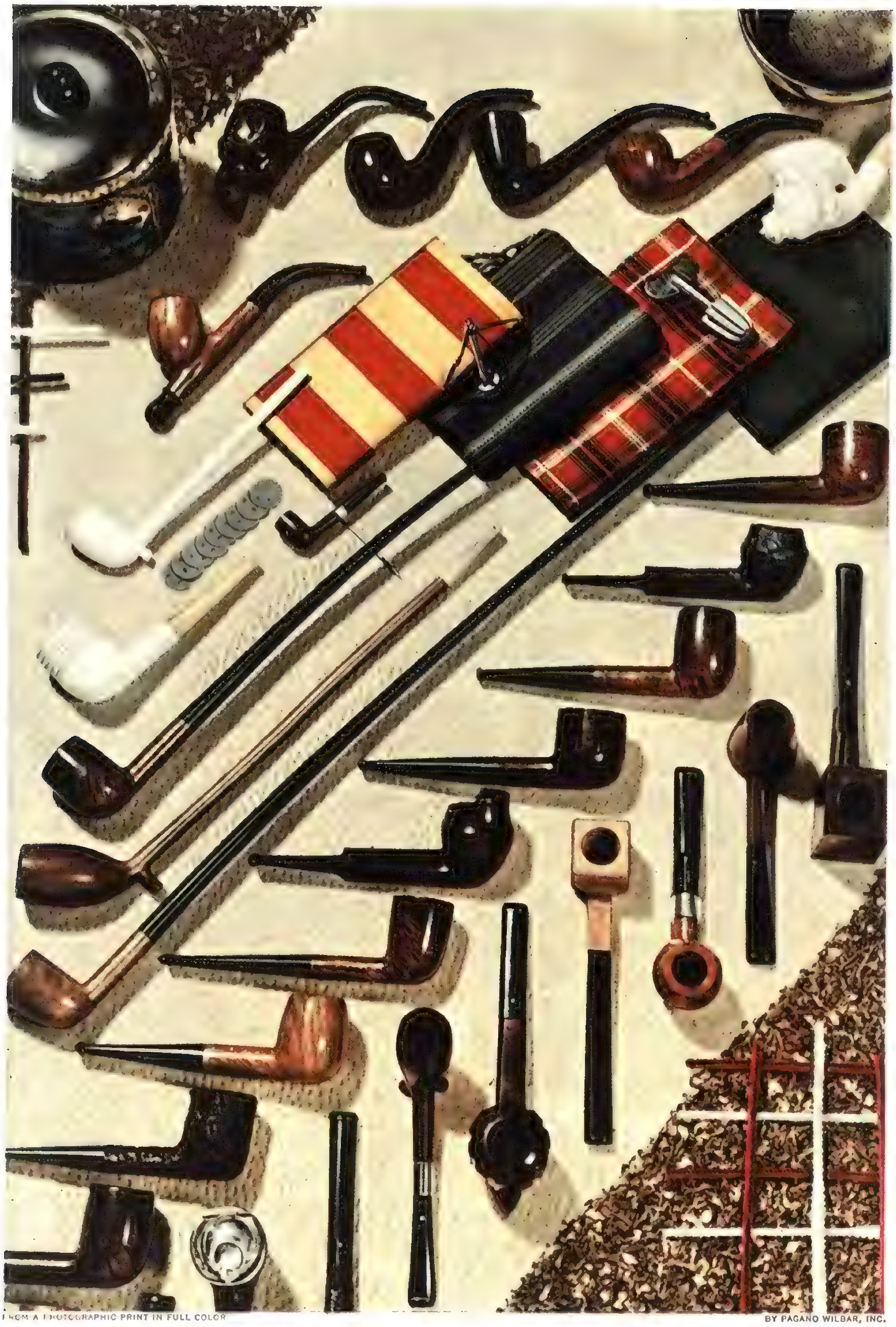


"C'mon—get hot!"



FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINT IN FULL COLOR

BY PAGANO WILBAR, INC.

A PAGE FOR THE PIPE COLLECTOR

The Pipe: Habit and Hobby

Being the first answer to many requests for articles devoted to the various hobbies of the male

by RALPH ROBINSON

PIPE SHOPPE

The earliest available data on pipe collecting was written in the log of the ship which carried Sir Walter Raleigh from Virginia to the shadow of the Tower. Among the quaint, archaic notes was the statement that included in the personal baggage of Sir Walter were twenty pipes—"Implements for burning and consuming Tobac."

Every pipe smoker is a potential collector. The truest pitch of enjoyment is reached through the understanding of pipes themselves and their needs. The ideal nuclei both for the pleasure of smoking and the collecting of pipes is to own seven pipes; one for each day in the week. A pipe, like a human being, needs rest to be at its best when demands are made upon it. It must be treated properly and kept clean. To clean a pipe, after running the pipe cleaner through the stem, insert a clean pipe wick (through the stem to the bowl) and let it remain there. This will absorb all the moisture left in the bowl and the stem and make for a clean fresh smoke.

While most men leave carbon in the bowl, it is not wise to leave too much of a deposit there. Carbon is a hard, gritty substance, much harder than the wood itself and much more rapid in its reaction to heat and cold.

If a pipe gets too hot and the bowl remains cool (as might easily happen out-of-doors on a cold day), the rapid expansion of the carbon under heat will split the contracted bowl. Conversely, a pipe with a hot bowl, left on a mantlepiece, may fly to bits under reverse conditions.

On the other hand it is not wise to remove all the carbon or constant smoking will char the wood and wear the bowl to a shell with equally disastrous results.

The neophyte pipe collector will do well to learn something of the making of pipes in order to secure choice pieces for his own collection. All pipes are made from Bruyere. The word *Briar* is a misnomer. Bruyere is the root of the tree heath. It is found in places where the soil is sparse and often stony, particularly in the drought ridden land surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. The only part of the bush that is used in making fine pipes is the root, which grows below the surface of the ground. Due to a natural lack of moisture and a vicious struggle for existence, this root becomes hard, tough and impervious to fire. In fact, there has been numerous instances where Bruyere root has split a rock in its determined struggle for growth. The cut root is given a dry heat treatment to extract the remaining moisture and natural oils in the wood. This leaves a tough, gnarled, grained block. The block is then rough shaped by hand and subjected to further heat and olive oil processing which stain the wood a natural color varying from the light beige to the deep mahoganies. Sometimes as much as two years is used to attain this color perfection, much hand polishing aiding the seasoning.

Pipes treated in this fashion are sweet smokers, while those whose sap has not been thoroughly extracted, bite the tongue. It is natural in bowls finished by hand that the surface should be irregular. In fact, to tell a good pipe from a cheap pipe, notice the slight lack of symmetry in the surface structure of the bowl. Fine pipes always have them due to the shrinkage that takes place in years of drying out. Cheap pipes cover up these tiny imperfections beneath smooth veneers of shellac and varnish. This varnish bites the tongue and disintegrates and discolors under heat. A natural colored pipe gets new color as it is smoked. A good pipe is never varnished and is ready for smoking the minute you buy it.

Historical

Pipe making was widely prevalent among the aborigines of America for many years previous to its discovery by Columbus, as has been shown by the discovery of stone pipes in Indian Mounds in various parts of the country and in the ruins of Aztec cities in Mexico and Central America.

The pipes found in these mounds and ruins show great skill in construction, being fashioned out of stone, and many of them highly ornamented with carvings of birds and animals.

The Indians used, aside from the ordinary pipe, the calumet or pipe of peace, which has its stem ornamented with eagle feathers, and the war pipe which is a tomahawk with perforated handle communicating with the bowl which is opposite the sharp edge of the weapon.

The manufacture of pipes in England commenced soon after the introduction of tobacco from America in 1565, the finer pipes being made of silver, and the cheaper of walnut shells and a straw.

The clay pipe as known today is a native of England, a pipe making company having been established in 1619 and still continues in business. Early in the 19th Century it was customary to smoke the long churchwarden pipes.

French clay pipes are superior to the English, being of a much finer quality and are made in fancy moulds. St. Claude, France, is today the center of the briar pipe industry.

The native pipe of Holland is a long clay pipe similar to the churchwarden.

The German pipe has a bowl of porcelain, generally decorated on the front, the stems are of various lengths.

Germans and Austrians also use pipes of meerschaum and weichsel (cherry) wood.

Turkey and Persia are the homes of the hookah, in which the smoke is drawn through water before inhaling, thereby cooling it; these pipes have one or more flexible stems attached, enabling the smoker to sit at some distance.

The stiff stemmed Turkish pipes called Chibouques are made of clay, gilded and decorated, and stems of cherry wood or ebony five feet long.

Pipes which are in general use among all tribes of Africa are made of clay, bone, horns of animals, iron, wood, ivory, stone and gourds, the shapes being rather crude.

The pipes found in India are the hookah, and narghile, the latter being made of cocoanut shell, often elaborately mounted in silver.

Chinese and Japanese pipes have small metal bowls and cane stems. There is also a metal water pipe used in China.

Owing to the scarcity of suitable materials, pipes in the arctic region are made of walrus ivory, driftwood and the bones of animals that have been used for food. Many of these pipes are ingeniously carved.

The Laplanders make their pipes of thin iron.

Meerschaum

This is the most expensive material from which pipes are made.

It is a soft clay mined chiefly in Asia Minor. It has also been discovered in New Mexico, but the surface deposits of the latter are not marketable owing to the seepage of mineral matter which has discolored the veins. Whether the quality will improve as the deposit is worked, remains to be seen, meanwhile the Asia Minor supply is being rapidly exhausted and the price of meerschaum is advancing rapidly.

The Asia Minor mines have been worked for a thousand years and consist of about two thousand pits, within an area of six miles. One-half of the pits has been exhausted. The material is mined by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages and transported in the rought to Eskishehr.

The meerschaum is soft when mined, but soon hardens when exposed to the air. For this reason, the lumps are roughly scraped off at first and laid aside to dry. When dry, they are subjected to a thorough scraping and cleaning, and finally waxed and polished.

The lumps are now sorted according to size in four classes and packed in boxes. In this condition the meerschaum is shipped to the pipe manufacturers.

In a meerschaum pipe factory, the large pieces are cut with a hand saw, to a convenient size, after which they are soaked in water until they become quite soft.

Meerschaum when soft can be cut like cheese, and it is then roughly shaped with a knife to the form of a pipe. If a plain pattern pipe is wanted, it is turned on a lathe, the fancy shapes are all cut by hand with a knife. When completed, the bowl is treated to a bath of boiled beeswax, the amber stem attached and it is ready for market.

To color a meerschaum requires great care; it is advisable that a button or a monitor be used, the latter being preferable.

Meerschaum by itself has no coloring qualities; it is the beeswax in which the finished pipe is boiled which retains the coloring matter.

Should a meerschaum be smoked too rapidly or refilled and smoked before being permitted to cool, this beeswax melts and runs to the bottom of the bowl, the result being this is the only portion to color.

To obtain the best results, it is advisable to keep a pipe as dry as possible and refrain from smoking outdoors in cold weather, meerschaum being very susceptible to sudden climatic changes.

A meerschaum pipe bowl should never be kept covered with chamois leather when being smoked, as the leather causes the pipe to sweat and the result is a lot of blotches which can never be removed.

Another hint to meerschaum addicts: meerschaum colors fastest with the use of the darker tobaccos, particularly the dark Virginias.

Briar

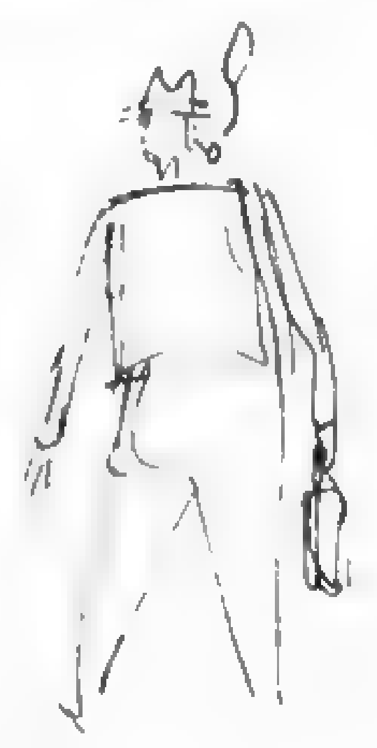
Briar is the root of a species of heath called in French "Bruyere" from which the name is obtained.

The industry of digging briar roots was formerly carried on in Spain and France, but as the fields became exhausted the industry centered around Leghorn, Italy, where most of the wood is now obtained.

There are extensive fields of briar along the Mediterranean shores of Africa, but the root is valueless on account of containing particles of fine gravel. The process of preparing briar root for market is very simple. The roots are dug, then boiled (this is done to prevent splitting) and then cut into blocks. They are then transported to Leghorn and from there shipped to the manufacturers, who are located chiefly in St. Claude, France and Vienna, although a large amount of briar is used in this country.

Several manufacturers of high grade pipes purchase their turned bowls in St. Claude. In this way they are not compelled to handle the large percentage of defective bowls (many of them valueless) which a maker of all grades of pipes must handle.

The process of manufacture is as follows: First the contents of the sacks of briar blocks are sorted according to size, then placed in a drying room where all moisture is evaporated and the blocks are dry enough to prevent shrinkage, after the pipe is completed.



The shaping of the stummel is done entirely by machine. An iron mould the exact shape and size of the finished pipe bowl is held in one end of the lathe, against this mould an iron pin which corresponds to a knife resting against the briar block, follows the shape of the mould, crossing the knife at the opposite end of the lathe to trim the briar block exactly the same shape.

The boring of the bowl and stem and the setting of the bone screw are also done by machinery.

The bowl before being fitted with a stem is buffed several times, pumice stone and a mixture of linseed oil being used to give the finished pipe the required polish and color.

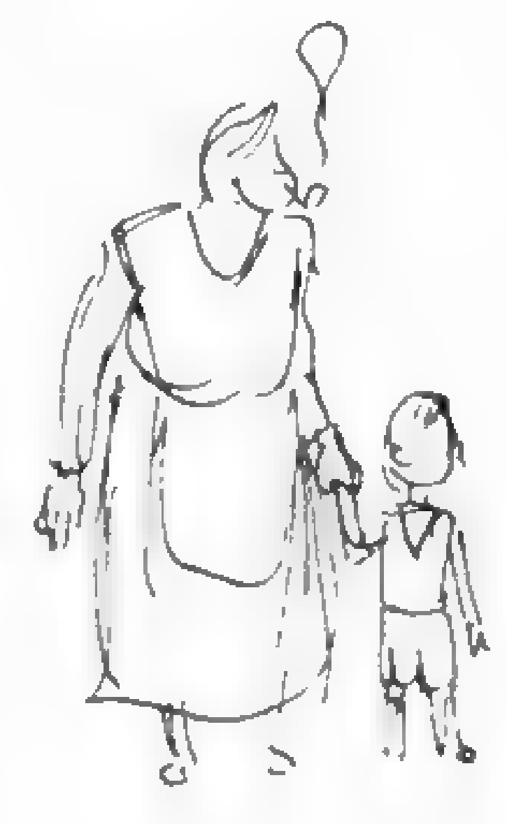
It is advisable before smoking a new briar pipe to fill the bowl with water and if time permits to allow it to remain an hour or so. Fill the pipe tightly with tobacco, light carefully, so as to avoid scorching the rim and smoke slowly.

A loosely filled pipe smokes hot and is liable to burn the bowl. Smoking in the wind creates a forced draft and frequently causes a bowl to burn.

Cracking of a bowl is caused by the neglect in removing the cake which forms inside; this should be removed periodically. Knocking a pipe against a hard substance to empty it has a similar effect.

Clean a briar pipe frequently. Avoid the use of alcohol, which opens the pores in the wood and discolors the pipe. Use a pipe brush or a feather, either of which will absorb the moisture in the stem. Pass several times through the stem and bowl until all moisture is absorbed.

A strong pipe will sweeten up wonderfully if hung in a draughty place near a window for a few days.



Random Notes

One of the most universally used materials for pipes is clay. The majority of those used are of the simplest shapes although some of the French clay pipes are quite elaborate.

Pipes are made from the dried cobs of corn, treated with a plaster preparation to keep it from burning. They are usually made in a reed stem, although bone, weichsel and celluloid are frequently used for mouthpieces.

Porcelain pipes, more frequently called German pipes, are baked in crockery kilns and are often most artistically decorated. They have no power of absorption and afford a rank and unpleasant smoke.

The stem is usually of weichsel varying in length from a few inches to five feet.

Calabash pipes are made from the gourd of a creeping vine, grown in South Africa. When ripe the gourds are collected and left on the ground in the sun, until yellow and hard.

In polishing and cutting, great care is used to prevent cracking the outer surface. The pipes are usually finished with a meerschaum lined bowl.

Calabash pipes are the lightest known; they smoke sweetly and color beautifully.

Numerous varieties of wood beside briar are used in making pipes; the more common are weichsel, apple wood, cocoa, hickory and chestnut.

Pipes made of metal, such as brass, silver and iron, are used in China, Japan, Thibet and Lapland.

Mouthpieces for pipes are chiefly made of amber, ambroid, celluloid, horn and vulcanite.

Amber is a petrified resin found in and on the shores of the Baltic Sea. It is found in small pieces rarely more than a few inches long, though pieces weighing a pound are sometimes found.

Ambroid is a product of amber obtained by fusing the small pieces under heat, by a secret process.

The majority of so-called amber mouthpieces of pipes are really made from ambroid which has all the qualities of amber without the excessive cost.

Both the mining of amber and the manufacture of ambroid are Prussian Government monopolies.

Celluloid mouthpieces are used on the cheaper grades of pipes, being colored to imitate amber.

Vulcanite or vulcanized rubber mouthpieces are found on all grades of pipes. The finer mouthpieces being cut out of the solid block of rubber, while the cheap ones are moulded.

Horn mouthpieces are made of the horns of cattle and are used on cheap pipes.

Because of the romance and glamour associated with the distant places in which pipes have their origin, as well as the individual pleasure that pipe smoking and pipe collecting gives, the pipe collecting hobby is an understandable bond between men the world over.

Egg Beaters and Sea Fleas

Comprehensive notes, both of topical and historical nature, on the universal water buggy

by ERIC DEVINE

In an age of statistical analysis, it should not be amiss to consider what might happen if one were to approach the next ten persons one met and ask each one to give his immediate mental reaction to the query, "What about outboard motor boats?"

Nine of the ten would doubtless reply, "Noise!"

If this experiment were conducted as part of the laboratory work by a social psychologist, such a scientist would perhaps ultimately arrive at a far-reaching and profound thesis on an activity that seems strangely American. Not, mind you, because nine out of ten persons questioned reply "Noise," but because this proportion of the people picked at random would know what an outboard motor boat was, would have seen, heard, and perhaps ridden.

For the outboard is the one craft that has gone to the interiormost parts of our land, and because of the fact that practically all of the people in this country live within easy reach of waters deep enough for this type of "ship," and because the original outlay and the upkeep are possible to those of modest incomes, it is the universal water buggy and it serves to notify many of our inland gentry that there are aquatic sports besides taking baths.

Countless millions of our people have never seen sail boats nor yachts, and very few of the populace could tell, without research, the difference between a ketch and a yawl. But outboards! Any sort of inland puddle, pond, lake or stream will do. A flask of gasoline with some motor oil mixed in, a shell of a boat—skiff, dory, canoe, rowboat—anything that will float, and you're prepared to be an outboard bug.

If you are a quiet soul, you'll get your fun out of a simple one- or two-cylinder motor, light and easily carried, attached to the stern of a square-sterned canoe or dinghy, and used for brief explorations, picnicking, fishing or duck shooting.

But if once you get the racing urge, you'll need a more complicated motor and a shingle-like hull. You will fare best if you are a composite made up of the finest qualities of a mechanic, bull fighter, football player and aviator, with perhaps a smattering of the swimmer thrown in. Your *nom de guerre* will doubtless be "grease monkey."

And, when we consider the fact that there are more than a half million outboard motors in use today in this country; that every year more than four thousand regattas are staged; that an average of more than a hundred boats have participated in each of the seven Albany-to-New York races; that last winter's regattas held in New Smyrna, Palm Beach, and Miami Beach, Florida, attracted the crack drivers from seven different countries—when we consider these things plus the fact that here is a mechanical gadget, simple and efficient, that a man can carry as easily as a suitcase, attach it to the stern of a boat and *really get away*, we are inclined to agree with the experts who call it "America's fastest-growing sport."

Commercially successful outboards have been in existence for about twenty-five years, and have always been associated with the name of Ole Evinrude, Milwaukeean, who designed and built the first.

The pretty legend tells us that this Norwegian mechanic got his idea one hot summer's day on a lake in Wisconsin when one of the ladies (later his wife of course), developed a sudden desperate yen for ice cream, doubtless realizing in a true feminine way that the nearest frozen delicacy was two miles distant. But Ole was young and strong and obliging, and he rowed alone through two miles of heat to procure the ice cream.

His tired back sent questioning impulses to his brain and he set to work thinking about the idea of producing a small motor that could be carried by the owner, fastened on the end of a rowboat for power so that the back-breaking job of rowing could be done away with forever.

In a couple of years he had it, and his first outboard advertisements invited you to "throw away the oars." His first motor was a single-cylinder, 800-revolutions-per-minute job, and developed a bit over one horse power. It weighed sixty pounds and was portable. It would push a rowboat along about as fast as a long-legged man can walk. Certainly not a great speed, but much better than rowing.

Improvements continued rapidly. New designs reduced the whole unit to a minimum size, aluminum alloys made light-weight jobs possible, and today there are single-cylinder motors developing over two horse power, built around a tiny piston which turns up 3500 r.p.m., and the whole thing weighing less than thirty pounds.

The first two-cylinder motors doubled the old speeds, yet by 1922 the fastest outboards were doing only fourteen miles an hour. It was in this year that the first official outboard race was held.

"More speed" was the cry from every quarter and the raceboat designers began to think about new types of hulls. It was a Massachusetts angler, however, who first demonstrated the possibility of the planing type of hull.

This chap complained to himself and Fate at the amount of time required for his outboard motor to push his rowboat to the favorite fishing spots. He believed that the motors themselves were highly efficient, but he had a hunch that the boats were not properly planned for speed. His struggling little outboard had to push a lot of water out of the way in forcing the boat along. This wasted a great deal of the power. His idea was to construct a light, shallow craft that would ride over the water and not through it.

One bright day he emerged with a strange looking thing that resembled nothing at all, and was shaped somewhat like a flatiron.

His own weight, together with the weight of the motor, nearly sank the crate before he got off. But there were stop-watches

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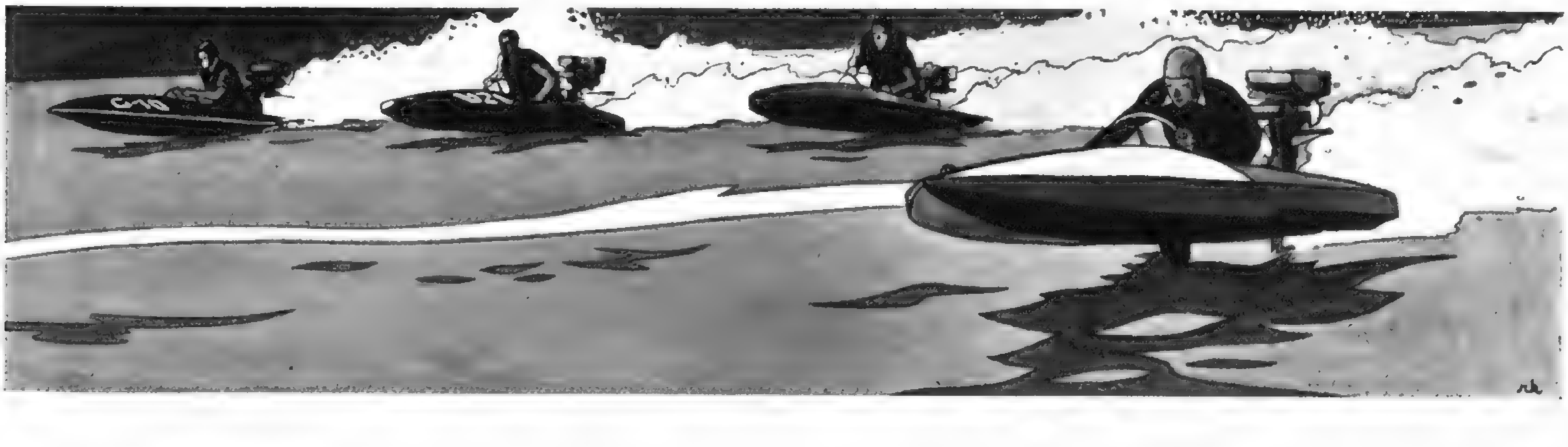


Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

And now, in this merry month of departments cockeyed, read about movies under "theatre"

by GILBERT SELDES

THE GLIMPSE LIST

MUSTS

"Ah, Wilderness," by Eugene O'Neill. Mr. Nathan and the Theatre Guild's favorite dramatist gets softening of the heart; the fundamental brainwork is about as good as usual, but is neither so impressive nor so pretentious as in his spectacular plays. But the Ah goes for George M. Cohan's magnificent acting.

"Dodsworth," by Sidney Howard out of Sinclair Lewis. People say it is as good as the book, but the book is only Lewis's half-turn away from Babbitt-baiting (completed in Work of Art) and is not one of the best. Walter Huston is good in a "sympathetic" part; Fay Bainter is very nearly magnificent as Mrs. D., who is what is rapidly coming to be known as a bitch.

"She Loves Me Not," by Howard Lindsay out of Edward Hope. Better than the book, a swell production, the most satisfactory show of the year.

"Tobacco Road," by Jack Kirkland out of Erskine Caldwell. See it for Henry Hull's performance; for the presentation of Caldwell's extraordinary human beings; and because it is the most fought-over play of the year.

"Ziegfeld Follies." Unziegfeldian, rough, rowdy, with Fanny Brice and Willie Howard; get the first act anyhow, where most of the fun is concentrated. Listen carefully to Oliver Wakefield's speech.

"As Thousands Cheer," by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart. The most satisfactory of all the satirical musicals so far, being not too nasty in its jibes, and being provided with three or four of Berlin's very best numbers—no longer new to you, but all the better for that.

HEARSAY EVIDENCE

"The Shining Hour," by Keith Winter. Reported as a delicate, intelligent and affecting treatment of a not novel situation. Gladys Cooper, after whom trenches were named in the World War, is the British star.

"Stevedore." Reported as the best of the propaganda plays; of negro and white workers on the wharves of New Orleans. No Mammy Songs; solidarity conquers capitalism in the end. The same group's production of "Peace on Earth" was mighty good, and this is said to be better.

"Roberta," by Otto Harbach out of Alice Duer Miller's story about gowns. Lyda Roberti is in it. And Jerome Kern's music gets in your ears.

OPTIONAL

"Sailor Beware." A better idea for farce than any other of the season; not so well worked out. Irresistible sex-force meets immovable sex-object. With gobs.

"Men In White," by Sidney Kingsley. The Pulitzer Prize Play, god forbid!

"Jig Saw," by Dawn Powell. The Guild's sacrifice to lightness of spirit; Ernest Truex in a new, true, highly entertaining characterization.

"Mary of Scotland," by Maxwell Anderson. The play the jury recommended for the Pulitzer Prize. Less annoying than the one chosen, but a second-order job just the same.

"New Faces." A revue in which the amateur spirit actually makes itself felt at moments, which are good. And in which unseasoned professionals try to do the professional thing at times, which is not so good.

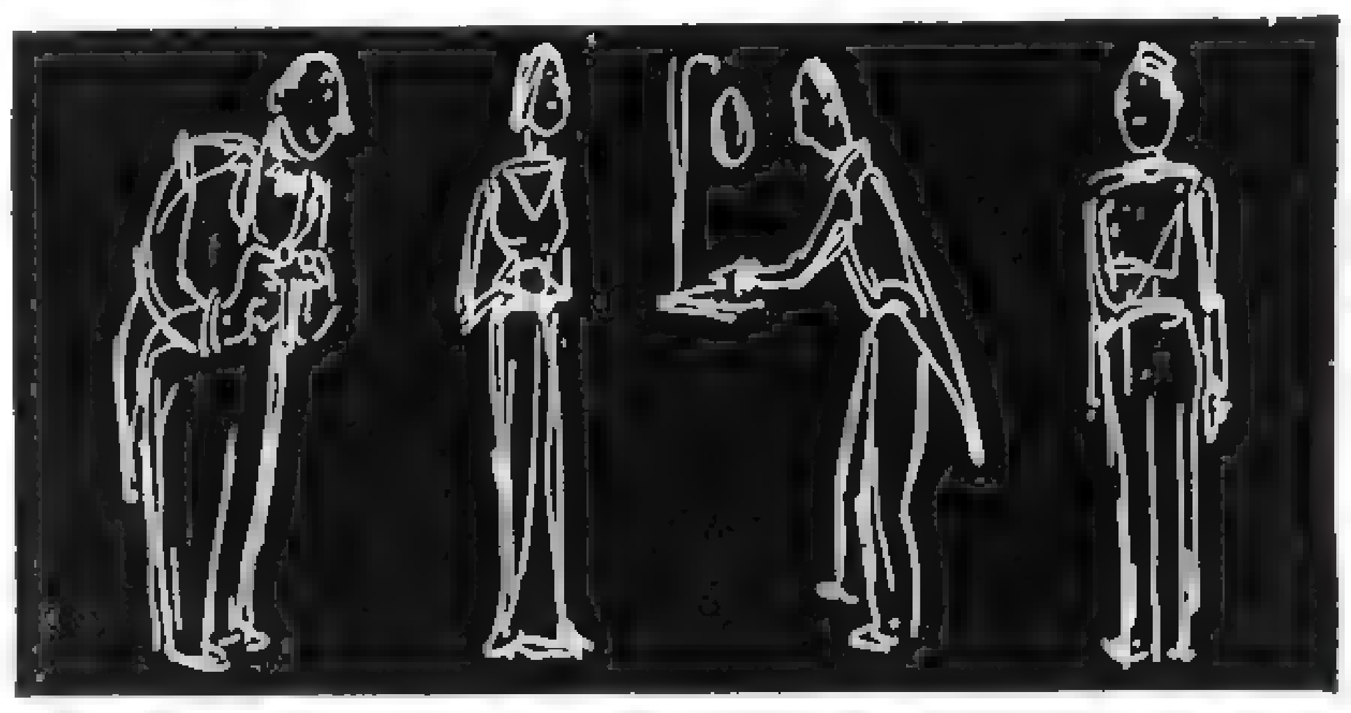
"Moor Born." The play about the Brontes.

"The Milky Way." A highly praised farce, but strained, and funny only in bursts of activity. Hugh O'Connell is attractive.

"Gilbert and Sullivan." Nothing can spoil these except deliberate effort to spoil them, and in the present revival, the effort is to present them well. Which makes all well.

FORBIDDEN

You won't get round to these and anyhow they'll be closed before you know it.



For the sake of the record, I've got to get in my crack at the Pulitzer Prize although (a) by the time this is printed, let alone read, the subject will be as dead as the whole prize-giving business ought to be and (b) I really don't give a damn, having long ago abandoned indignation as an emotion suitable (a) to magazine articles and (b) to exhibitions of intellectual befuddlement. If you really want something alive in the theatre, two or three of the "Musts" in the adjoining column will help; and you can become broadminded enough to remember that movies are also shown in theatres and find a bit of vitality there. You can even find out how well Hollywood can handle a Broadway success when they put it into the hands of competent people—i. e., the original authors—by going to your neighborhood movie to see Jack Barrymore as Oscar Jaffee in Twentieth Century. Knowing a darn good thing when they see it, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur did nothing to their stage version beyond supplying a good prologue showing their phoney and talented impresario making an actress out of Lily Garland—played by Carole Lombard in such a way as to make you think that the girl has actual talent, after all these years. After a few episodes they go into the Pullman act and give Barrymore such an opportunity to forget his Svengali-isms and become a good clowning comedian as he has not had since he became a star and left the stage, of which he might be an ornament, to become one of the worst, and certainly the most spectacular actor of the screen.

I know that these few thousand words ought to be about the drama, but you have already heard that George M. Cohan has suddenly (after forty years) been recognized as a great actor, so you might unbend and observe Wallace Beery in Viva Villa, a rich, round, palpable performance, satisfying as a porterhouse steak. It probably isn't worth while for me to figure out why this Beery has usually given me a pain in the neck; probably the rather ghastly pleasure he seemed to be taking in the altogether ghastly sentimental parts he played. As a sanctified Pancho Villa who kills only out of the noblest motives and always goes through a marriage ceremony before he goes to bed, he is creating a character, and by God, he isn't doing it in the usual movie way which consists of saying the same few words or making the same few gestures at intervals of ten minutes throughout a picture. He is doing it by knowing that particular part of Villa's mind and heart which he is called on to project and by knowing just how quickly to check a grin, and how slowly to lift an eye, so as to make you feel that these things are not a series of tricks which you could hang on anyone, but are essential little things in the makeup of a person.

You might also look in on Tarzan and his Mate. As Frisco used to say, "Damn silly, but awfully clever."

These productions I have mentioned are distinguished above all by two things: they know what they intend and they know how to get what they intend. Now Jig Saw, which the Theatre Guild put on with a mixed cast running from newcomers in their sacred halls like Ernest Truex to a standby (in case of shipwreck) like Helen Westley, hasn't made up its mind whether it is going to be comedy or farce and Philip Moeller, whose one defect as a director is that he has never learned that same distinction, has fumbled all the way down the line. The plot

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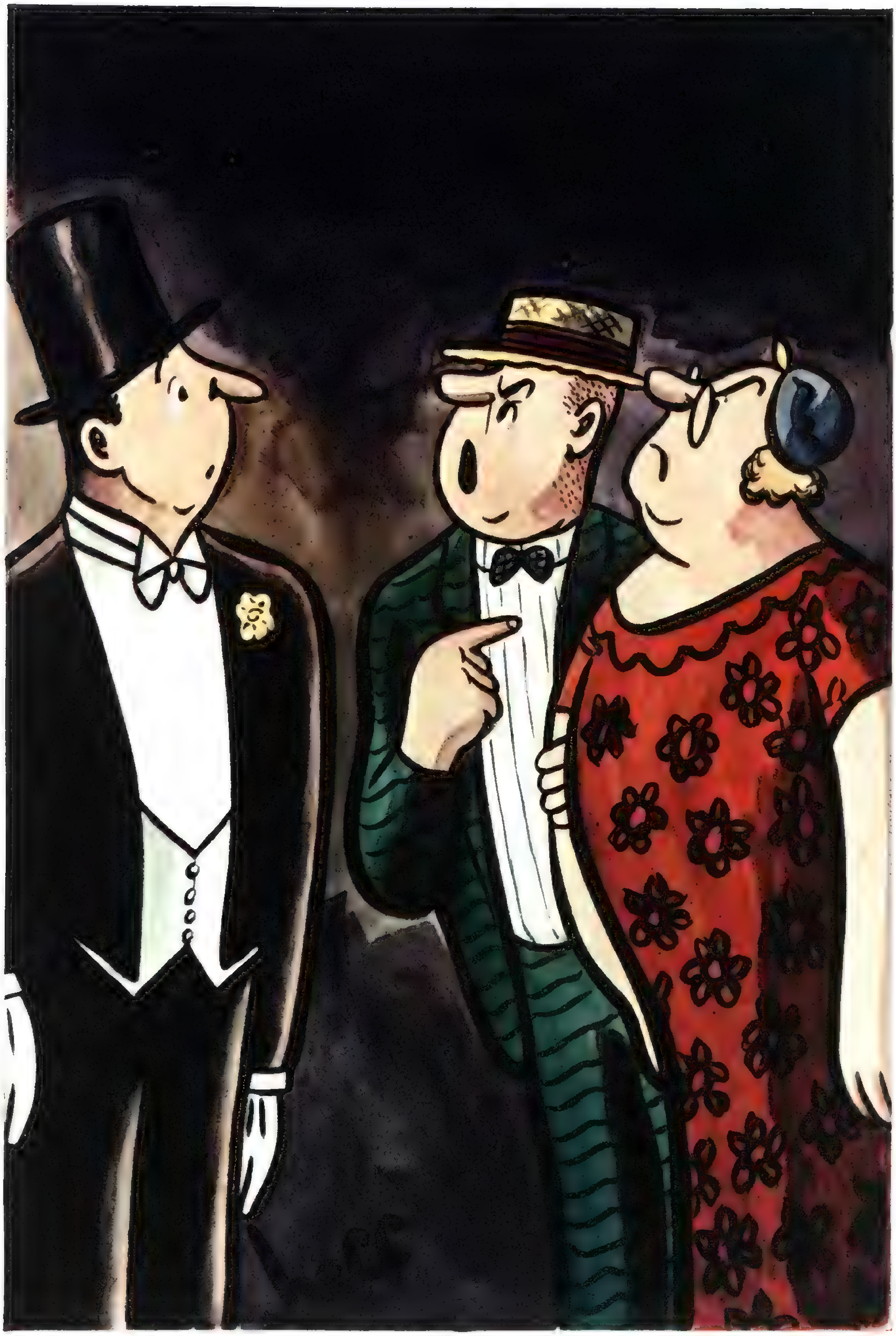
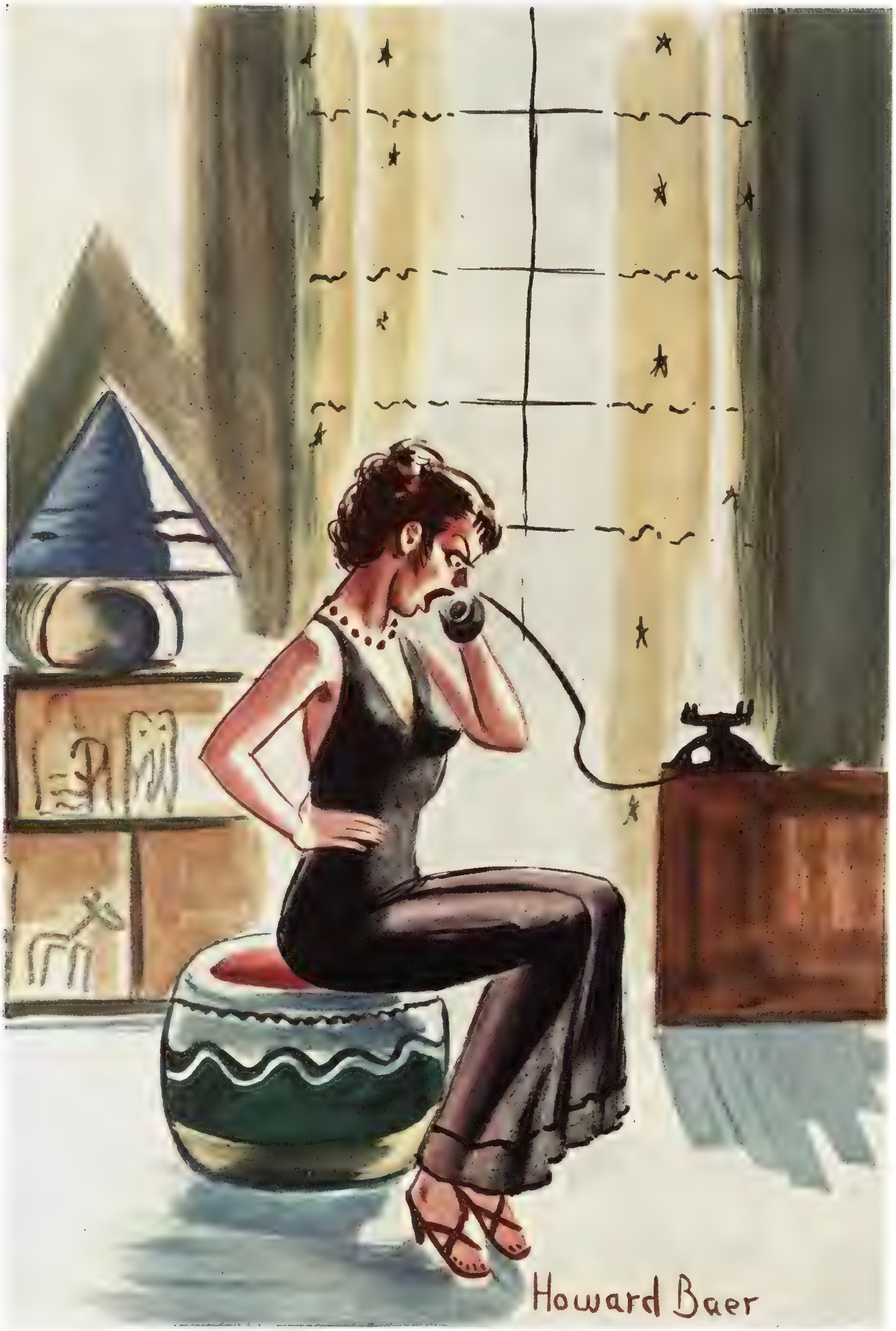


"Don't lie! You smiled at my wife, sir!"


Howard Baer

"Naw—not yeggs, I said rush up half a dozen eggs!"

A Shipment of Mute Fate

Continued from page 25

and motioned them to get along.

"We got to bring you another chair, sir. That comber passed right through your bunk on its way out. There's been a good deal of damage done, sir."

"Let it all go till morning—jump below. I'll lie down for twenty minutes before we run into something else." Chico thought "He's getting old" as he took the wet uniform and closed the door behind him, feeling rather sorry. He was recalled by a bellow that brought the officer on watch as well. "What in Holy Jesse have you done with the box that was under this bed?"

"It must have gone slidin' and floatin' around, captain. Anyway, something's fell on it—the bureau maybe—or the old desk charged up against it. Anyway—"

"Where is it?"

"We was just going to pitch it over. It's broke so it's no good now, captain."

"There were two boxes, one inside of the other."

"Only look for yourself, sir. Split like kindling."

The captain closed the door and alone faced a room which he believed held death. For a moment he could not stir from that one little space in the middle of the floor—where he could see. He switched on every light and took out his flashlight, but a cold and slowly mounting horror, goading his weariness into tense vigilance, half paralyzed him.

He bent over at last, drew back, waited through another interval, and then forced himself to pass the light along under the bed. With a ruler he pushed open the closet door, standing well away, but no lidless eyes reflected the searching beam. He knocked the cushions from the wall-bench, lifted up the chintz curtain, holding his revolver ready. Nothing was there. If only it had been there! If only he himself, the man responsible, could have been the first and the last to meet it!

He pulled on his heavy coat and gave an order. "Send the chief steward and the purser right up. The chief, too, if he can come. Call the first officer."

As he stood before the small, grave conference, telling them hastily what had happened, he hoped that somehow the thing might not seem so horrible to them as now it was to him. One of these resourceful and experienced men could perhaps think of something to do—together. With a plan of action made the horror would lessen. Over their heads he saw young Warner's white face appear in the open door. He told him to step in.

"It would be easier if we didn't have to let all the crew and passengers know," said the mate. "It's panic I'm scared of. That's the most dangerous thing there is at sea, in my experience. Then lots of people—the lady passengers, the ignorant black gang—they'll be sort of fanatical. Just one ordinary snake loose on board would be enough to drive the whole bunch . . ."

"Why do we have to tell?" suggested the purser.

"Think what you're saying, Mr. Kane. Who knows where it is, where it's gone? In fairness they've got to be put on guard, every one of 'em, passengers and crew."

"It might have crawled overboard."

"That's the one hope, sir."

"And then again there's not a place on the ship where it might not be, except the boilers and the galley stove. I had the Number Two hatch open, just now, to make sure no water had got through to that dry goods. It might have slid down there by this time."

"It might be in a fire-bucket, or one of the lifeboats—or a baby's bed."

Chris Warner had not spoken. He was arguing with himself, "But such a snake as that—it was so long, so awful to look at, how can it hide?" He turned hurriedly, but the captain detained him. "No one is to leave until we all decide exactly what to do."

"Captain," said Bowman, "all we can do is go now and look everywheres. I'll start now and take along a few boys I can trust for sense. Then if we haven't found anything by dark . . ."

"It's getting dark early tonight."

"Excuse me, captain—I don't think that's just." The purser was resolute. "Everyone aboard is in equal, constant danger. Everyone's got to look out for himself. Every living soul ought to be told right away. Or we might make one quick, thorough search."

"You don't know what the effect may be, to tell them—my God! I've seen passengers panicky at sea before."

"But it's right that everyone should be warned. At this minute that damned snake may be coiled under some woman's berth. We have to tell! There's nothing else to do."

"Anyway we can't make a search of the whole ship without giving reasons. Sooner or later someone will find out. We don't want it to be too late."

Captain Wood was surprised that he felt no real anger at Chris, sitting there so miserably without stirring or speaking, enduring a remorse that he alone could understand, along with the weight of the unuttered blame of the others: a feeling worse than fear. "We'll search now," he decided. "Afterward, if we have no luck, each steward will tell the passengers in his rooms, trying not to alarm them, and the officers will tell the crew. Don't worry so, Christopher—we'll give you one of the hardest places. Go take a look around the baggage room. It's been open—since?"

"Probably, sir. Some ladies usually want to get at a trunk for something, just before dinner." The chief steward was actually making some notes. His wrist shook. The peculiar dread that now informed the atmosphere seemed to render all their movements stiff. It was difficult to step freely . . . to breathe . . .

Captain Wood apportioned the ship among them, and with a strained nonchalance that puzzled passengers who chanced to be watching they moved about decks, corridors and general rooms, interested, apparently, in everything.

But no long reddish body marked with dark lozenges glided at them over the carpert nor lay coiled in a corner nor outstretched above a curtain pole. No deadly viper's head lifted from the gathering shadows. Alone in the dusky baggage room with its numberless lurking places, Chris turned sick and stood still in the middle of the floor, just as the captain had done in his cabin. Then he too forced himself to step about, to poke, to look. "This with the blame besides!" How did they know before?—How did they know that something always happens if you take a bushmaster aboard a ship? What is there about this one snake . . . Trembling and sweating, he kept up the search. He did not leave one dark corner without thrusting in his long stick, always thinking that this time surely death must rush out after it.

They all met again in the captain's room. No one had found any sign. The passengers would have to be warned.

The slow nightmare that followed and grew more frightful hour by hour was rarely relieved by natural sleep. Soon they could hardly eat or rest. Fear was a heavy fog in the lungs of the whole ship's company: they dreaded to move. Only the babies played happily, not reading the terror in their parents' wakeful eyes.

But as yet it remained a quiet, freezing fear. It had not broken into panic. Then, in full sight of many passengers, two colored stokers raced along the deck and leaped yelling into the sea. They went right down in the smother. Everyone thought that they must have seen the snake, but it was not found, and Bowman decided that they had merely gone crazy thinking about it. A few hours afterward an elderly woman turned to the group beside her and remarked seriously, "If we could only get off this ship we could fumigate it." Then she, too, suddenly made for the sea, but a steward caught her. Down in her little dark inside room, which she could hardly bear to enter now, even with a bright light, Mother Willis tried to sip some good hot tea and keep going. The women passengers needed her more than ever before, and the poor babies.

Starboard on the bridge the captain stood in a whooping rain-squall and prayed into its rush. "Three days and we'll be in—Lord, let nothing happen for three more days!" A wireless to the office had brought back prompt instructions to "Keep quiet and keep coming." Such a situation lost horror, no doubt, in the safe office. Well, there was no use asking other ships for help, anyway. Short of taking off all the passengers what could they do? And then the crew wouldn't stay. To keep his head, he always tried to believe that the bushmaster had gone overboard. That, too, was what Mother Willis told hysterical women who could not spend a third night awake with all the lights on, and who yet could not sleep; who screamed at the dark. "But you don't know," jabbered Mrs. Crane at her, all at once an old woman. "Nobody knows! And if anyone goes to sleep it may come through a ventilator. It may drop from somewhere. It may be in the bathroom. I can't turn my back—to anything—I keep whirling around!" The inescapable pursuit ceaselessly wore at them, and by some it could no longer be borne. A Venezuelan woman gave quieting medicine to herself and her baby until both were safe forever. "I wish I could get out of this

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A Shipment of Mute Fate

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that easy," thought Chris, ready to crack as he kept at his awful job of listening, peering, leaping back from nothing.

There were no longer nights and days. Only the light became the intolerable darkness. Some felt that they were always being watched by lidless eyes; some knew that they had heard the long body flop to the floor. For everyone it lay coiled beneath his bunk. With men calm to the sea's dangers but almost driven to run amok under the strain of this unknown, invisible horror the officers fought to keep up ship's discipline, their own minds invaded and shaken by the fanged uncertainty.

Carrying his flashlight for any treacherous corner the chief steward went at seven bells to the galley to see if all had been left neat for the night. Yes—only the watchman's coffee-pot stood on the shining stove. He turned to leave, and from the pan closet that ran along the floor to his left he saw two unwinking eyes give back the light. The bushmaster waited there among the tins, and as Bowman hesitated for an instant it began slowly to undulate over the sill, between him and the door. He could hear the faint scratching of its long scales. No heavy object that a man could move was within reach to throw at it. He carried only the flashlight. The call button was over by the door. He longed to yell but did not dare, lest any sound or movement hasten the thing after him or cause it to vanish.

The snake paused with half of its length out of the cupboard, then taking its own time emerged entirely and lay coiled like a patterned kitchen mat by the stove. With wonder Bowman perceived that it was staring not at him but past him. And something else was moving, back under the sink. Despite himself he had to turn his head and look.

Slowly stepping toward the snake until she was just out of striking range came a gray, mangy skeleton of a cat. She confronted the coiled enemy, each gazing at the other with unwinking eyes.

Suddenly, and almost too quickly for sight, the bushmaster struck, and as quickly the cat evaded the lance-thrust of that spade-shaped head. Again and again it just missed her body and then as the snake began to tire a little she countered with one precise spat of a sharp-clawed paw. Now every time that the head shot out she caught it on her claws, just at the end of the lunge, bracing her absurdly meagre frame. Before Bowman grasped her strategy she had blinded the bushmaster in both lidless eyes.

It struck wildly and more rapidly, but always the countering paw was exactly there at the point and instant when its small strength could avail. The monster coiled no more, but slid after her in fury, eyes ripped, as she danced out of its way. With the agility of desperation Bowman made one leap above the melee and got his legs over the edge of the sink. Now the cat darted in among the twisting folds and fixed her teeth just in back of the great jaws; there with tooth and claw she clung. Lashing and flailing, striving to keep its crushing coils around her, the bushmaster thrashed about the galley, but both power and venom were used up; its wounds were mortal. The rough folds slackened at last.

In them Clara lay dead. Bowman saw, then, why she had challenged such an adversary and why she could not lose the fight, for out from under the sink, their tails straight as pokers, their eyes bright with curiosity, crept three new kittens. He gathered them up hastily and went with them toward Mother Willis's room.

An Idea for a Story

Continued from page 26

other, they are not interchangeable to a sensitive Erophagus, and most of them are highly sensitive. It is probable that the decided taste which each individual shows for the liquid secreted by a given person could be explained by an analysis of the liquid itself, if our knowledge of chemistry were more exact. It is reasonable to suppose that every organism requires certain juices to complete and maintain itself. The person who can supply those juices becomes indispensable. It is not surprising that an Erophagus should become desperately attached to that person and establish relationships as lasting and as tender as our love. These relationships are based, not on sexual pleasure, but on the exchange of perfectly assorted liquids.

It is easy to understand that such powerful sentiments should produce modesty. Hence the armlets. When two Erophagi withdraw to a room, as the travellers observe, it is always for one of these brachial feasts, which they call unions, and which are, as a matter of fact, a kind of union in normal cases, because the position of these breasts enable the Erophagi to enjoy their pleasures simultaneously. The great Erophagi novelists have no objection to describing sexual relations, and these books are permitted to children, but the description of a brachial feast is considered obscene, and the best authors avoid it.

It is not difficult to imagine the dramas which our travellers would witness, and which would permit them to study the sentimental life of a people so different from ourselves. The fundamental reason for amorous complications with the Erophagi, as with ourselves, is unshared feeling. Sometimes an Erophagus will have a great desire for the liquid of another, but the latter would have no feeling for the liquid secreted by the former. Then there would be the spectacle of an unfortunate human being, hungry and thirsty, importuning a reluctant Erophagus who would find the scene of an unshared brachial feast boring and ridiculous. In certain cases sickness and age would bring about profound changes in the composition of the liquids and destroy relations which had hitherto seemed solid. In other cases a relationship which had begun by an intense mutual delight in this exchange of liquids would become difficult and painful, because one of the lovers, tired of a too familiar savour, would look elsewhere for new sensations, whereas the other, endowed with a more constant taste, would ask nothing better than that their relationship should continue.

Pierre Chamberlan would notice with interest that the usual duration of a passion among the Erophagi is about the same as with ourselves. It varies considerably, and oscillates between a week and ten years. Certain Erophagi who are restless or blasé need a new liquid almost every day. But Anne would discover old couples still thirsting for each other after fifty years of happiness. What are fundamentally relationships of nourishment become the basis of spiritual unions, of tender affections and friendships. Marriage among the Erophagi, whose legal forms resemble our own, is always based on such feelings and never on sexual relations, which are entirely free. Nevertheless, jealousy, among them as among ourselves, often assumes extreme forms and concentrates upon actions which are regarded with indifference by normal people. For example, some Erophagi would prevent their wives from making love with a stranger, just as certain husbands in our countries prevent their wives from dining alone with a man friend. But legal adultery does not exist, unless there has been an exchange of liquids and the parties have been caught in the act of having a brachial feast.

The consequences, so far as the education of children is concerned, are curious, since the children are in the charge of the state, and married life rests upon an entirely different basis. Differences of sex play no part in the marriages of the Erophagi. A man may marry a man, or a woman a woman. In many cases however, when a marriage takes place between people of different sex, sexual relations may complete those of nourishment, perhaps thereby rendering the union more perfect. But that is always a secondary matter, just as a common liking for certain foods may be an additional bond between two lovers among us.

To sum up: the ideas which give its value to love, that is to say, the idea of sin and the idea that only a given individual can satisfy us, though associated with a different desire in the minds of the Erophagi, produce the same results as with us. The romantic story of nutrition follows with them practically the same course as the romantic story of reproduction does with us Their art, which is very remarkable, has been entirely inspired by the need to sublimate impossible thirsts.

The religion of the Erophagi is also a sublimation of this instinct, a phenomenon which Paul Valéry divined, without knowing the Erophagi, when he said: "Hunger and thirst have not degenerated into sentiment and idolatry. Why? But sex has become a demigod, perhaps even God."

Having reached this point in my reflections on the Erophagi, I decided not to write their story.

The Candid Cameraman

And here, under "movies," you may read about story-telling, while editors go crazy with the heat

by MEYER LEVIN

NO STORIES. For many months the Hollywood howl has been pitched on that starvation key. No picture material. No plots. And judging from the collection of decrepit vehicles that have been made to creak again in the last batch of releases, the continuity boys are indeed hungry for scraps of situation.

As a writer, I cannot believe that the story-material field is so barren as to drive the producers to this habit of coughing up and re-masticating the old grass. There may not be many swell, original, exciting new yarns. There may really be only thirty-two basic plot situations. But I will not concede that, from among the hundreds of novels and the thousands of short stories published monthly, there could be no fresher choice of motion picture material. It is my simple opinion that the Hollywood gentry don't know a motion picture situation when it is spread under their noses in the form of printed words: I think they recognize a story only when they have seen it before in a movie.

It's the old quandary of the business-principle in the art industry. Tried and true is the business formula. The art formula demands something new. When the new thing appears, the business man has no standard by which it may be measured, so he tends to pass it up.

And he goes back to that yarn—older than Eddie Cantor's gags—about the governor who is torn between duty and personal sentiment in deciding whether or not to grant a last minute pardon to a murderer facing execution. He even has the governor's wife pleading for the murderer. He even has the murderer as the governor's boyhood pal. You've guessed it—when they were kids the murderer saved the (future) governor's life. That's "Manhattan Melodrama."

The second stale item for consideration is the tale of the small town kids (four of them) who come to conquer the big city and do, in their various ways. One becomes a big radio star, another a successful newspaper woman . . . etc. How true and typical of today! Moreover, each of the four is in love with the wrong other, but at the end the couples get straightened out. This bright and original drama is the current vehicle for the mooners Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. "Change of Heart" is the title and that's the only change in the opera. The picture is so poor in situation they had to stick in a long scene in which Janet shaves sick Charley. That's a cute scene, nevertheless, and will bring chills to the heart of every male. She doesn't cut him.

Joan Crawford drew a pale carbon copy of all her previous scripts in Sadie McKee, a story out of Vina Delmar. The small town girl whose boy friend, having taken her to N. Y., leaves her waiting at the marriage license bureau while he hops off with a hot mama. So then she gets a job in a night club and meets a millionaire and marries him. So she still loves her seducer. So—but you know the rest.

In many cases the stars, the directors, or the cameramen overcome these cheesy scripts and bring out a good picture. Crawford and Franchot Tone manage to make something quite respectably interesting out of Sadie McKee, and Edward Arnold's drunken millionaire is the prize minor performance of the month.

This is not a gossip column, but when changes in the personal life of a star seem to affect her work, I think comment is permissable. I don't know anything about Joan Crawford except the bare item that she divorced Fairbanks Jr. and is now teamed with Franchot Tone. But her work in Sadie McKee is infinitely more mature, more sensitive than any of her previous work. In several scenes she achieves that ivory perfection of style characteristic of Garbo.—Yet where Garbo's art is chill and somewhat repellant, Crawford manages to retain a blood-warmth that enriches the formal tone of such scenes. If this new quality, which seems best expressed as a sort of purity of instrumentality—an ability of the actress to use herself and yet be herself—is permanent, Crawford should become the foremost actress of the screen.

For it is this still power, this ability to retain the line of her personality that has heretofore distinguished Garbo from all the other screen actresses. It is purely a cinematographic quality. Crawford has found it.

Perhaps it is one's gossip-instinct that leads one to read a peculiar interest into her scenes with Franchot Tone. His eyes are absolutely hypnotic, and it is easy to imagine that he is feeding a certain power to the actress. Svengali, what! Knowing Franchot Tone as that rare being—an actor of real intelligence, one tends to imagine that he and Miss Crawford talk about their art sometimes, too.

Sylvia Sidney would be very close to Joan Crawford in the ranking of artists on the screen. Unfortunately, Sidney's new picture (Thirty Day Princess) is a complete dud to me. It's one of those effortful things in which a lot of heavy personalities try to trip it lightly. The story, again, is right out of ancient Sanskrit. The poor little girl who impersonates a princess, and, under false front, falls in love with a big shot. A double, even a triple role for Sylvia Sidney, in which she demonstrates her virtuoso technique by doing everything correctly, effectively, deftly. But I suspect director Marion Gering is no man for comedy; he throws in everything from slapstick to drawing-room wit in the laugh-chase, but doesn't often hit.

Even the mystery thrillers suffer from the plot-dearth. "The Black Cat," in which Karloff and Lugosi are lavishly offered to make a holiday of horror, is just another hokus-pokus item about the strange castle in which two nice young people get mixed up with a lot of cult-of-evil worshippers. Dungeons, operating tables, gadgets, and the "I'll skin you alive" climax that scared me when I was fourteen years old and saw Hobart Bosworth do it in a picture about a wicked submarine captain who stole the wife of a taxidermist.

The best character performance of the month is H. B. Warner's portrayal of the sacrificing father in "Sorrell and Son." The photoplay is slow, sentimental, but touching. Warner's characterization is really three-dimensional; the scenes in which we see him make him so thoroughly known that we could tell how he would behave in any situation. There is a sequence in which he carries a huge trunk up several flights of stairs which is unbeatable for projective quality. You actually want to leap out of your seat and give him a hand with the trunk. Hugh Williams, the English lad with the odd, sensitive face, plays "and son." He may yet change the trend in movie heroes away from truck drivers and crooners.

Oddly enough, the most generally satisfactory of recent pictures is Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities." The thing is a sheer masterpiece of direc-

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The Fate of Political Exiles

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exiled Germans were always popular as republicans and pacifists in Paris. But the number of people leaving Germany—and by no means the worst Germans—frightened the governments of other countries, which all suffer from unemployment today.

Time is the greatest enemy of all exiles. A politician is either banished by a dictator or he flees. Then he tries from the outside to overthrow his enemy, through the press, lectures, or even assassination. At first his main idea is revenge, but gradually that impulse dies, just as a wife whose husband has left her hopes during the first years to win him back, but finally becomes resigned or desperate.

Very different are the feelings of German exiles. World sympathy for them is so unanimous, the brutalities imposed upon them so evident, that in the first year not a single politician, author or scholar of any standing, outside of Germany, uttered a word in favor of the new German government. The expulsion of the Jews by Spain has been branded by all German historians as a black mark in the history of mankind. Its imitation four hundred years later could only call forth the disapproval of the whole world. Only the intervention of the Pope and Mussolini induced the German government to interrupt its triumphal march over the bodies of helpless fellow-citizens. The invitations to eminent scholars and writers from foreign countries, after their expulsion from Germany, had all the more effect because Fascist Italy, whose procedure Germany invokes in vain, immediately invited as its guests all kinds of musicians, thinkers and artists.

The error made by the German government in ejecting all democrats, even those who are Christians, became apparent to me when these people visited me last summer at my house in Switzerland. The majority of them were unhappy because they were not allowed to become Nazis. I heard very little of indignation hate and vengeance. Being true Germans, most of them would only too gladly have obeyed any authority imposed upon them by force. The Germans are the only nation which obeys passionately, and not under compulsion. Furthermore, the German exiles also have fallen into the same error as the Italians and the Russians. Instead of uniting in a common struggle, they immediately began in foreign countries to fight each other, and are never tired of enumerating the sins of their closest party enemies.

In fact, I have known only two exiles who were equal to the situation. They were complete opposites, but they were alike in one respect: they had not lost their clearness of vision.

The first one was Trotzky, whom I visited a few years ago, on his island near Istanbul. With his wide historical perspective, he recognized the dangers of a state in whose building up he played a major part, and which had banished him so cruelly. "Maybe we shall again have a Tsar in Russia," he said with the utmost resignation. "Why not? But the peasants will never return the land which we took from the nobility and clergy!" In this and in similar remarks I recognized the superior mind, which sets the success of its theory of state above the bitterness of its own fate. As his brilliant writings show, he is not concerned about petty details, but about broad results. The triumph of the Socialist idea is more important to him than the question who is called at the moment to achieve it. Moreover, in 1929 he predicted to me the entire economic development of America, including the NRA.

The second was the Grand Duke Alexander, whom I met three years ago in New York, and who has since died in France. One of the Tsar's uncles, tall, thin, fashionable, a man of more than sixty years, he was sitting at his typewriter on the twenty-second story of his hotel, writing his life story. He was in great good humor. When I spoke to him of the leaders in Moscow and asked him if he would like to hear anything about his enemies, he replied with deep seriousness: "Those people are not my enemies. I have a different conception of the state and of Russia. But I owe this revolution everything that I am. Until then I was merely a Grand Duke, who cared nothing for the inner life of his fellow-citizens. It took a stroke of Fate to make a human being of me."

I only wish that all exiles were capable of so superb a comparison between one's personal fate and that of the community. This man had lost everything that formerly made life worth living: position, power, money, glory. Now he was typing his story in order to live, and was thankful for his fate.

When the exile begins to see in his fate a training for higher forms of existence, a test of his character, the tempering of his best instincts by fire, only then does he begin to stop hating impotently the man who has driven him out. So long as he fights him as a politician, in an attempt to overthrow him, he is playing a brave man's game. But, if he sits in some corner, like those Russian admirals, playing with a fleet of which they had only the toy models, brooding on revenge—then he actually loses his life.

The only way for the exile to overcome his powerful enemies lies in his strength of action, his faith, which bring the best out of him only when he is away from his own country. It has been ever thus, with all exiles, from Themistocles to Dante, from Voltaire to Byron, from Victor Hugo to Carl Schurz. Centuries after the adventurers who exiled them have been forgotten, their names still shine in golden letters on the marble tablets of history. This is the purest and highest form of revenge which an exile can take on his enemy. (*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)

Egg Beaters and Sea Fleas

Continued from page 133

timing him and a lot of skeptics about. When the motor hummed, the entire ship lurched up upon the water and fairly flew! It would come down occasionally for another "bite" then zoom along. Here was a successful experiment, and when he had finished, the timers informed him that he had made sixteen miles an hour, an undreamed-of speed. Needless to say, he devoted less and less time to fishing and became a full-fledged racer.

After this hydroplane idea was under way, the records fell fast. A certain New York sports writer once did a story about a new outboard record, and while the piece was going through the mill another regatta was under way, and before his story appeared in the newspaper, the record of which he wrote had fallen!

George Coleman, Jr., who hails from an inland Oklahoma city, holds the present world's record for outboards. Last year he chalked up the almost unbelievable speed of 61.75 miles an hour.

Referring again to the laboratory methods of psychologists, it might give some interesting insight upon our subject if we, in the pure psychoanalytical manner, considered several case histories.

If one were to judge by sporting page spreads and by the general activity and excitement around most any boating center, it would at first seem that practically all outboard motors are used for racing, but the contrary is really true. The group who make up the greater part of the outboard fraternity are sportsmen who use this handy apparatus for doing any one of hundreds of pleasant things, and who, while they appreciate the advantages of speed these tiny devices offer, are not interested in racing.

Hence, our first "case" relates a vacation cruise taken by one of those lucky devils whose business and hobby are the same. E. C. Cameron of Atlantic City owned an outboard boat that was divided in three six-foot sections, the aft an open cockpit, the midships a cabin, and forward the deck.

It took him ten minutes to load his equipment and provisions aboard, and he set off on a cruise to the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition. He went up the Atlantic seaboard to New York City, thence up the Hudson at a cruising speed of twenty-five miles an hour, stopping where he chose, on up to the Barge Canal to Oswego on Lake Ontario.

Here he filled his five five-gallon gas cans with fuel, got the compasses and barometer out of hiding and headed across the Lake with some corned willy and sea biscuits, tinned beans and tea as companions. After a day's slow going in rough water, he arrived at Trenton, Ontario, with only a pint of gasoline left!

Through the Trent Canal he went, enjoying the thrills of a thousand beauty spots. On across Georgian Bay, always an exciting body of water, down Lake Michigan to Chicago after an 1800-mile cruise, during which time the only repairs to the motor were the replacemnt of two shear pins.

The Albany-New York race, which is held during the Spring of every year, is probably the most exciting, and certainly the most ballyhooed outboard contest of the season. Last year's race rather typifies this marathon, and our second case history might prove interesting if we chose the winner.

Bill Feldhusen, a seasoned driver, has participated in this event every year since

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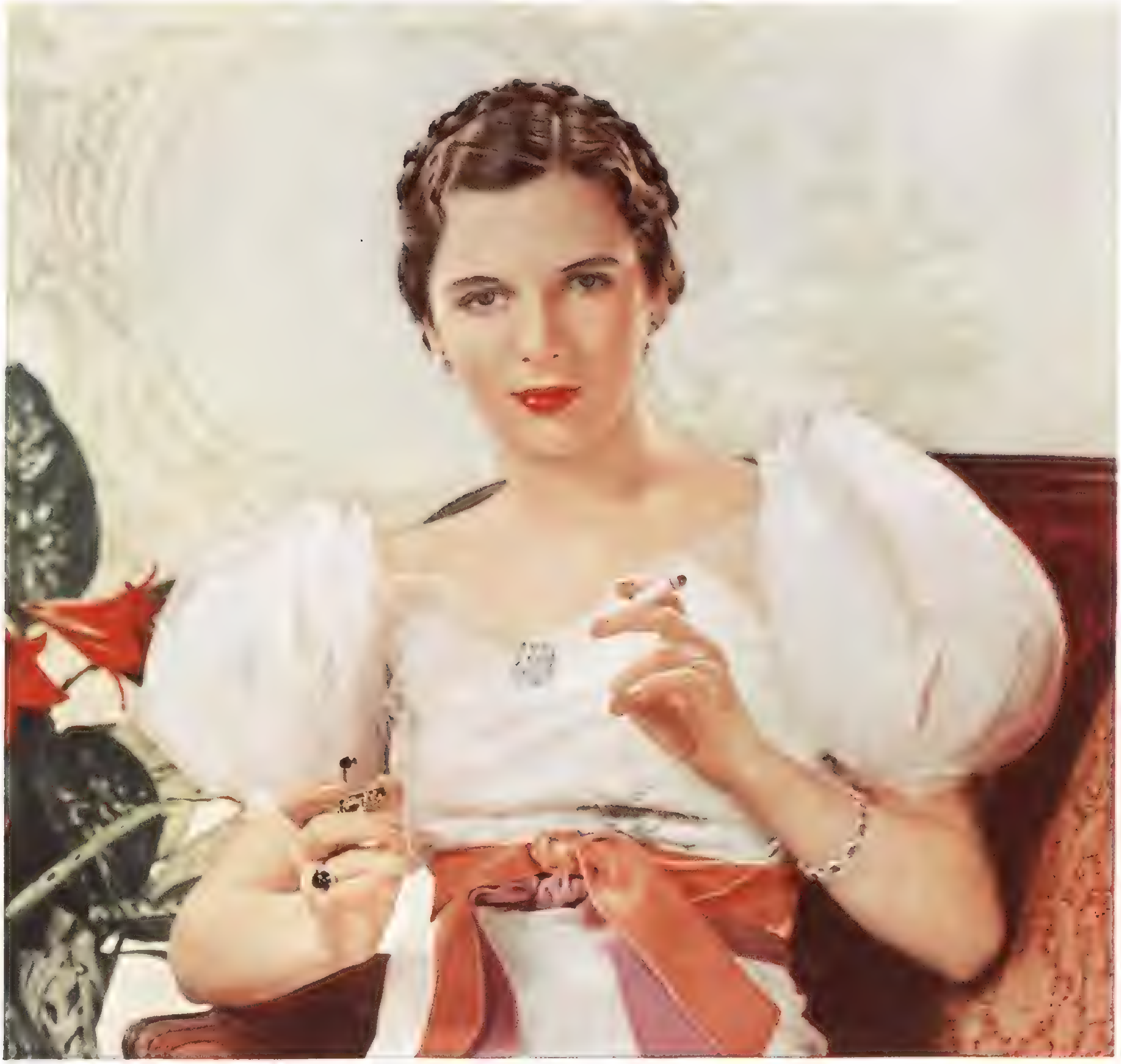

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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but interested her very practically in conchology—she went to the bottom of the ocean herself, with a native diver, to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

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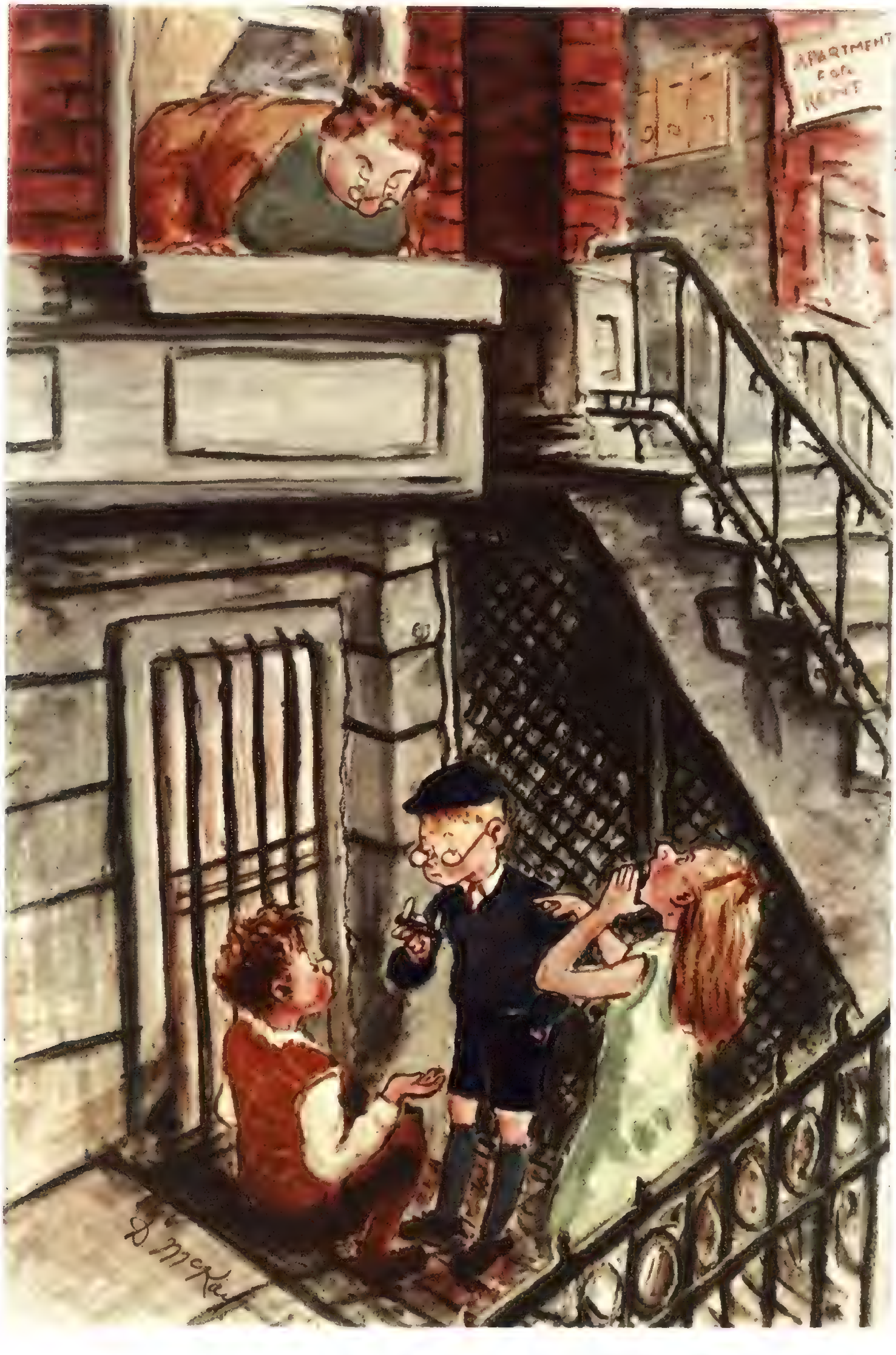
APARTMENT FOR RENT
D. McKay

"But mama, he's busy with a buyer"

Egg Beaters and Sea Fleas

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its beginning. Only once did he fail to finish. With the majority of the authorities, he thinks that the winner of an Albany-New York race is just plain lucky. The first part of the course, which is the most treacherous, is, in the early morning, usually shrouded in mist and fog. All sorts of floating debris imperil the chances of these slight craft; certain shoals along the way put others on the spot; while other drivers have been known to run head-on into a cement pier, wrecking everything.

Sixty-nine outboards of several classes started down the river last year, and only forty-nine got as far as Poughkeepsie. Feldhusen was in ninth place at this point, but got off to better going over the last half of the course and finished, after a 132-mile grind, only 29 seconds ahead of his nearest competitor!

Of the sixty-nine who started the race, only twenty-nine were able to finish, a proportion that is representative of each year's percentage of finishers.

Among all the yarns that make up the history of outboard racing, the story about Horace Tennes, a student at Loyola University, demonstrates perfectly the determined, and some folks say, foolhardy persistence that keeps these fellows at it.

A few weeks before the scheduled regatta at the Century of Progress last summer, Tennes was diving from a high spring board and suffered a serious injury to his neck. Several vertebrae were thrown out of line, and it was necessary to enclose his neck in a steel and leather brace.

Of course, the family doctor raved at the idea of his racing in the coming contests, and his immediate family mustered all forces to prevent his entering, but, by the proverbial hook or crook, Tennes was in his craft ready to go when the starting gun was fired.

The 125,000 spectators in the stands were thrilled at this illustration of sheer nerve, a strange power that was not movie-made nor imagined, but genuine, and existing before their eyes. He drove in six of the races, piling up a total of 1,056 points to win the amateur high-scoring honors of the meet.

Numerous are the case histories that typify every conceivable branch of this sport—an activity which appeals, like most of our sports, to both the amateur and the professional. If one is interested, for example, in batting about salt water for the fun of it, his assurance of the boat's safety may be bolstered by the performance of three Hawaiians who drove their row boats rigged with outboards across the channel between Molokai and Oahu, which is said to be one of the most treacherous passages in the Pacific.

The trip was done on a November day with heavy seas running and the wind blowing at hurricane force. There were no sponsors, no bets, no press agents—it was simply a test.

Perhaps one desires racing, in which case it is comparatively simple to procure a motor within a wide range which starts with a simple single-lunger putt-putt to one of those streamlined six-cylinder Italian tricks that will easily push the end out of your boat. In this field of racers one will perforce learn to enjoy the stream of spray (much of it is solid water) splashing into the face and trickling down within the greasy black jumper suit; one will gain, perhaps, a certain contentment from the soporific effects of the fumes wafting to the tune of the motor's purr, but, though sleep comes near, it will never arrive, for, a leap from the water and a bounce on a wave will prevent relaxation. Among the racers one will perhaps enjoy the company of a strange and diverse group of butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, not to mention their sons, since a great many (if not most) of the major records are held by chaps in their teens.

We said "perhaps." Perhaps you don't plan any of these pursuits. Perhaps you'd like never to see another outboard—to get away from them all. To which we hint in the neat vernacular of today, "Try and do it!"

Man Into Bird

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the most fascinating and the most promising type of sailflight. Fascinating because it is done under a sunny sky in a calm atmosphere and the pilot is at ease to enjoy the beauty of the landscape below or to observe the buzzards and the hawks circling curiously around their strange big brother. It is probably the most promising type of sailflight because on a sunny summer day the experienced pilot will be able to stay in the air for many hours at a time without any great effort or the least hazard. By means of the thermal currents he may traverse great distances without the necessity of confining himself to the limits of mountain ridges and cloud-formations. Already distances of more than 100 miles have been covered by soaring planes solely with the aid of such "thermals."

While thermal flight is the least strenuous and the least hazardous type of sailflight, a flight in a swiftly moving storm-cloud will be the highest challenge to those who prefer the extreme of thrills and have the will power and courage to face the dangers of elements in uproar. Have you ever observed the shreds of black clouds moving rapidly in front of a thunder-storm as if trying to escape the flaming masses that follow closely on their heels? It is this turbulent air in front of the approaching storm-cloud which the soaring pilot must penetrate in order to connect with the strong up-current ascending along the front of the rolling black cloud-wall. Once in the up-wind zone the plane will rise swiftly, lifted up vertically by a tremendous force. Gains in altitude of as much as 3000 feet within a short span of three minutes have been experienced in some of such flights, and by cruising back and forth just a little ahead of the fast moving "roller" the pilot may be able to travel great distances. The official world's distance record for soaring planes of 136.7 miles and another longer but unofficial record of 167 miles were established under such conditions.

It is extremely difficult, however, to keep aloof of the oscillating and ever changing masses of the "roller," and once sucked inside, the sailplane is caught in a night of brewing turmoil, now and then ablaze from the flames of lightning which is followed instantly by the deafening roar of thunder. The tremendous velocity of the wind encountered here makes the wings bend dangerously backwards, and sudden gusts bounce the plane up and down like a nutshell on a stormy sea. Showers of hailstones crash pitilessly through the delicate coverings of wing and tail-surfaces, and feverishly the pilot must work the controls while his eyes stare at the instruments in front of him. One wrong move, only one short moment of inattentiveness, may mean the end of his grand struggle, and havoc for his faithful comrade of so many battles, his sailplane.

His struggle with the infernal forces of the elements may last for hours, without any let-up or pause. No clang of a gong will ring in his ears to announce a short cessation of hostilities; no time to stretch the cramped limbs; not a moment's respite to let the lids drop over the weary and tearing eyes; no time even to be frightened by the blazing mist, the crashing thunder and the moaning of the injured bird. Suddenly, however, the dark walls will be pushed aside and like a revelation, a beautiful panorama of earth, the safe port of the storm-battered sailships of the air, will appear many thousand feet below. Relieved from the strain of the hard battle the pilot loosens his grip on the control stick, and singing a song of victory the bird glides home through a calm evening air. Only a flash of lightning now and then illuminating the black sky behind and the distant growl of thunder will remind the pilot of his desperate struggle with the storm-winds, already a thing of the past. But ever present will be the thought of his triumph over the raw forces of nature, man's mightiest opponent.

It is this ever-varying struggle with the elements, a delightful game of skill and resourcefulness today and a bitter battle of strength and endurance tomorrow, that makes sailflight one of the most fascinating of modern sports. There is no greater joy than soaring silently through open space, and there is no greater triumph for man than his conquest of the invisible forces of nature.

Already thousands of gliders and soaring planes have been built and are being flown by young enthusiastic airmen in all corners of the globe. From Germany, the land of its origin, this new sport has spread quickly over all Europe and to other continents. In Egypt, Japan, New Zealand, South America and particularly in the United States soaring pilots are now competing with their European comrades. While only ten years ago flights of two hours duration, distances of around a mile and a few hundred feet altitude appeared to be the limit attainable in motorless flight, the discoveries of new sources of energy in the air and the progress

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Man Into Bird

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made in the design and construction of soaring planes have resulted in performances never thought possible in this branch of aviation. In altitude the 8000-foot mark has long been passed; the world's distance record stands at 136.7 miles and the duration record was raised last year to 36½ hours, which is longer than many a light plane, even with the aid of its motor, would be able to stay in the air.

Aside from its attraction as a new sport sailflight in its present highly developed stage is receiving more and more recognition as an important factor in the science and practice of aeronautics. With the object in mind of designing airplanes that will make use to the fullest possible extent of the manifold sources of energy inherent in the air itself rather than subduing them by mere force of powerful and expensive machinery, sailflyers are helping to break the path for the flivver-plane, a safe and economical light plane within the reach of every man. A high degree of airworthiness with a minimum of expensive, heavy and intricate machine-power, or in an emergency even without the aid of the turning propeller, is a prerequisite of the ford car of the air. No such flivver-plane has as yet been successfully developed for mass production, in spite of the existence of a popular demand for it as revealed by the wide response to a recent questionnaire circulated by the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. The obstacle has lain in considering the power plant a basic element, as in the fast transports, instead of a mere auxiliary, as it must be in the light plane.

Sailflight, because of its different angle of approach which determines and perfects the airworthiness of a design under natural conditions without the artificial aid, or rather interference, of a motor, may lead the way for the conquest of the air by the little fellow whose clamor for his place in the sunny sky has heretofore been drowned out by the roaring voice of the big husky guys.

In Europe already several such powered soaring planes have made their appearance on the market, and notwithstanding their surprisingly low horsepower have shown excellent flying characteristics. One of the most modern and most promising new airplane designs, the "Delta," a German flying wing, is the product of an evolution from a successful sailplane construction over the powered soaring plane to a light plane that combines safety and economy with the highest degree of flying performance.

Of just as much practical value as the design of sailplanes for the progress of airplane construction, is the experience gained by the pilots of motorless planes as a preliminary and fundamental training in air navigation. Sailflight teaches a pilot to fly and not to drive, that is he will learn to feel the effects of the air currents on his wings and to master them solely through his own skillful operation of the controls rather than to rely primarily upon the driving force of a motor. Pilots having had preliminary training in motorless flight generally prove to be better aviators. In recognition of this fact motorless flight has now been introduced at the Pensacola Naval Air Station as part of the flight training of naval aviators.

The practical experiences that can be gained from sailflight will make it only more interesting as a sport, but to whatever results they may lead, this new type of sport, once it has asserted itself, cannot again be displaced not even by a popular flivver-plane, for there is no greater thrill than soaring silently through lofty space like the gull, the hawk and the albatross. Just as sail boating could not be dethroned as a sport by the power boat, so the new queen of sports, sailflight, will continue its reign in the kingdom of the air.

Keep Cool and Get Hot

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Hagen's showmanship exhibitions; a dramatic and tense pause.

And after all that study he did exactly what he didn't want to do! He putted past the hole and left himself a shaky down-hill, side-hill putt that had to be hit precisely right in touch and in direction so it would negotiate the "borrow" on the slick green.

Then followed another agonizing hesitation, with each second sawing on the nerves of the seemingly inperturbable Hagen. The crowd was nervous and communicated its feeling of painful suspense to Walter.

The more Walter looked at that putt the more upset he became. "Why did I leave myself up here? Will I ever be able to hit the ball? What if I miss this and leave myself another hard putt?" Walter said he began thinking to himself.

Suddenly a typically Hagenesque idea came to him with such sharpness that he said he almost laughed aloud.

He thought, to put it in his own words to me:

"What the hell. Even if I miss it and tie I can beat Whitcombe tomorrow if I play with left-handed clubs."

When that relief came to him Walter stepped up briskly to the putt, gave it a smooth, easy stroke and it plunked into the cup.

Now you may have seen Hagen play in title events in this country or abroad and have marveled at his apparently nonchalant manner all the time up to that period of a second or so while the shot is being played. Then, I believe, he has the most intense concentration of any player in the game. Would you think that Walter could be shaken by nervous strain as he confessed he was in the instance at Hoylake?

Frankly, I never would have thought it, had not I heard the story from Hagen's own lips. It gave me a lot of assurance to learn from one who never is visibly bothered about anything, that he had to fight the hardest part of his championships inside himself.

The internal tortures that Bobby Jones must have felt during many of his championships probably had more the character of an expert inside job of the Inquisition than of some phase of a sporting event. I have seen him wretchedly sick at his stomach during championships, and at Interlachen just before he was to receive the National Open trophy in 1930 he was wobbly weak from an attack of nerves that threw his digestion out of bounds.

There is something about the United States and British Open titles that yanks at nerves more than any other events in golf. If only the United States Open were for $10,000 first prize money instead of $1,000 and a line in the record books I am sure that the scores would be much lower.

Last winter it took 284 to win at Augusta, 283 at Pinehurst, 282 at the Agua Caliente, California and Pasadena Opens, 280 to win the Los Angeles Open, 279 to tie for the Miami Open and 270 to win the Cavalier Open. The lowest score that ever has won the United States National Open has been 286 made in 1916 by Chick Evans and in 1932 by Sarazen. There have been 287's made in winning the Open by Jones and Goodman, both amateurs, of course, and a 288 in winning his first National Open title at Skokie in 1922, by Sarazen.

I don't want to bore you with statistics but I cite those figures to prove two points: (1) Something (and it must be nervous strain) makes the National Open about four strokes harder than any other 72 hole event that could be played on any Open course, and (2) that an amateur whose business career does not depend so much on success in the Open, is in better condition to withstand the strain of the title competition.

The records of the British Open give further confirmation to my statement. Sarazen holds the record with 283 scored at Princes, Sandwich, in 1933, which, with its 6,890 yards is the longest of the British championship courses. St. Andrews length is 6,572. The scores nearest the record are those made by Jones; 285 in 1927 and two 291's made in 1926 and 1930.

Seeing the name Sarazen bob up on both sides of the water as a low scoring performer in championships is not merely coincidence. He has one of the finest competitive temperaments in the world when he's right. He is like Jack Dempsey in nerve drive. When he goes prowling the fairways in one of his pantherish moods there is danger afoot for the rest of the field.

This comment on the scoring in the major title play of course is written several weeks before the national Opens of the United States and Great Britain are to be played and I want to cover myself on this statement about the score-raising nervousness of these major title quests, for some player may set a new low scoring record in either or both of the events and I will be embarrassed to see in type my remarks about the frighten-

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WHEN GENTLEMEN AGREE

To bind a bargain with a friendly glass is an age-old gesture of good fellowship. To fill the glass with BUDWEISER is to choose what generations of good fellows, with an eye toward the best in life, have regarded as the very finest incentive to companionship and well-being. BUDWEISER has made such an outstanding contribution to good living that no other brew ever has matched its record, the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. Order by the case for your home.

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KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • SAINT LOUIS

Keep Cool and Get Hot

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ing character of the championships.

However, regardless of the winning score I will wager that the first 10 scores will average about the usual figure in excess of four non-championship rounds of the first 10 Open finishers. If the record is broken it will be done by some one who is successful in applying the practical psychology to which the professionals lately have been giving considerable thought.

But simply because I have said so much about the pressure of championships, don't get the idea that this pressure is persistently on a golfer. I don't know anything else that puts me more at peace with the world than a friendly round of golf. I can remember when I was new to the tournament circuit and came into the big cities tense and troubled I never could relax until I got out on a golf course. This capacity for relaxation was one of the advantages I had in breaking into big time tournament play rather speedily and successfully.

People have been rather blunt at times in asking me if the reason I didn't have such a profitable record when I was new to tournament prominence wasn't because I was so young and dumb I didn't realize what a tough game I was up against.

They don't appreciate that when I was 15 I was city champion of Springfield, Mo.; semi-finalist in the Western Junior championship when I was 16; at 17 finished tenth in the Heart of America Open at Kansas City with such players as Hagen, Al Espinosa, Mortie Dutra, Bobby Cruickshank and Bill Mehlhorn in the field, and at 18 won the assistant's championship of the Midwest Professional Golfers' association. This gave me training under competitive fire.

With that preliminary experience I took $1,000 I had saved and after my first year as professional at Jefferson City and Sedalia, I set out on my first winter tournament at the age of 20. I broke even financially but was well ahead in the valuable competitive schooling I acquired. Then came the golden period of 1928 until the fall of 1930 when everything was fine; nerves, muscles and prize money.

Right after the St. Louis Open in the fall of 1930 some muscles in my back went out of kilter and my slump began. Troubles, like triumphs, seem to run in flocks, so along with the miseries in my back I had a serious sinus infection and after that broke my wrist and I began to think that the only championship I might ever win would be that played by the patients of some hospital ward.

Maybe I had been grinding the machinery pretty hard without realizing it and was worn down so the back and sinus troubles might have been aggravated by the persistent playing strain. Hagen and I played 85 exhibition matches in the summer of 1929—33 of them on consecutive days—but I thought I finished that tour as fresh as a colt.

Let me tell you I'll never ask for a finer traveling companion than Hagen. He showed me a lot of fine golf and adjustments of one's game to various courses and conditions. He was very considerate toward me and deeply interested in the development of my game. Walter stayed up very late himself, but he never encouraged me to lose sleep. Although I sometimes was rather irritated by his delays in appearing at the first tee for our exhibitions I must admit that there usually was some good reason for Walter being late. He knows so many people and is so pleasant toward all of them that they don't let him get away and go to work at the scheduled time.

I'll not forget one time at a quite fashionable club where Walter and I were to give an exhibition. The élite of the community had been waiting almost an hour for Walter when he finally appeared and languidly began to change into his golfing clothes.

The chairman of the committee responsible for the exhibition, a dignified and elderly gentleman, positively pleaded with Walter: "Won't you please hurry, Mr. Hagen, every minute is an hour?" But Walter continued at his own deliberate rate to get ready. I begged him to hurry.

"The people want to see a good game of golf, don't they?" Walter asked. "Certainly," I replied, "but they would like to see it today."

"They'll see it all right, but I won't be right if I hurry so I am not going to hurry. Everybody take it easy. How about some more White Rock?" the unruffled Hagen continued to drawl.

His tranquil loitering became increasingly exasperating to me as the chairman fidgeted. Finally, with most of us in the locker-room nervous wrecks Hagen gave his hair a few finishing slicks, ambled out to the tee and shot an amazing round. In the light of the Hoylake tale about Hagen that I have just told you, this exhibition incident becomes something like poetic justice; Hagen getting even with golf for having at any time shattered his oriental calm. At any rate, I think it was a perfect example of the one thing you can count on in golf; the cooler the golfer the hotter the golf.

The Luck of the Bozo

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ridiculous fashion. The Bozo's line had gotten down to less than ten feet now. But the bass seemed bent on striking his lure wherever he cast it. I became curious.

"What are you using?" I queried.

"That same plug," he answered. "The one without any paint on it—it's kind of soaked up now—the water's turned it all brown. Maybe they think it's a mouse or something. Gosh, I hope I'm doing this right."

"You're offending against every tradition of fishing!" I snapped at him. This might ruin him forever as a fisherman. Once a person begins to depend on luck, the greatest battle of the angler is lost. Having caught the limit, we turned for camp.

Since I usually pose for most of the tourist still pictures put out by Billy, I took the string of fish as the canoes touched shore. Suddenly I felt myself butted against a tree.

"Never mind, Ryle," said the Bozo. "I'll carry 'em. Now where do you want me, Billy—just holdin' 'em up and admiring 'em, or kind of with my rod in my hand like?"

After dinner, Billy asked my advice.

"We're rushed for time, Coop," he said, "and I've run up all the footage I can possibly use on this bass stuff. How about going down to the Nipigon and trying for some trout? I'd like a few hundred feet of some big ones being hauled out."

I agreed. In no sport is there the exactitude, the necessity for skill and patience, that there is in the taking of the speckled or brook trout on the artificial lure. More than a century has been spent in the development of the fine points of the game; the delicacy of attack, the shrewd judgment of the angler, and the exquisite torture which follows the strike and the bringing of the prize to net. I was thrilled at the prospect—but in a way disheartened. I remembered one painful experience at our Colorado lake, when the Bozo had wrecked my rod. So two mornings later at Miner's Rapids, I gave the Bozo an extra heavy piece of workmanship which I had devised for casting heavy spinners in the Green River of Wyoming. Then as we wound along the trail to the foot of the rapids, I abjured him to use gentleness, finesse, delicacy in the handling of his fish.

"And cast a good line," I commanded. "Get it out as far as you can."

"Gee, Ryle," he answered vacantly, "I'm sorry I caught all those big bass while you were getting just those runty ones."

"Forget the bass," I said. "We're after trout now. Remember, you're fishing wet flies. Make a good cast, somewhat ahead of you, then allow the fly to quarter the stream, that is, run down with the current, until it becomes taut. Then allow it to dance for a time on the water—"

"Hey Ryle," said the Bozo suddenly, "there's something wrong with this rod."

My shoulders sagged. The tip of my double-built, Tonkin bamboo, seven ounce spinner rod, hung dangling at the ferrule, broken, smashed by a lunging push against the trunk of a tree.

"Did it ever permeate your brain," I asked, "that there might be something wrong with you?"

"Aw gee, Ryle," the Bozo begged. "I didn't do anything—the rod just fell apart."

After all, one goes into the open to note the clarity of blue skies, the sweep of a bird over the water, the beautiful, plunging white of a foamy rapids, the pale beauty of the underside of a speckled trout as he rolls to the gentle turning of the reel, and with gasping fervor makes his last effort before the kill. So I remained silent and sent an Indian back to camp for the extra tip. When

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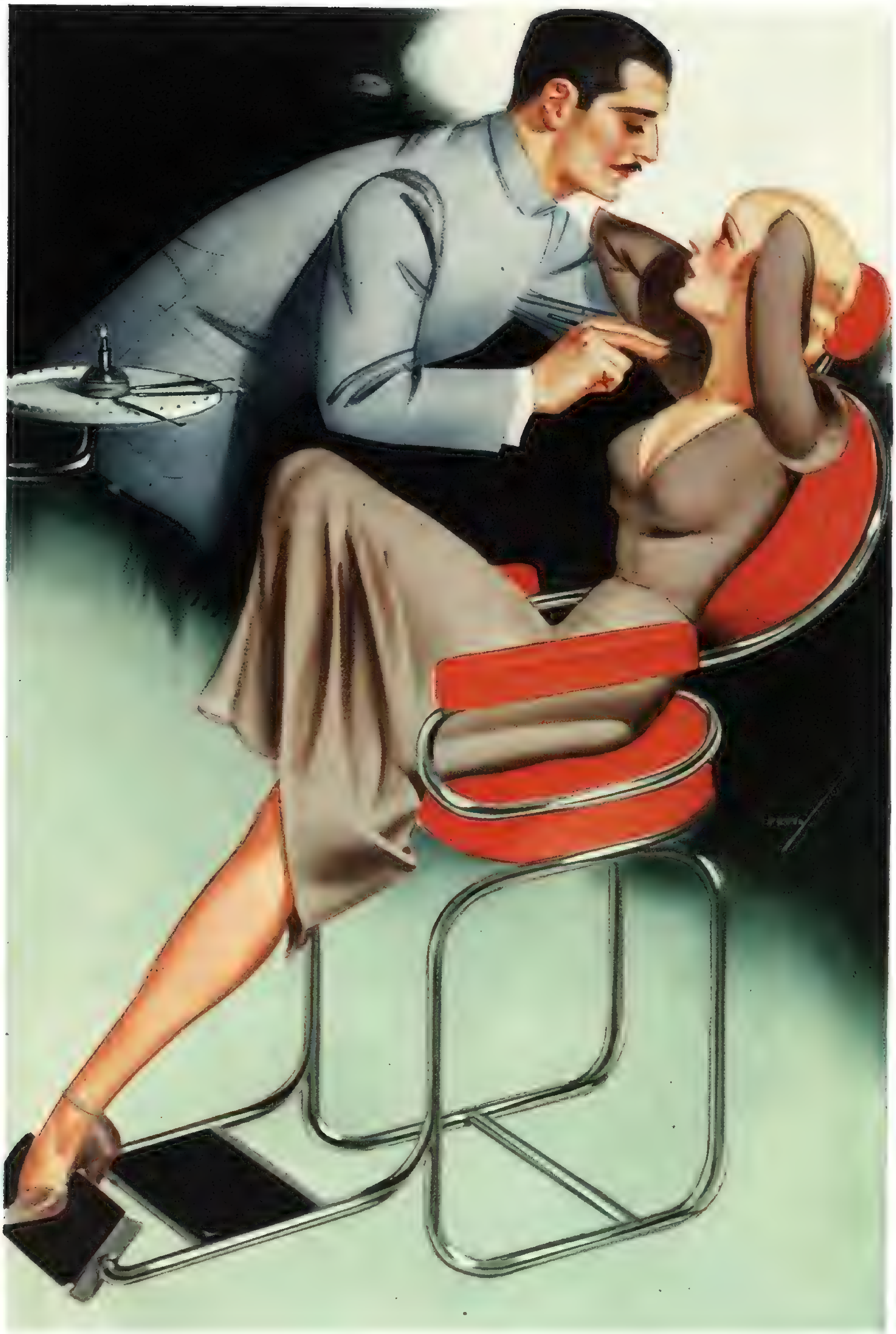


"You probably don't realize that nature has been very good to you, Miss Burke"

The Luck of the Bozo

Continued from page 146

he returned, I led the Big Bozo to a likely pool.

"Now listen," I admonished. "I'm going to stand here and watch you cast—until you get it right. There's no sense in trying to fish unless you fish."

"Gee, Ryle," said the Bozo, "you're sure good to me, Ryle. Taking me on this trip and all."

Whereupon he took the rod in both hands and while my heart ached, swung it like a baseball bat. He was using a wet leader, with an exceptionally large silver doctor and an especially tied silver-bodied Jock Scott. I favor large flies for Canadian streams. I have noted that the hatches in the deep bush are goodly size.

Especially do I favor these two flies of my selection for the Nipigon, as I have proved that they resemble the small minnows upon which the larger of the brook or speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) delight to feed.

I called to the Bozo to strip line and to make false casts while doing it, in order to obtain distance. He did not seem to hear me and failed entirely to observe the cardinal rule of casting—to be sure of rearward space for the back-cast. Inevitably his end fly caught on the needle of a pine tree, holding there long enough to bend the rod into a perfect arc.

Then it released, and to the great swing of his arms, plus the impellage of freedom, rod and line swerved downward. The rod splashed halfway its length in the water, the line struggling out feebly, some ten feet beyond.

"Terrible!" I shouted. "Awful! Pull it up and try over again."

"All right," said the Bozo humbly. "I'll—huh—I can't pull it up. Look—the line's jerking."

"Amazing!" I exclaimed. "You've got a fish."

"No I ain't," yelled the Bozo. "I've got two fish. I've got two fish." He jumped up and down. "Hey Billy—where's that camera? I've got two fish—one on each fly and they're big as houses. Get that camera."

It was explainable enough. The two trout had been in a hole close to shore. The flies had swept in upon them; they had struck simultaneously. Often in my experience, I have forced trout to make a double of it, by playing the first caught trout to and fro in the region where another trout may be lying, thus bringing the second fly before him and causing him to believe that this was the other fish he was chasing, thus arousing his greed.

But in the Bozo's case, the circumstances had been perfect, the fish had been there—one five and a quarter pounds, the other a half pound larger.

"Watch that rod!" I shouted. "Play 'em easy now—or you'll break that rod."

"To hell with the rod," the Bozo shouted. "I want those fish!"

I saw him straighten the rod and take it in both hands. Then he turned, and without playing the two trout for even a minute, ran back along the rocky shore, dragging the gasping beauties with him. I glanced toward Billy. His eye was glued to the winder of his movie camera. Suddenly he rewound, rushed forward, re-set his distance and began making closeups of the gasping trout.

"What a wow for a comedy sequence!" he exclaimed. "What a knockout!"

"But you're not going to keep it?" I asked. "A sportsman never catches fish that way."

"It's comedy," Billy argued. Billy seldom argues that way. Something had to be said.

"Billy, after all, I've some voice in this picture. I don't know that I care to be placed in a category with such—"

Billy apologized.

"I'm sorry to have shouted out of turn. Anyway," he added, "we can cut out those few casting scenes of you on the bass sequence."

So the next day, inasmuch as Billy had wanted only a few hundred feet of trout, we went up the lake for Great Northern Pike.

In the main I am inclined to call the pike, or pickerel, as he is known in the United States, a snake. He is destructive, carnivorous, and as a rule, a poor fighter. I might add that in the United States, a pike is called a pickerel, and in Canada, the United States pickerel is called a pike. However, my remarks on pike in general do not include the Great Northern Pike (*Esox lucius*) which is second only to the muskallunge (*Esox masquinongy*) in fighting ability. It is notable also, that sometimes both the muskallunge and the Great Northern Pike, in the larger sizes, need to be stirred up. They will lie dormant after a big feed, perhaps in a weed bed, or under a patch of lily pads, refusing all lures until something, like the passing of a motor boat, excites them.

So we were back at bait casting again. Our fishing water was a narrow arm of Lake Nipigon, fringed by lily pads, and spotted at places with great patches of this succulent moose-feed—patches so great that in places, they resembled islands.

Again I was casting at my best, allowing the lure to strike within a few inches of the lily pads, then varying its movement on the retrieve, so that it would resemble most that which a Great Northern Pike best loves, some crippled thing, seeking escape from his voracious jaws. At last, Billy halted me.

"Pipe the Bozo," he said.

It was laughable. Here was a place where overcasts meant trouble. The Bozo had gained nothing of the fine points I had tried to teach him. His right arm went up like a tent pole. The steel rod curved with the force of the flailing blow as he began the cast. Often the bait went a dozen feet or less, bounced back upon him and landed in the boat, this followed by long minutes of studious pecking as he freed the tangles of the back-lash. But finally, he got into action.

A great lunge and the bait sped far outward, on and on, over the water, beyond the fringe of the lily pad island and straight into the center of it, where its gang hooks caught firmly.

"He still strong," said the Indian in the bow, and laconically bent to his paddle. They forced their way into the lily pads, pushing and pulling, until at last they reached the center and freed the plug. The Bozo looked up weakly.

"Yeh, I know that was rotten," he said in red-faced defense. "But watch this one!"

Again his arm described a great arc, again the plug shot outward. This time it traveled high above a shore lacing of lily pads, and deep into the heart of them. The Indians said nothing; they only bent to their paddles.

At last, with the lily bed bruised and dismantled by the entry of the canoe and the consequent pawing about, the Big Bozo was again in free water. He looked at the lily pads. He looked at us. Then he deliberately turned his back and cast in a different direction.

Billy laughed raucously. The bait had gone high above the shore, and caught some seven feet up on the side of a dead spruce tree. The Bozo hunched his shoulders and wound up his line. The Indians pushed their paddles again.

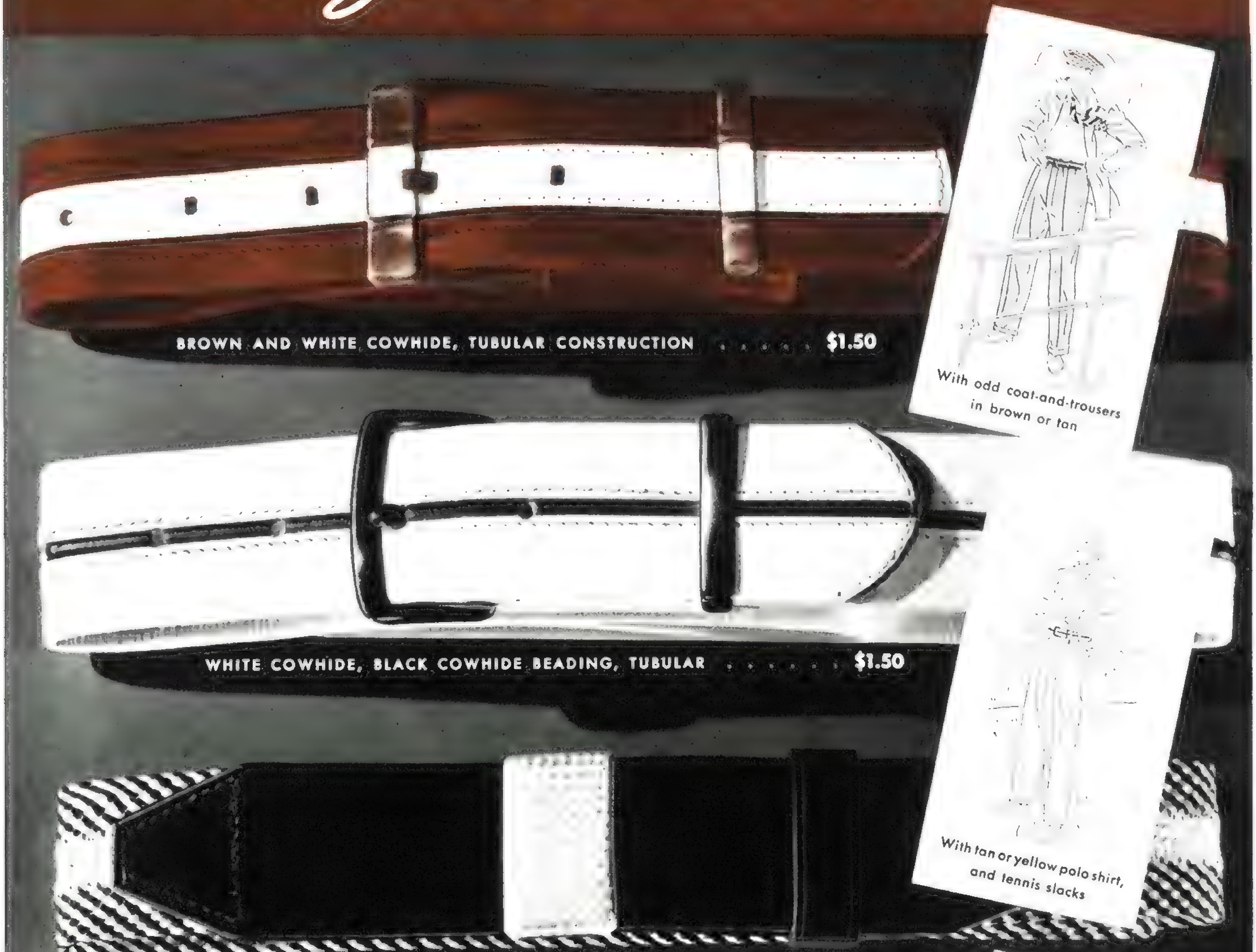
It was on my lips to say something taunting, but I refrained. However, the Bozo evidently expected it, for he whirled vacuously, and like a man with his eyes shut, cast almost at random. The plug sailed through the air, again nearly to the center of the lily pad island. But this time, the entrance of the canoe had created a slight space of free water. Somewhat amazed that he had not hung again, he began to reel in. He hunched, and jerked at the line.

"Snagged again!" he broke out huskily.

Suddenly, however, while the Indians lashed water to hold the craft steady, he leaped to his feet. "No I'm not—no I'm not—I'm not snagged! Hey Billy—where's your camera? I've got one—he's as big as a house—he's as big as a block of houses!"

I saw a picture of that pike in a recent catalogue of a certain fishing tackle manufacturer. It weighed twenty-four and a half pounds, the largest pike caught on the blankety damned trip. After all, that was unfortunate. Fishing is an exact science. But, no matter what I tell him, the Bozo cannot understand. He makes crude remarks when I try to explain. I feel it rather keenly. He might have made a good fisherman.

HERE YOU SEE THE NEWEST IN *Good Belt* STYLE



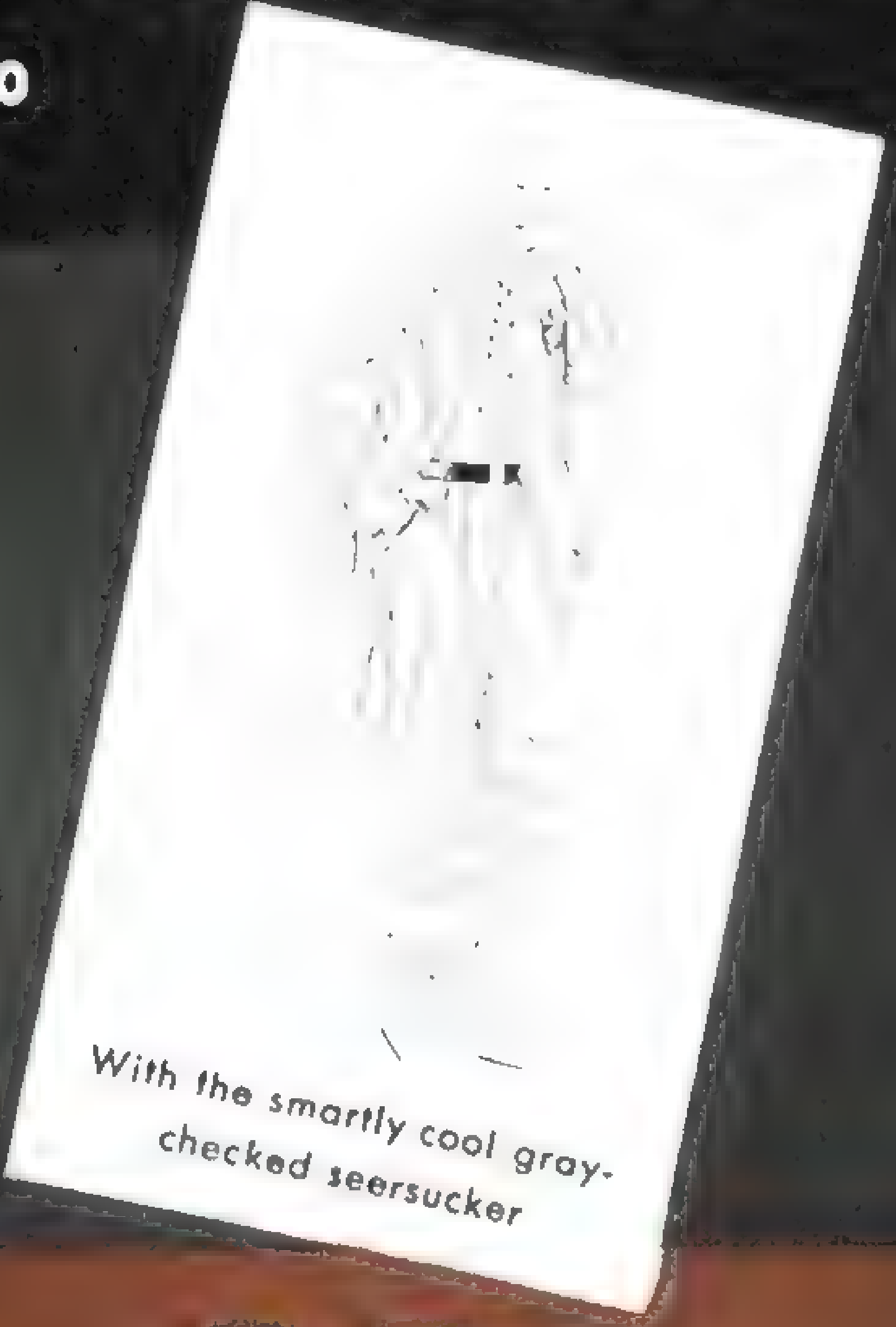
BROWN AND WHITE COWHIDE, TUBULAR CONSTRUCTION $1.50

With odd coat-and-trousers in brown or tan

WHITE COWHIDE, BLACK COWHIDE BEADING, TUBULAR $1.50

With tan or yellow polo shirt, and tennis slacks

BLACK AND WHITE RAYON FABRIC, COWHIDE TRIM $1.00



With the smartly cool gray-checked seersucker

THREE BELTS THAT *have* SMARTNESS . . . AND *give* IT, TO SUMMER ATTIRE

Give extra care to your choice of belts, this summer. Because the right belt will have an extra lot to do with the rightness of your appearance . . . in sports, business, or dress wear. The three very correct belts shown are new Hickok styles . . . which is to say that they are not only smart but good style, not only attractive but of true Hickok quality.

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

The Story of John Blanchard

Continued from page 82

trolled the patents. His advertising contracts were doubled and he was technical advisor to a half dozen aviation companies. He spent a great deal of time at the airport.

On one particular day he had arrived early, and by four in the afternoon there was quite a crowd watching him illustrate a brand-new principle in the matter of upside down flying.

He grew tired, finally, and came down to rest. He sat in the pilots' room, drinking a glass of milk and talking to engineers. He was informed that the newspaper men were waiting.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

It was part of the formula. He submitted to a technical interview of great length, and near the conclusion he was patently becoming restive. Nelson, a young reporter who was interested not at all in the scientific end of the interview and was after a purely human interest story, stepped forward as the older men paused in their questioning.

"Mr. Blanchard," Nelson said, "it is true, is it not, that your contracts all carry options of renewal?"

"That is true, gentlemen," Blanchard said.

"Your value to these companies is dependent entirely on your being a flying man, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Quite, gentlemen."

"This is the point, Mr. Blanchard: you just woke up one morning and found that you could fly?"

"I did."

"What are you going to do, Mr. Blanchard, *if you wake up some morning and find that you can't?*"

We saw John Blanchard's face seemingly lose all its contours. There was no color in it at all. He managed to say, "Good day, gentlemen," but it was practically unintelligible.

He drove home that night instead of flying home—and he has never flown again. He sits by an upstairs window, looking out on the courtyard five storeys below, and thinks fearfully of that forty foot drop. He, John Blanchard, thinks fearfully of a forty foot drop—the glorious memory of his five thousand foot vertical climbs serving only to send him away from the window, shrinking back into the dimmer, safer recesses of his living room. And practically nobody remembers him but me.

Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

Continued from page 134

is a good American version of the one at which nearly every French dramatist has tried his hand: mother and daughter in love with the same man. Guy de Maupassant's Strong as Death uses the idea—and Arnold Bennett said that no man who has read the book will be content to remain single after forty; and Maurice Donnay has done a suave and affecting version in The Other Danger.

Still, Miss Powell had every right to explore the theme for comic possibilities and she found them by making the mother something of a fool and the long-time mistress of another man besides; and by making the girl a determined little miss whose innocence breaks down all the bulwarks of wickedness and sophistication.

Into the mixture she has also popped many funny lines and one funny situation, and she has no complaint against the Guild which gave her the excellent Truex who can, and does, abandon his mannerisms, shake off all his old parts from The Dummy to Lysistrata, and play a moderately cynical businessman who likes the comfort of his mistress's home and openly boasts that he has lived with her for fifteen years and will outlive, with her, a dozen transients.

Perhaps the whole affair is trivial, but it is worth mentioning that last year Miss Powell wrote a pretty grim play called Big Night, in which the wife of an advertising man entertained a gross "prospect," providing for him a disagreeably realistic drunken party, and then went off into the night, for about the same reasons that Nora slammed the door. It wasn't a very good play, but it was nominated for quick death by the critics, and Miss Powell has now turned out a smartish, not very good play in which every time an idea raises its head, it is hit with a clown's bladder. So the Guild produced this one. I have often wondered which of its plays the Guild considers "of artistic merit," which it produces without prospect of gain, and which merely fill out the season. After this year's showing, I suggest that the entire board of directors change their holiday plans. They always go abroad in the summer. I am told that next winter will be delightful in all parts of Europe.

I was away from New York for a week and came back to find that another smash hit had been added to the list. The critics, poor hounds, had been bowled over again, rolling in the aisles, urging one and all to go and see The Milky Way.

Always a sucker for my confreres' opinions, I went and saw a farce of a low order in which Hugh O'Connell, as charming as ever, plays the part of a milk-wagon driver who is credited with knocking out the middle-weight champion of the world in a private argument. Actually he had only ducked, and the blow shot at him by the champ's trainer did the deed. As he comes to apologize, almost the same situation occurs; the press are hot on it, and in order to re-establish the prestige of the champion, the manager forces the wagon boy to become a fighter. With six set-ups in a row, all bought and paid for, the new fighter gets cocky and is matched to meet the champ. I give you two guesses as to the winner of the bout!

There are funny lines and one or two fairly funny situations. But farce needs high spirits in addition to unreality; the great distinction of She Loves Me Not is that its spirits soar unflaggingly from the first minute to the last.

However, I am not surprised at the effect of this play on the critics. For about three weeks they have taken one of the worst beatings in history, play after play which, as Percy Hammond would say, were not good. Disastrous and a little dirty, perhaps, these things always arrive at the fag end of the season, the producers holding, incorrectly, that by that time everyone is so tired that any play can get by.

The truth is that the critics have been exasperated enough during the major season and they snarl and bite at putridity in the spring when they want to be out with their roses and cats in the country.

In addition to these "novelties," we have had revivals, including the season of Gilbert and Sullivan which has become almost traditional, and going out of the way to produce Noel Coward's pretty dreadful Bitter Sweet. (I have no data on the subject: this may be only the return of a touring company, for Bitter Sweet was a great success and seems to satisfy a yearning somewhere. It was and is a terrible exhibition.) I look forward with more enthusiasm to a revival of The Black Crook, which will be done way down town, which was, as the saying goes, way up town in the days of the original presentation.

And now, to make clear my opening sneers about the Pulitzer Prize. Men in White is a belated effort to do in the theatre what the movies have done very well for two years: stage a hospital scene with a dramatic background.

The emotion in this case comes from a situation which is a honey: a doctor has seduced a nurse and as a result of an abortion, the girl has to be operated on and the doctor's fiancée is present and it is all done in dumbshow and is, in fact, nearly as exciting as the movie versions.

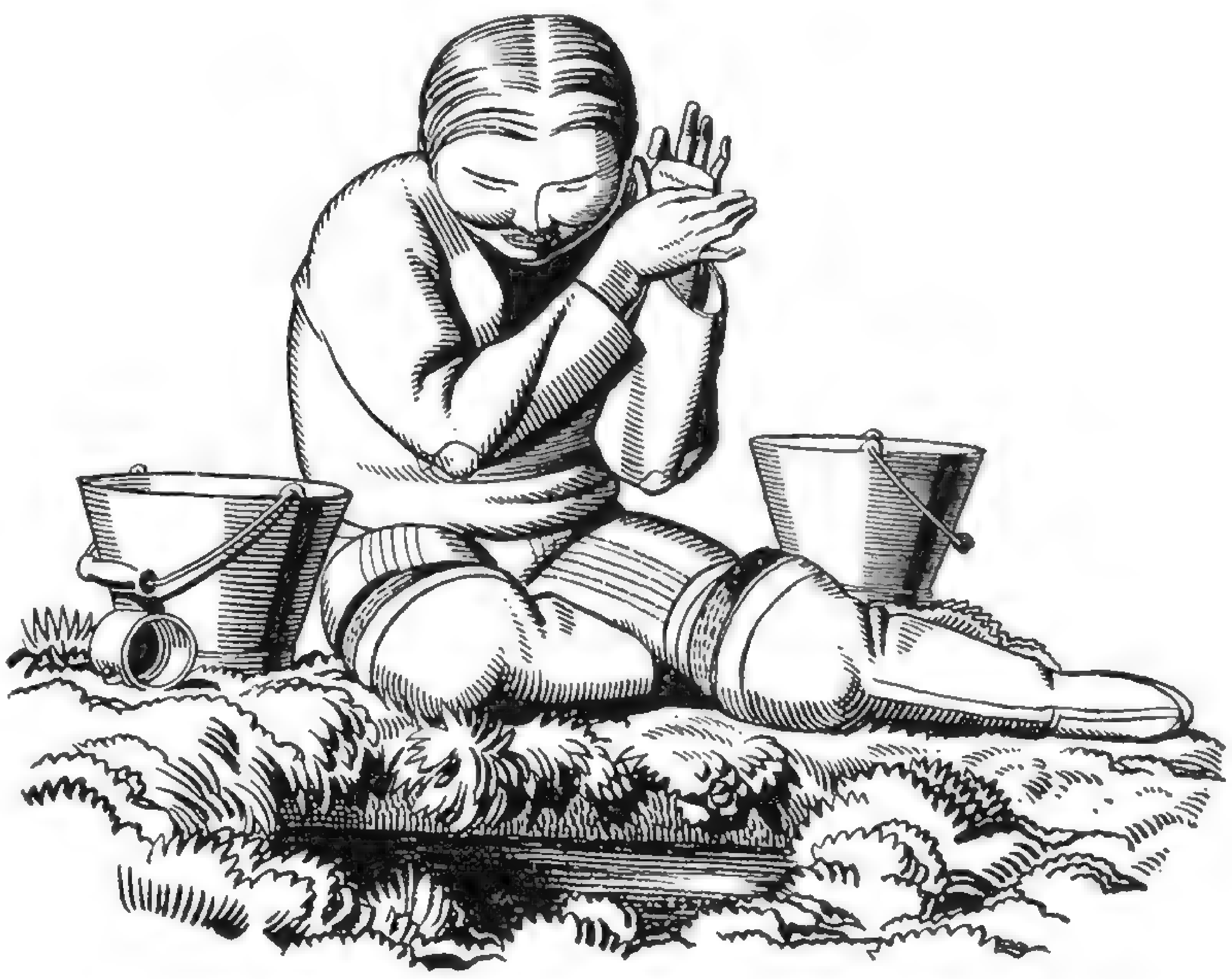
The problem posed by the play is the nifty about love and wealth on one side and fame and devotion to science or humanity on the other. The whole thing is terribly unreal and the fact that half a dozen people in the admirable production do excellent work doesn't conceal the essential emptiness of the play.

As for the runner-up, Mary of Scotland is decent, dignified, and not a little dull. This makes it better than most plays which are very dull and fall short of being decent or dignified. But it doesn't make Mary of Scotland a really distinguished piece of work in the world- or American-theatre.

Cinderella in Greenland

Continued from page 23

There were few duties to perform in that untidy household: the floor was rarely scrubbed; few clothes were ever washed. They lived there in the carefree neglect of housekeeping which necessity in earlier times had made their race's habit. Nevertheless, what with carrying her pails from the distant muddy trickle that supplied the settlement with washing water, with carrying up ice chunks from the shore to melt and drink, or sea water to boil the seal ribs in, and above all with tending the latest baby—wiping up its puddles, spreading in the sun the feather bed the babe had wet, with toting the children around and amusing them when they wanted to cry—Justina who, it was her job, must do it all was to all appearance just such a household drudge as Cinderella, just as imposed upon and dirty and, as events turned out, as fortunate.



Justina's was a modest, self effacing nature; and she was so faithful to her duties as to be rarely met with on the promenade. At least one *saw* her rarely: for despite the childlike sweetness of her face, her finely drawn oriental features, her white and faultless teeth, her light did not so shine as to transcend the squalor she was clothed in. She was *protectively* attired, toned down by dirt to match the soil it came from. Soiled.

Yet at sixteen she was innocent, incredible as it may appear, of even the comprehension in theory of those facts of life which were the practice of the normal boys and girls of her own age. She was a child, in mind, and shed corruption from her by sheer inability to retain it. Her lack of wit appeared as virtue and, combined with her precocious mother-love, lent her, contrasted to her ribald playmates, an air of unaffected saintliness and flower-like purity of soul. And if her thoughts and her emotions, springing as they did from no true comprehension of reality, were not profound, they were dignified by the very efforts that her small mind made as one could read them in the plaintive puckering of her brow.

She wanted love: God knows what she imagined it to be! She wanted *love:*—men frightened her. "Tássa!" she'd say, "Not *that!*"—and push them off and run; reminded by such show of what love wasn't to dream of—storks, if she had known them; of babies; or a hero mate; of a snug home, her own. No one can ever know Justina's thoughts but by the sweetness that they lend to her.

To virgin Elsa of Brabant there came when she most needed him the champion of her dreams. Beauty and chivalry and strength: he was as a garland woven of the flowers of Asgaard. So to Justina at Igdlorssuit there came—in the very hour, perhaps, of some assault upon her frightened innocence—the swan boat of her champion; and when one July morning there reached her ears the cry, "A boat!" she with the rest leaped up and ran to see. The swan boat neared; she heard with pounding heart the chug, chug of its motor. She followed it, and saw it anchor. Stood with the rest on shore; and stared. And from that swan's inside stepped *I.*

What *of* what all the others in that crowd there thought! What of them all—those gay girls in vermillion boots and gaudy chintz! Unspeakable Justina—drab, soiled, tattered, filthy girl—looked once. And it came over her that *never*—not in all her life and all its dreams—had she beheld such beauty. Justina looked and loved. Life, for Justina, has begun.

It was, as I have said, months later that I learned of this, and, in looking back upon that July day of my arrival, I became curious to account for my devastating effect upon Justina. She was, of course—I realized it—just a little simple. That would account for much. Then, too, all Greenlanders are at sea in judging white men's age by how they look. We're different. Baldness, for example: what do those thick maned people know of it? And Justina seeing my head could only have associated its appearance with such comparable heads as she'd observed upon the very, very young. I'd *like* to know why fair Justina loved me!

She did—and made no bones of it. She told them all. Told it, and showed it in her looks. Broadcast it to the settlement. And how they laughed! How cruelly they twitted her! What chance had *she* against the rest of them? And what chance *had* she! All day on promenade, all day and night on that broad strand, the Boulevard, bright figures strolled: bright clothes, bright looks, alluring glances, laughter, song. Youth on parade. And drab Justina plodding by from time to time with laden pails: poor drudge!

And now I've set about the building of my house, my one room palace made of *wood. That's* an event; a show for all the settlement. All idle people throng the spot: sit there to watch, to bask in the warm sun, to smoke, to gossip, laugh; to help. I get to know them, all. All but Justina.

There is in the settlement a man of most solid substance named Rudolf. He is the cooper; he works by the year at a salary of one kroner, or twenty-five cents, a day. And his wife, Margreta keeps, as she should, a neat clean house and wears fine clothes. So to Margreta's door one day comes poor Justina; comes in and shuts the door; and with her head hung down, embarrassed, stands.

"Well, Justina," says Margreta.

Justina's chin is choking her. She murmurs unintelligibly.

"Come! Speak up," says Margreta.

Justina tries. She raises up a blushing face and says, quite clearly now, "May I borrow your earrings?"

Margreta laughs. "Are you in love?" she says.

Justina smiles as though from deep within.

"Who is it?"

Justina with a sigh like one awaking answers: "Kinte."

When Justina a few minutes later hurries home she holds clasped tight in her hand not, of course, a *pair* of earrings (who'd lend her that!) but one odd earring made of glass: her own, to keep.

There's nothing much in the way of a looking glass in Justina's house; just a broken bit of one. She props the fragment on a window muntin and, locating a fraction of her face in it, begins to beautify herself. Dirt! with a dingy rag she rubs off some of it. She puts back straggling hair, tightens the knot. The pink lobes of her ears just show; they must.

Now Justina takes the earring in her hand; holds it, and hesitates. She thinks. Decides: the *left.* She fixes it in place. Then taking up two empty water pails she leaves the house.

The path from where Justina lived to the water hole came not near me. My house was up the hill; the path led down. But Justina's life has, as we've said, begun. The paths of others are no longer hers. Up hill she comes, up toward my house; and, nearing it, she turns and walks across my view, right in the foreground of it, my house near to her on—who guesses it?—her left.

Justina stubs her toes on that rough hillside. Eyes to the front! There, stupid kid! She stubs her toe again. Oh! if he'd only look! she prays. And the glass pendant twinkles in the sun.

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Cinderella in Greenland

Continued from page 151

And all the time right there in sight of her I'm working. I'm spiking rafters to the plate. And every time I drive a twenty-penny home, I pause to drink the view, to feast my eyes on God expressed in mountains, glaciers, sea and ice; to gaze upon God's countenance, to be enriched, ennobled by familiarity with Him. God doesn't give a damn for me.

So, unobserved, Justina passes by.

Justina at the water hole sets down her pails. Kneeling, she bails up water with a cup; she fills the pails. That's done. Now she takes the jewel from her left ear; looks at it lovingly a moment as it lies glittering in her palm. Enough. She returns the jewel to her ear, fixes it there. No, not the left this time, the *right*. The pool is still again: the child leans over it, looks down. From the dark surface of the pool her own face golden with reflected sunlight looks up at her. God, if He sees at all, sees her.

But only God. And merely by the trodden pathway that appeared, in time, below my house did I come to know that it was the custom, strangely, of some people to employ that devious way.

When at last my house was finished I began to live: to know people, to entertain them as my guests, to visit them. I now made friends. So it happened that one day not long before Christmas I was sitting with my dear housekeeper, Salamina, in the house of our friends, Margreta and Rudolf. What pleasant evenings those were! Rudolf would play the harmonica and I would play the flute; and, for those who liked it, that was sweet to hear. And Salamina and Margreta gossiped.

"Who," said I, lowering my flute, "is this Justina that you're talking about?"

"What!" cried both of them astonished, "you don't know her? Why she's in love with you." And they burst into laughter.

Thereupon they told me, pretty much as I've retold it, the story of Justina.

"And now we'll have her over!" And they laughed again, while Rudolf went to fetch her.

Whew! She was dirty as she stood there in that spick and span clean house. What filthy rags of clothes! Poor thing! And how she took it—took ridicule and laughter. She was used to it. Embarrassed?—yes. But strangely self-possessed as though even among others she maintained connection with an inner world that was exclusively her own. We laughed, and she smiled back. Only remotely could she sense that we laughed at her.

They put her through her stunts.

"Whom do you love?" they asked.

She murmured, "Kinte."

"Now count for us."

Justina's education had been limited: in mathematics she had never gone beyond twenty. One, two, three, four, five on one hand (so they count) six, seven, eight, nine, ten on the other. Justina stopped.

"Go on!" they urged—for here the fun began.

"Nagga," murmured Justina, shaking her head. "No, no."

"Go on! Go on!"

She sighs—and yields. She treads hard on the heel of her right boot, draws her right leg out; she treads on the heel of the left boot and draws her left leg out. Bare legged to her thighs she stands there; and on her ten bare toes counts up to twenty.

Justina it appeared had half a crown: roughly, a dime. And she told us how for Christmas she was going to buy herself: a kilo of coffee, a kilo of sugar, a kilo of hard bread, a kilo of chocolate, a kilo of figs, a kilo of rice, a kilo of this and that and everything, and—a cigar! Poor child, I thought—for I'd been thinking quick—you're going to get the whole of it on Christmas day if it costs me all of two dollars.

Salamina, surprisingly, entered right into the spirit of "A Merry Christmas for Justina." When we had bought all the things that Justina had thought of we bought more. And when there was no more to buy we turned to those stores of treasures which a devoted wife had bought for me, and packed, and labelled "Girl Lure." What a store! Beads, brooches, bracelets, earrings, necklaces; ribbons and calicos: the pick of all the best that the best 5 & 10's afford. We chose the smartest for Justina. More: I have a piece of silk. Salamina makes for Justina a chemise (can you beat *that?*—a silk chemise upon an Eskimo!) Still more: we commission the best boot maker of the settlement to make Justina boots—and keep it secret. Chemise, the shirt or anarak of calico, its silken sash or border, boots, earrings, necklace, et cetera. What more? Oh yes!—the pants. Well, Salamina made them. All's ready now; it's Christmas eve.

At ten o'clock at night, when most people have gone to bed—for it is of course the dark time then in Greenland—Salamina fetches Justina. Come in, Justina; shut the door. It's warm inside the house and cosy with drawn curtains. On the stove are big kettles of steaming water. On the floor the wash tub.

"Now, Justina, strip."

Justina knew no more about life than she did about mathematics. Not so much, in fact: in life she'd only reached sixteen. Not half a minute, and her clothes are off. And in that time we'd filled the tub. With Justina in the tub Salamina and I, each with a floor brush, get to work. We start at the top and we work down. And when we get to the water we decide that it has all of Justina in it that it can stand: a saturate solution of Justina. Step out, Justina;—there, behind the stove. And we stagger out with the big tub and empty it.

With clean water in the tub—Justina this time sitting down—I give her a shampoo. That's fun!—long, thick, black hair all lathered up with shaving cream. Keep your eyes shut, Justina. There! I pour a pailful over her. Now: stand up. Again we scrub her off from head to foot.

You know—she came out fine!

We wrapped her in turkish towels and sat her down close to the stove to dry her hair. We fed her hot coffee and rich cake. And then, and *then!*—we gave her her new clothes.

Justina's triumph at the church on Christmas morning was but a prelude to her triumph later, later at dinner time. We fed the settlement that day, twelve at a time, men, women, kids, all afternoon by shifts. We'd brewed and baked and boiled for this for ten days past. Pea soup with vegetables, with seal and whale meat, and little cubes of matak, that succulent hide of the white whale! We had a barrel of it. Pea soup, and bread with butter on it, jam and cake; and beer to wet it down. And piled up at the place of every guest were Christmas presents neatly wrapped. Gee, we had fun!

At Justina's table were gathered the very cream of the aristocracy of Igdlorssuit. Rudolf and Margreta of course, and Abraham and his wife Louisa, and Rudolf's brother Hendrick and his Sophia, and—well, all the best and most important people of the place. And at the table's head, Justina.

And while at the places of all these important people and dear friends were piles of handsome presents, at Justina's place were at least as many as all the rest put together; so many, in fact, that we'd put chairs around to hold the overflow.

The guests came promptly to that sitting, for all knew of the surprise that awaited Justina. She, the heroine, came last. How sweet she looked! We led her to her place. Here: these are yours, Justina.

She gave a little gasp, a swift and audible intake of breath. Then she was calm. Again she became as though of a world somewhat removed from ours, a world to which my coming and this Christmas were not unexpected happenings. She opened up her presents one by one, so carefully! Each one she then re-wrapped to lay it quietly aside. And it seemed that by this act each separate thing was taken to herself to be a part of her.

So might end the story of Justina. Yet it goes on. She is a living child, and all that happened on that Christmas now lives on in her. More surely than before she goes her own, complacent, quiet way. Be clean!—we'd said. There in that dirty house she'd wash herself: that had become her way. And when we'd have a party she'd be asked. Come in, Justina. Have you washed yourself? She'd nod her head.

"All over?"

"Yes."

"Come. Show me."

And she'd come close and pull up her shirt to show her clean washed belly.

"Good girl."

And Justina would smile with such complacent pride!

A clean, hard working, faithfully industrious girl. And when in June the head nurse of the children's sanitarium in Umanak came I told her of Justina, of how clean she was, of how she worked, of how she loved all children and toted them about.

"Let's see her," said the nurse.

Justina came. She stood in the doorway dressed in all her best, so bright, so clean, so glittering with earrings, brooches, necklaces and things. And how her teeth gleamed when she smiled!

The head nurse laughed. "I'll take her."

And now Justina is at work in the great sanitarium at Umanak. She lives well, works well, earns her generous pay. With money she can buy fine clothes. And in fine clothes she, not too often, goes on promenade. And at last, grown skilful in the arts of housekeeping and the care of children, she'll marry a fine hunter, live in her own house, have a lot of children of her own, and—God bless her—live happily for ever after.

Auction—Model 1934

Continued from page 20

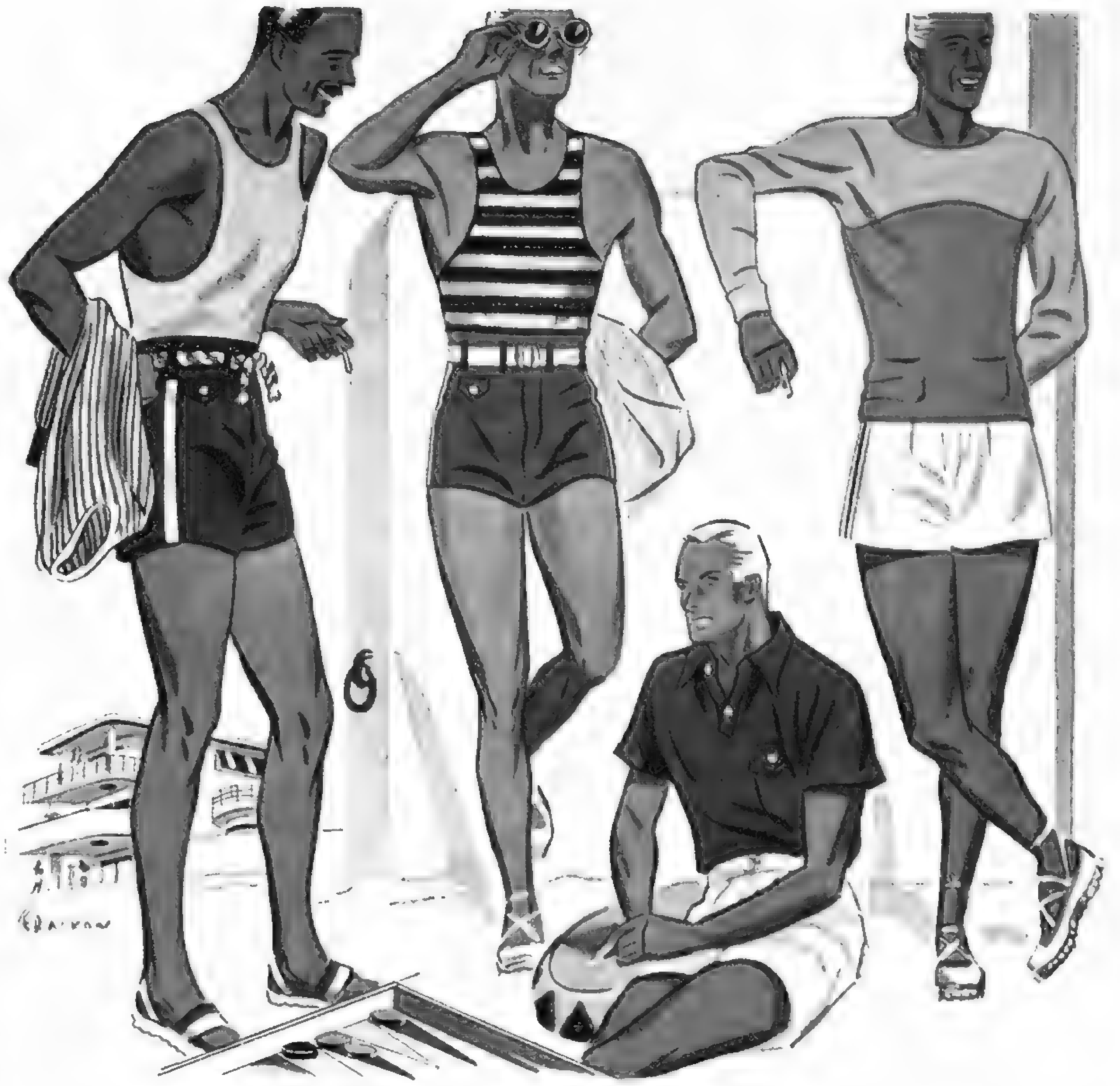
and the smell of coffee drifting out over the snow mountain clubs, of yodelling and blowing melancholic flats through long horn trumpets; of melting snow to drink from the roofs of isolated cabins—all these things lie deep in the pockets of these pants, together with inconsequential trains in angry red winter dawns, cluttered with skis in stacks and the discarded wrappings of Peter's chocolate. Any bids? Hey, Essie!

Lot 9. Cotton bathing trunks, full of the bright beat of the Mediterranean, bought in the sailors' quarter of Cannes. They make swell dust cloths but don't belong on an American beach. Used at present to wrap up the arsenal, a twenty-two that goes off if you stare at it hard enough, a cavalry carbine carved with the name "Seven Pines," and an uncle's name and some suspicious looking notches, an old thirty-two, and a police thirty-eight. On the whole we keep the arsenal and would like to pick up an old sub-machine gun cheap. Whisk 'em away.

Lot 10. Another barrel full of tops of things, sugar-bowls, vanished mustard pots, lovely colored lids for jars that must have been quite nice. Look, for instance, at this rose-encrusted top to the bowl for rose-leaves: a bowl for rose-leaves. There is the top of the delicate Tiffany urn from a chocolate set that was our first wedding present. The set remained on a dressing table at the Biltmore all during our honeymoon beside a fading Easter lily. On rainy afternoons we leaned into the brick area and listened to the music from "The Night Boat" swinging its plaints from one walled surface of the hotel to another. Any bids? Surely this gentleman—all right then. Essie, the trash heap.

Lot 11. A real Patou suit. It was the first garment bought after the marriage ceremony and again the moths have unsymmetrically eaten the nap off the seat of the skirt. This makes fifteen years it has been stored in trunks because of our principle of not throwing away things that have never been used. We are glad—oh, so relieved, to find it devastated at last. There was a rippling sun along Fifth Avenue the day it was bought and it seemed very odd to be charging things to Scott Fitzgerald. The thing was to look like Justine Johnson at the time and it still seems a fine way to have looked. The shopper was two days out of Alabama. From the shop we went to tea in the Plaza grill. Constance Bennett was still a flapper and had invented a new way of dancing with a pendulous head. We went to "Enter Madame" and the actors were cross because our tickets were in the front row and we laughed appreciatively at the wrong places and uproariously at the jokes we made up as the show went along. We went to the midnight roof and stood up to see Ziegfeld's taffeta pyramids. We thought the man was real who straggled into the show dressed like a student and very convincingly got himself thrown out. Anyhow

Continued on page 155



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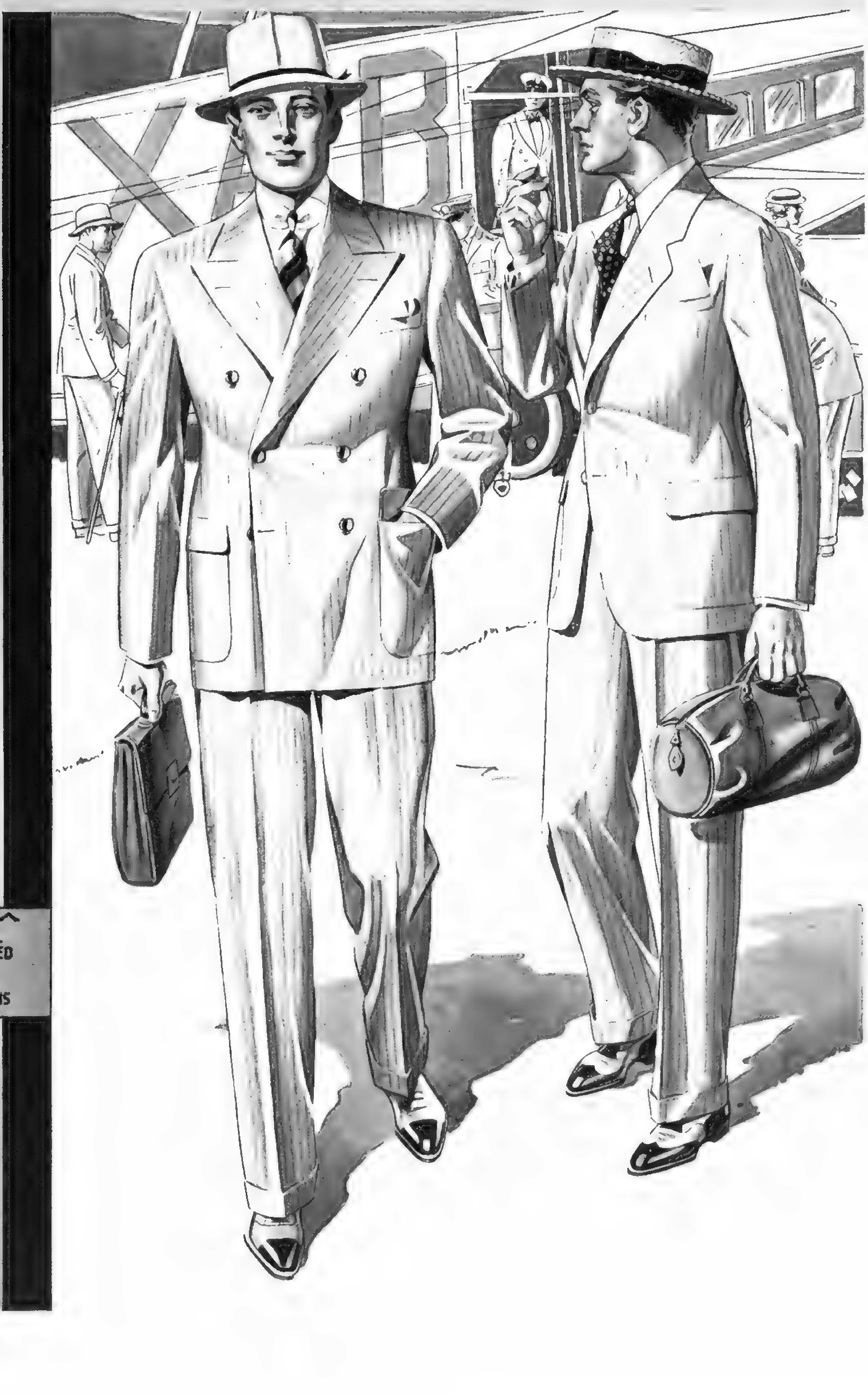

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Auction—Model 1934

Continued from page 153

— thank you moths — Can you use this, Essie?

A white sweater next that really can't be disposed of, though the front is clotted with darns and the back all pulled apart to make the worn places elsewhere meet; it was used while writing three books when the house grew cold at night after the heat went off. Sixty-five stories were forced through its sagging meshes. It was a job of years to wash it—that and the socks from England of Gargantuan wool. We have often thought seriously of having other feet knit into these; we can't see them go. We remember that late afternoon in Bond Street where we bought them from stores looking like Dickens' forehead, and how we had had to hurry because we had taken so much time seeking the Half-Moon Crescent that appeared in Mackenzie's "Sinister Street." These socks made us late for a dinner with Galsworthy while the twilight turned purple and Turneresque over the Thames. These socks have wrinkled above the parquets of Lady Randolph Churchill's London house and waltzed in a sad Savoy Hotel to the envy of women in black at twenty-one, because a lot of men had forgot to come home. Of course, such wool is fine for polishing mirrors—but there are other considerations. No sale. Wake up, Essie!

Lot 12. Twelve scrap books, telling us what wonderful or horrible or mediocre people we were. Try and get them. What's that? No, not for twice that. Four dollars you say? Sold!

Lot. 13. Here is a jug, a beautiful black milk jug—the dairyman left it years ago when it was cheaper to make your own ice-cream. Anyway, it once looked lovely filled with rambler roses, and now it looks nice with calla lilies. You can hardly tell it wasn't made for such a purpose in the first place. We have mixed punch inside for so many parties before we inherited the cut-glass bowls. We fermented our first California grape-juice in something exactly like it. These ten-cent store plates we bought for the kitchen did very well for the table the summer we tried eating outdoors. That sort of thing never works in America but remembering how happy we were over how it ought to have been, we like these dishes. No sale.

Lot 14. Remains of a service set shot to pieces by Charlie MacArthur in target practise on the lawn at Ellerslie, the day we invented croquet-polo on plow horses borrowed of a farmer. Also this lalique turtle which once nested in a shop across from Vantines when there was such a place. Nobody bought him but he remained as expensive as ever until finally he lost one foot in the crush of modern window display, and *we* bought him and a joiner put him together again. It is the turtle who held the white violets the first night Ernest Hemingway came to our house, it is the turtle who hid the burned-out bulbs from so many Christmas trees over the holidays. He is out of style and no longer holds water but is good for old keys that don't fit anything. Any bids? The attic, Essie. Lalique in the attic!

Lot 15. A silver cake basket and a table that belonged to Francis Scott Key and a bed we had copied from a design in *House and Garden*—but on the whole we have decided to keep all these things forever, and put them up in the attic. The house is full and comfortable. We have five phonographs, including the pocket one, and no radio, eleven beds and no bureau. We shall keep it all—the tangible remnant of the four hundred thousand we made from hard words and spent with easy ones these fifteen years. And the collection, after all, is just about as valuable now as the Polish and Peruvian bonds of our thriftier friends.

Hi! Hi! I Spy!

Continued from page 81

repute in a nearby town, with the result they were ordered back to the trenches. It was a case of too many cooks spoiling the brothel.

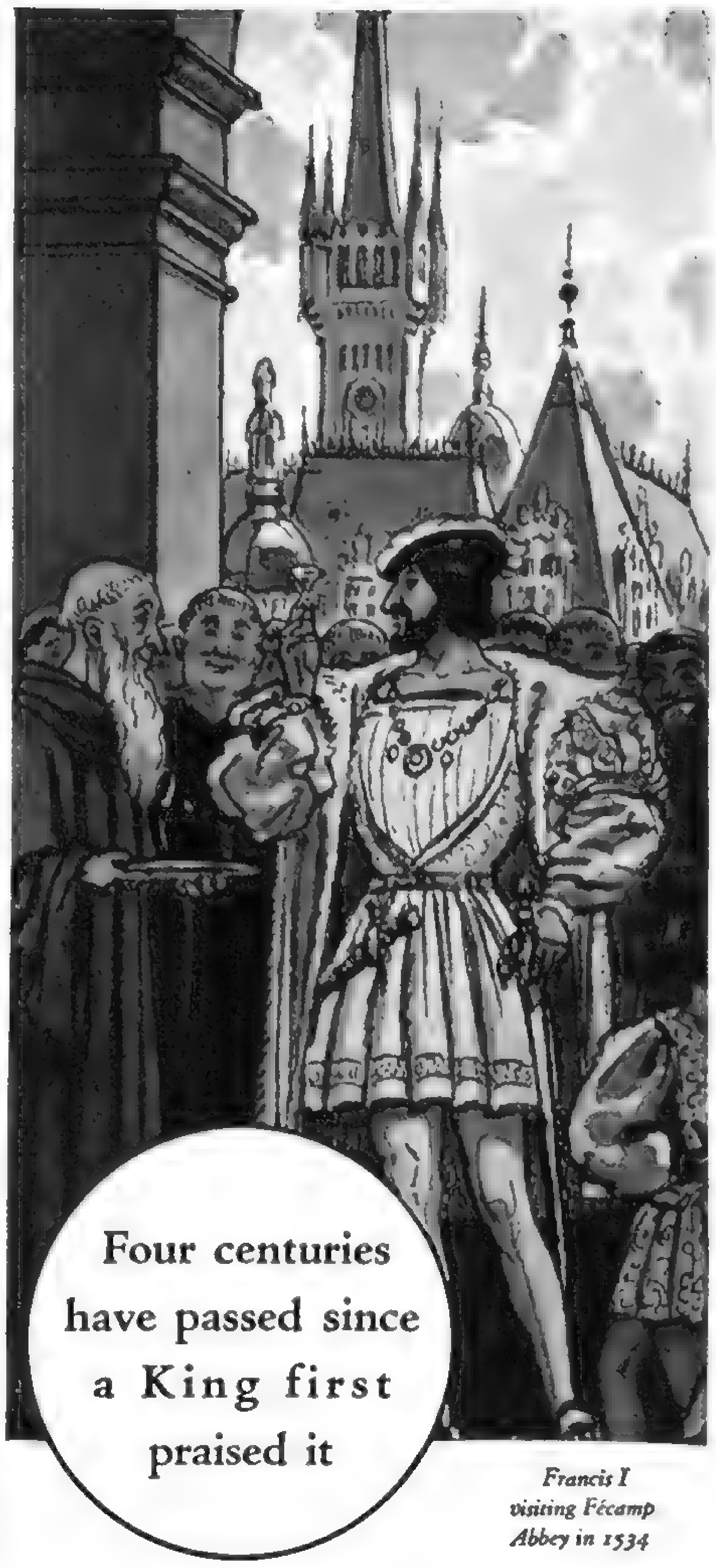
Headquarters had ordered the advance with greatest secrecy at noon. If the Boche shelled the road, we knew there was a leak somewhere. As I lay on the cabbage patch, I dug fishing worms from the soft earth and waited with baited breath. The town clock struck eleven and I knew it was noon, the clock being out of repair. Down the road came a cloud of dust. The Foreign Legion! And suddenly from the German lines came several puffs of smoke. Indians, I thought, with smoke signals, but then there was a screaming sound overheard and shells of all sorts started whistling by. There were 16 mm. shells, "minnenwerfer" shells, peanut shells, sea shells, and there was one shell used by the Harvard Crew in 1913. In a moment the Legion was in retreat and I knew that the Master Mind had once more informed the Boche.

But how? Where was Goshold-Pratt? Who was the "cow?" How did the leaks occur? Could a plumber help? Where was Sylvia? All these thoughts raced through my mind. And then suddenly I saw the solution!

For there, in the front yard of the farm, the "cow" was hanging out clothes on the line and I realized what was going on. In the first place, it was Thursday, not Monday. In the second place very few cows can hang out clothes. In the third place, very few cows would *care* to hang out clothes even if they could, and in fourth place, came the horse I bet on to win. I knew then that the clothesline was a signal to the enemy. Under the guise of keeping house, a hidden hand was notifying them of everything that was going on at Allied headquarters. Well, not everything, or there would have been more divorces than there were.

All that day I watched clothes being hung on the line, ostensibly to dry, but really conveying facts to enemy aviators. Shirts, drawers, stockings, handkerchiefs all played their part in spelling out messages. One wash said, "Nail down everything, the Yankees are coming." Another said "Regards to Bertha" and still a third said "O. K. He has agreed to marry the girl."

Continued on page 156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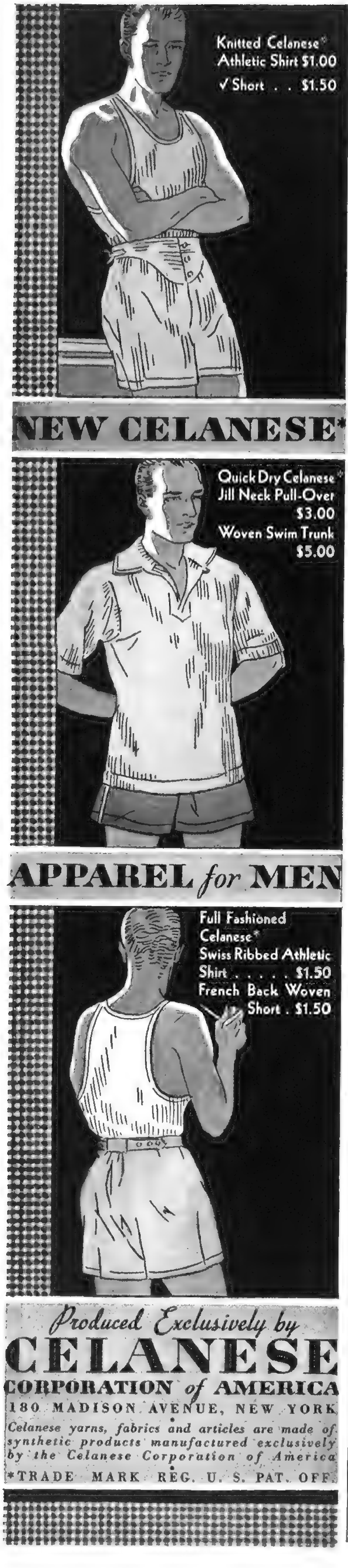

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Hi! Hi! I Spy!

Continued from page 155

At last I had the key to the puzzle and I moved with vigor. I knew that at 3 P. M. a regiment of Y.M.C.A. men, several war correspondents and Alexander Woollcott were moving into the 1st and 2nd line trenches. The Y.M.C.A. men and the correspondents were slated for the first line and Woollcott was occupying the 2nd line. I also knew that if the Germans learned this, they would concentrate their fire on these positions, as who wouldn't?

Then I looked at the clothesline. And there, fluttering in the breeze, spelled out in shirts and shorts, was the message—"3 P. M. —those men will be here again." It was 5 minutes to 3. There was not a moment to lose. Reaching up my field telephone, I dropped a nickel in the slot, and soon had arranged with headquarters to postpone the movement.

I looked at the clothesline. Another leak! The "cow" was putting up a new wash. This one read "Reserve Fire." Without a word I dashed to the farmyard and pointing my revolver at the cow, I said, "Is your name Eduard P. Goshold?" Taken by astonishment, the cow's head replied "Yes." Again I fired a question at him. "Is your name Lady Patricia Pratt?" Then to my astonishment, the rear end of the cow also answered "Yes." With a quick move, I pulled a zipper, the hide fell off the "cow," disclosing a man and a woman in their underwear. "But," I stammered, "I understood Eduard A. Goshold and Lady Patricia Pratt were *one!* "We are," they replied. "We were married last Whitsuntide."

As I say they were scantily attired (because of the heat inside the "cow") but I kept them covered with my revolver. Going to the clothesline I pulled down the S and the V in "Reserve" and changed their places, putting the step-ins which formed the S, in place of the V, and the union suit which formed the V in place of the S. The clothesline now read "Reverse Fire." I had turned the trick!

How the Germans, who saw the message and blindly obeying orders, turned their guns on themselves and so annihilated practically the entire German Army, is now history. How this led to an Allied victory is also history.

But until today no one knew what happened to the three principals, in what was probably the greatest spy hunt during the war —I will tell you. Instead of turning them over to a firing squad, I sewed Mr. Goshold back into the front of the cow and Mrs. Goshold into the rear. Then I set them loose and as far as I know Lady Pratt is still following her husband over Europe. A deserved fate, you may say. But, alas, I had fallen in love with Lady Patricia in that brief moment in which I saw her emerge from her headquarters in the cow's hindquarters. After I turned them loose, I became remorseful and set out in pursuit, to find and release them.

I never caught up with them, however, and for years I have been wandering all over the world in search of Mr. and Mrs. Goshold.

If any of my readers happen to see a cow with large brown eyes in front and well-shaped calves in the rear, will they kindly let me know in care of this magazine?

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 16

Thomas Wood is on the editorial staff of The Boston Evening Transcript. Of *Conquered, Mass.*, which appears on page 76, he says: "I have tried to express the male impatience with the shoppe cult, the while uttering a heartfelt moan for the town of my birth and upbringing."

•

Abner Dean is a recent (1931) Dartmouth graduate, whose cartoons have appeared in a number of the humorous weeklies.

•

Raymond Knight has succeeded to the title, vacated some while ago by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., of being Esquire's most violently discussed contributor.

•

R. J. B. Denby says of himself: "Born 1887. Pearl-fishing in the Dutch East Indies from 1907 to 1914. Then with Field Artillery during war. (They won't get me to another war while I have the strength to throw away my sword.) For the past fifteen years I have managed to keep out of the poorhouse by writing. I collaborated with Rex Beach in a book of short stories of the tropics called *Men of the Outer Islands.* I have one wife, one small daughter, and one black Cocker pup."

•

Edward Doherty was born in Chicago but nowadays practically commutes between New York and Hollywood. He founded the Medill School of Journalism for The Chicago Tribune and Northwestern University. For many years he was on the staff of Liberty magazine. He has been advertised by a New York tabloid as "The highest paid reporter in the world."

•

Major Paul Brown, who tells the tall one about the 60-foot shark on page 90, accompanied his manuscript with assorted scientific records, despite which some members of the Esquire editorial staff say they doubt it more than ever, now that they know it's so. Major Brown has fought in Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo and Nicaragua, followed by service in the United States Marine Corps which terminated with retirement for physical disability due to injuries. He has one son and is divorced. He is doing another article for Esquire on military service in the tropics.

•

Maurice Beam is a Chicagoan who has spent more time away than at home. He painted foreholds and holy-stoned decks on a freighter to the Mediterranean. He returned and worked aboard oil tankers and ore carriers plying the Great Lakes. The South Seas lured him and he went there, living successively in Tahiti, Moorea, and Raiatea, in the Society Islands. He has just returned from an extended stay in Mexico.

•

Ashley Buck is twenty-five, likes baseball, has played it and follows it; he has appeared in four Broadway shows and received screen credit in four motion pictures; he has worked in the steel mills and glass factories in Ohio and has been a hobo. Once he bummed his way from New York to Los Angeles in ten days. *A Pitcher Grows Tired,* on page 61, is his first published story.

•

Edward Price Ehrich is a New Yorker, twenty-eight years old, listed in the Yale Directory as ex-nineteen twenty seven, a circumstance which he attributes to a lapse of memory in his sophomore year which resulted in a failure even to buy the books required. From February, 1925 to July, 1929, he worked on a newspaper, resigning rather than promise to be in each morning at nine sharp instead of nine-five and promptly sold his first story to one of the pulps. He wrote for these magazines, and even published a novel, under the pseudonym *Geoffrey Barnes.* For the last four years he has spent most of his time in the colony at Woodstock, New York, and is finishing a novel about the colonists entitled, *Painters' Colic.*

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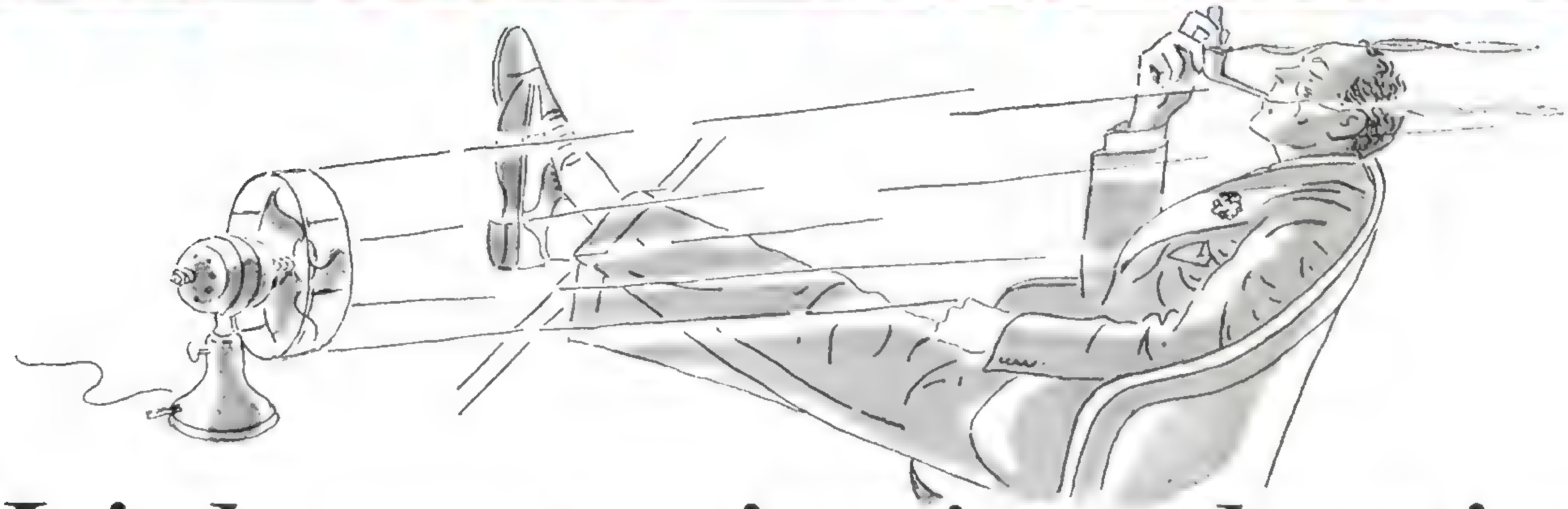

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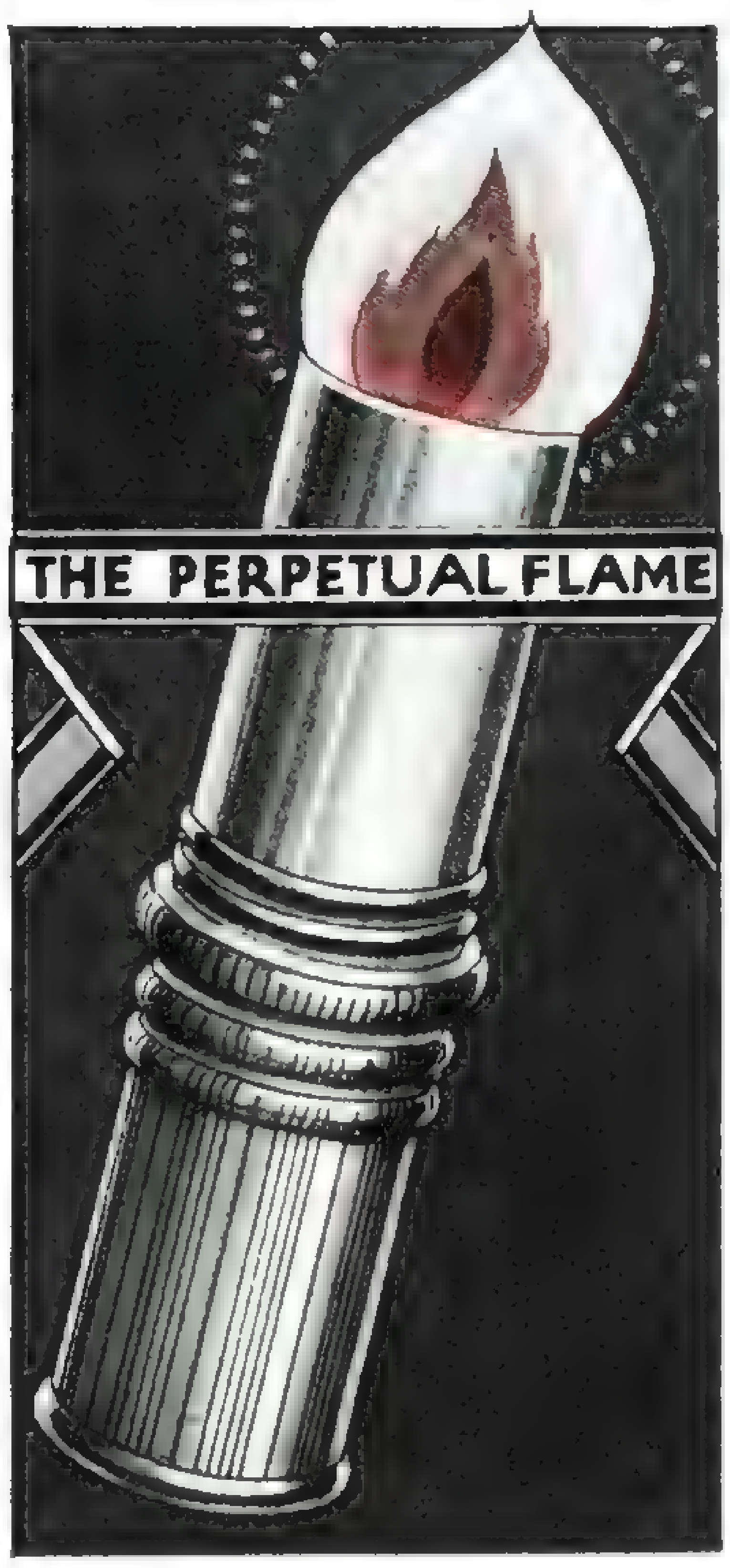

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and for a college graduation present, I can't think of anything that would be more certain to please him — no matter what else he gets — than a year's subscription to Esquire, that new magazine for men. It's five dollars — though I think they give two-year subscriptions for $8. Even if he already has it, the subscription could be extended and from what I hear it's

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

ADD CHARACTER WITNESSES

You supposedly cater to men and hence the fiction should be to a certain extent of the type men like when they are by themselves. Every man at times enjoys listening to or reading a frankly "dirty" story. So far I have yet to come across one in your magazine that could not be shown to a woman of the present-day generation with perfect propriety.

Sincerely,
Brooklyn, N. Y. THEODORE PAULSEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: About these stories "that could not be shown to a woman of the present-day generation"—are there any?

ECHO TO LANGSTON HUGHES

It is quite true that there have been a few lynchings in the South within the last few years, but I know of no case where an innocent person, black or white, has been lynched such as Langston Hughes pictures in his story in the May issue. Personally, I do not favor this method of begetting justice, but still our process of trial by jury is often unsatisfactory. I believe I can speak with authority, for I come from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and unfortunately we have had two lynchings within the last few years which have caused nation-wide comment. But the fact remains, both negroes were guilty. Had it been two white men it is also probable that they would have had the same fate. Furthermore, it is possible that these two lynchings would not have occurred, had the Lee case been handled properly. As it was, it took several years before he was convicted and sentenced. Lee was the negro who shot and killed a white man, his wife and two children at Snow Hill, Maryland. The two lynchings occurred after Lee wiped out the family mentioned above, and you can imagine the feelings of the people when these other two negroes went haywire.

Last year two white men were convicted of rape in Cambridge, Maryland, and the only reason they were not lynched was because the sheriff's wife was critically ill in their home in the jail, and someone was able to talk the crowd out of their intentions because of this fact. I have cited this instance to prove that lynchings are not necessarily based on race hatred. It is also true that the negro has been a social problem in the South ever since the Civil War, but if they are law-abiding, good citizens, the whites will always treat them with kindness and respect. Personally, I love the Southern Darkey, and will always do all in my power to see that they get a square deal.

Sincerely yours,
New York, N. Y. WM. T. KEENE

"Old Hook 'n' Eye"

Continued from page 89

night he unlocked that pocket and counted his money—an' me layin' there, knowin' he was safe until next winter. Jes my luck!"

"You had to wait a whole year?" I asks.

"Sure. It ain't so easy in the busy season. Too many pryin' noses. In winter you got the snow. Sneak up in the first snowfall, drap him, an' scoot. The snow covers your tracks. An' nobody goes lookin' for Ooly Wooley in the winter. They knows he's holed up."

The next winter Hook 'n' Eye gets to the cabin, all right, and he can see Ooly Wooley lying on his bunk. But he's afraid to shoot through the window. The angle ain't right for shooting. So he goes inside, and finds Ooly Wooley is sick and has sent for a doctor.

Old Hook 'n' Eye was so mad he drank up all Ooly Wooley's moonshine, and lay down on the floor to sleep it off. The fire went out before the doctor arrived, and Hook 'n' Eye froze both legs. The doctor took him to the charity hospital in the nearest town—and the killing was off for another whole year.

"But you got your legs back," I argues, "and it didn't cost you nothing; and you got good grub too, I'll bet, and anyway you were in out of the snow, weren't you?"

He agrees he was all that. But it seems "them damn nusses" took outrageous liberties with him. Came in every morning and washed him from head to foot. At first one of them had to sit on him. But it didn't do any good to struggle. He got washed whether he wanted it or not.

Well, the next time, of course, Hook 'n' Eye hits a bull's eye. You got to give him credit for trying. He waits for the first snowfall, fills Ooly Wooley full of buckshot, unlocks his hip pocket, and walks away. By this time there's four-five hundred smackers in the dirty old handkerchief, all ten dollar bills. And it's snowing when he makes his getaway.

"You know," he says, "I didn't make ary mistake. But I been in one jail or nuther ever since. An' now I'm in the peerade. Jes my luck. Fust thing I did was pass one of them bills on a store down Spelter way; buyin' me a new suit and some boots. The feller took it, an' he looked at it right queer. An' then, for the fust time, I seen them bills was all full o' buckshot holes.

"That there bill's good, Mister," I tells the feller. "Only a funny thing happened. I fell in the creek an' got my money all wet. Naterly I spread it out to dry in the sun, an' a damn old woodpecker come along an' pecked holes in every danged bill." I showed him all the other bills to prove it. "Damn funny time for woodpeckers to be around peckin' holes in ten dollar bills," he says.

"I didn't pay no attention to that. Not ontil about a half hour later, when I'm in that Bon Ton restaurant, waitin' for my chicken dinner. The marshal came and took me right away. Wouldn't even let me eat that chicken. Well—jes my luck!"

The way he went on about that dinner I got the idea he'd seldom eaten roast chicken. Never had much but venison and canned stuff and fish and greens. That little buckshot of an eye was damn near human when he mentioned the chicken dinner he'd almost had. Honest, I nearly felt sorry for him.

"The storekeeper knew buckshot holes when he saw them," I says. "And he also knew, I suppose, about Ooly Wooley's habit of saving ten dollar bills."

"Sure," he says. "Jes my luck. Two and two makes fifteen—judge, jury, the prosecutin' attorney, and the feller that turns on the juice in the chair."

"Sixteen," I says, "counting your lawyer. You had one, didn't you?"

"I ain't countin' him," he says. "He told everybody I was a plumb lunatic. I give him the bills the marshal didn't find, and he calls me a lunatic! Now he's going to tell the governor I'm a lunatic. Hell, what good are lunatics? That black bastard's a lunatic. Listen to him now."

The nigger was reading out of the Bible, something about So and So begetting So and So—sort of a family history, I guess.

"Him and his B'Gods an' B'Gats," he says. "Let them burn him. I'm no lunatic.

I'm a smart guy. It ain't my fault I'm here. It's jes my luck."

"Well," I says, "you got one break anyway. You can have that chicken dinner tonight before you burn. That's something, ain't it?"

"Hell," he says. "I ain't countin' on it. It'll be jes my luck to have it turn out a puny damn thing full o' pin feathers an' bones. An' I'll bet it'll be burned, an' tough as crow."

"No," I says, lying a little. "I saw the two chickens this morning. Nice and plump. And I'll see they ain't burned."

That squinty eye opens wide, and blazes.

"That black bastard havin' chicken too?" he asks.

"Sure," I says.

"I hope the bastard chokes on the bones," he says.

You know how it is in the death house on execution night, before the parade. Everybody on edge. Some guy bawlin' his head off for his mama. You'd be surprised how many tough guys develop mother love before they take the walk. Another guy singing hymns. The niggers are mostly hymn singers. Then there are guys that ain't goin' to walk just yet; but they know it's coming soon, and they bawl too, and holler goodbyes to everybody else. The chaplain won't talk to nobody but the guys he's going to lead into the chamber. The warden's jittery. And even the keepers are a little screwy, and get on each other's nerves.

The payoff is that everybody's wonderin' if there's going to be a last minute pardon or reprieve or commutation ticket; and everybody's bellyaching about the suspense. Of course there never was a guy cooked yet that didn't think, up to the time the juice went through him, that he was going to get out of the chair somehow. But I mean, not only the doomed men are that way, but everybody else in the place. And, I don't have to tell you, sometimes the commutation ticket does come at the last minute.

This time we had several hours' notice. And just before they bring up the last supper, I take the news to the death cells.

"Well," I says, "'Jes your luck,' huh? The governor thinks you're a lunatic too, 'Hook 'n' Eye.' You got a commutation ticket; and you got to get out of here."

I've seen one guy faint, getting that sort of break, and another guy fall on his knees and pray. And another guy tried to kiss me. But this guy don't believe me for a time; and when he does, he seems to be sore as hell.

"What about that black bastard?" he asks. "Does he get a commutation ticket, too?"

"Him?" I says. "Hell, no. He's a nigger, ain't he? Come on. Get your stuff together and let's go. What you waiting for?"

He plumps himself down on his cot, like a log.

"I ain't in no hurry," he says. "I'll wait 'til after dinner."

I explains to him what he should have known. Chicken dinners are only for guys in the parade. He ain't going to get any fancy stuff from now on. He jumps up, and damn near makes a pass at me.

"I knowed it," he says. "I knowed it. That black bastard's walkin' to the chair with a fine chicken dinner in him. Two, B'God—his an' mine. An' all the rest o' my goddam life, all I'll git is bread an' beef—an' beans! Jes my goddam luck!"

Paul Brown

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"Saving"

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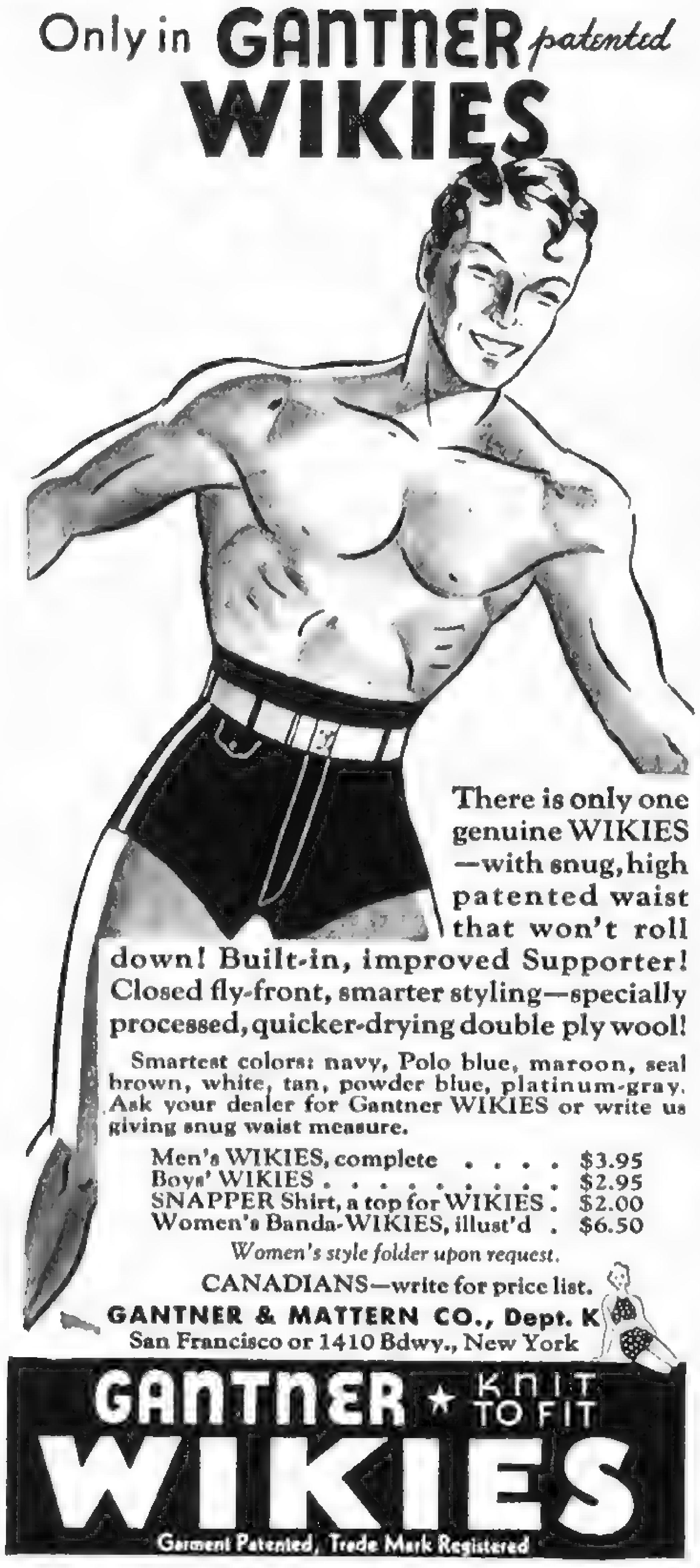

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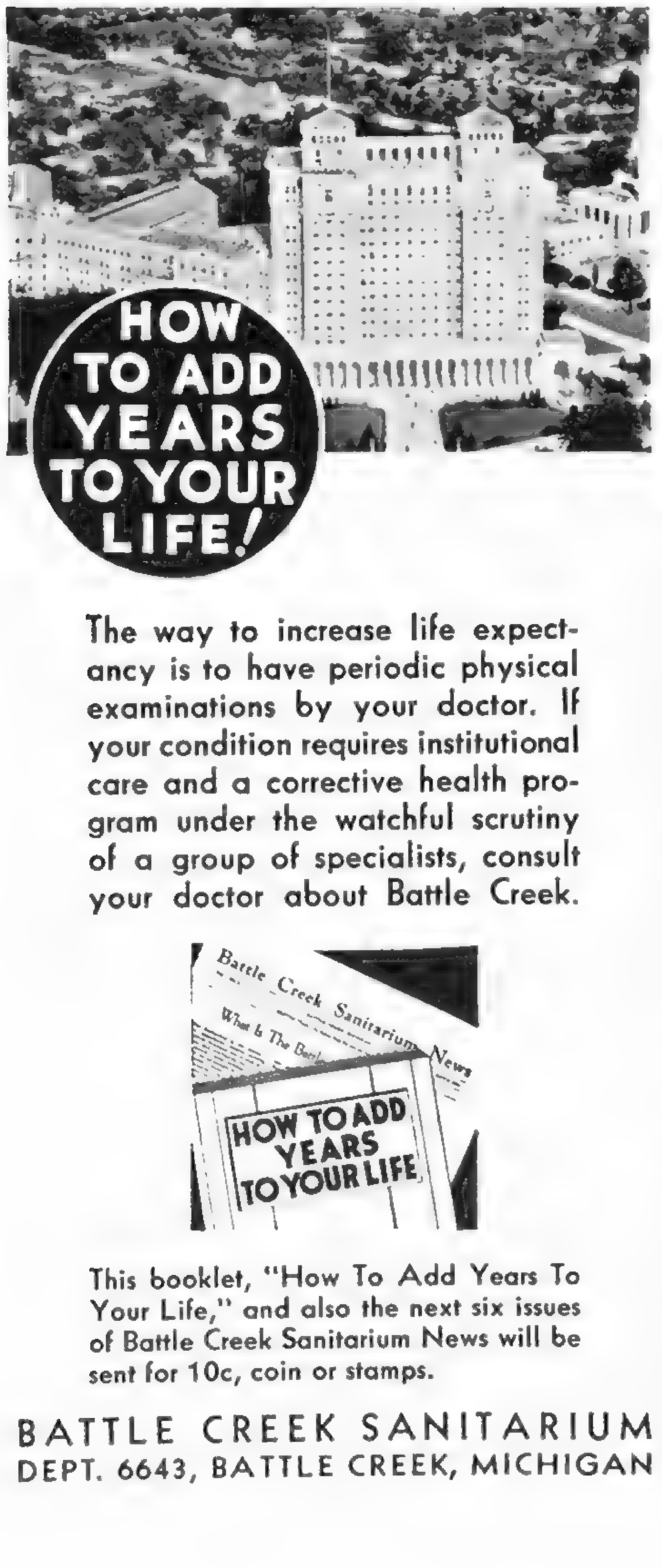

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 125

flowers. I don't like cut flowers much less paintings of them or wax imitations of them. But I did like Cézanne's "The Bathers," pretty much in the same way that I should like to own one of Rube Goldberg's sculptural masterpieces.

Well, one of the most serious of serious young critics was my guest not so very long ago. It had long been his habit to sprinkle the name, Cézanne, through his pages with an air of saying, "Of course, Cézanne can be appreciated by only a few of us, but for dear culture's sake you should not remain ignorant of the fact that he is a great modern artist."

He had to go to the johnny, and, will you believe me when I tell you (of course you won't, but it is an actual fact) that he asked me when he came down, "That's a rather interesting picture up in the bathroom. Who did it?"

I said, "It's a Cézanne."

He said, "Oh, to be sure—a Cézanne. I thought I recognized it."

To me that was almost as if William McFee, after gazing long at the *Europa* as it steamed up the East River should ask, "What is that odd means of locomotion?'" and I should reply, "Why, that's a ship'" and he should mumble, "Oh, to be sure, a ship. I didn't think it looked much like a tram-car."

All the above is by way of calling your attention to *Modern Art* (Simon & Schuster, $3.75) by Thomas Craven. Craven was born and raised in Missouri; he wasn't much good for the sort of work to be done out there and, after reading Henri Murger's *La Vie de Bohéme* he had a notion that getting a mistress and being a painter in a Paris garret was the sort of life he was cut out for. He got some money from his dad, loafed in Paris for quite a spell, had a girl or two or three, tried to paint and picked up the gossip of the studios of Montmarte and Montparnasse. He returned to New York dressed like a freak to show he was an artist, hungered in the Village and finally got a job as art critic for the now defunct *Dial*. (He tells all about this in his breezy and iconoclastic book, even all about the girls.) If I remember aright he wrote quite a bit of esoteric twaddle in the manner of Clive Bell, Gustave Coquiot, Jean Cocteau, et al., about Picasso, Braque, Pascin, Picabia, Chirico, the Cubist, the "Wild Animals," the Sur-realists and other sideshow offerings of the decadent Parisian art world. In fact, even in this book he has not quite shaken off his adolescent fascination for the freakish and his sophomoric attempts to expound the absurd in terms of the profound. This makes for a sort of war within himself over his newly found convictions and his youthful credulity.

It also makes for contradictions in his pronouncements. He is now for an indigenous American art, related to the American scene and to American life. He would stay the diseased and mortified hand of decadent French art that grasps out for young, vigorous and talented Americans, uproots them, corrupts them and returns them finally to this country as maladjusted whiners unable to do anything except bad imitations of Parisian futilitarians—futilitarians whose sensational and freakish output is shrewdly ballyhooed by the Parisian art dealers and by their dupes, the fathead art critics. In many cases these French painters have conspicuous talent, even genius, but it wilts and decays in the sordid, cannibalistic milieu in which a French artist (unless, by chance, he has an income) must necessarily live. The French are the most provincial and bourgeois of peoples; their aggregate standard in art is *La Vie Parisienne*. But they do not pry into an artist's private morals. They give him his freedom to starve, die in the gutter, contract syphilis or end up in a madhouse as a cocaine addict so long as he doesn't do any one of the thousand things that may be construed to threaten the security of the republic.

Also they don't pry into their pockets and buy any of his pictures. They leave that to rich Americans who have been hornswoggled by the dealers and to the committee of the government appointed to buy pictures for the museums after the artist is sufficiently dead—for the purpose of commercializing Paris as the art center of the world. The artists themselves often get nothing or next to nothing, selling to the dealers at ten francs the picture, canvases that are stored against the artist's death and against the culmination of gossipy ballyhoo and then released to collectors for as much as $85,000—or whatever is the profit percentage in a picture bought for ten francs and sold for $85,000 after deducting storage charges, interest on a ten franc investment, insurance and drinks for American, French and English journalists and critics.

Craven's *Modern Art* is a mighty good book, much better than his *Men of Art*, although that was good, too. It is autobiography, biography, criticism, special pleading, iconoclasm, common-sense, haywire, and haphazard. It has life, movement, and dramatic interest. And it has a convictional base much needed in timorous America where too many people are unaware of their own native, inherent culture (a culture they should be proud of if they would only be themselves) and are frightened by the fact that they don't like something somebody in a position of fortuitous responsibility has said is the right thing to admire. Craven comes out strongly for George Grey Barnard. As a lad of twenty-two Barnard did his heroic "Two Natures," a sculptural feat that excited the envy of Rodin, and well it might, because Rodin never did anything quite as good as that. In my youth in Chicago a plaster cast of it was hidden somewhere in the basement and I stumbled across it by accident, just as in the Louvre I came across the exquisite Botticelli in the darkened narrow gallery just above the "Winged Victory" after having traipsed by it dozens of times on dark afternoons when it wasn't visible at all. And in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, until recently, they kept their cast of "The Two Natures" in a subterranean grotto so dark that they might as well have put burlap over it. They have brought it out into the light now and how it dwarfs all of the rest of the conceptions, including Rodin's, in its immediate vicinity. Craven is also strong for Boardman Robinson, John Sloan, Reginald Marsh, Thomas

Benton and some of the younger men who have looked at American life without cocking an eye in the direction of Alice B. Toklas.

Craven hedges, however, and still allows himself to be tied to the cliques. He knows it damned well and I'll tell you why I know this. Any one with a true sense of style can tell when an author is fubbing, fibbing or hedging or faking. All authors are guilty of this at one time or another. It happens when their vitality is running low, or the associated ideas of an idea have run out, or when they become conscious of an editor or an audience or a job. They ad lib, negligently.

Craven hedges and ad libs on Diego Rivera. He can't make up his mind just what he *ought* to say about Rivera. In his heart of hearts he knows that Rivera is essentially only a good comic strip artist and, occasionally, in single panels a cartoonist of about the same calibre and kind as W. E. Hill. Rivera can't draw from photographs as well as W. E. Hill. He cannot convey any of the sense of movement or fidelity to incident that are found in the daily comics of J. R. Williams. Even his caricatures are easy and obvious—the elder Rockefeller drawn with a wrinkled face to look like the mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh, Morgan with a potato nose and a top hat. One of his much-lauded cartoons was a grouping of Morgan, Rockefeller, Ford and other capitalists around a dinner table that rose out of perspective right up on its front legs. And the colossal, world-shattering, catastrophic (I might add, with Mr. Durante, the mediocre) intellectual concept put over by this cartoon was that these well-heeled personages were dining on ticker tape instead of spaghetti. Oh, mighty mind to conceive of so devastating an idea!

It blasted American capitalism so utterly, so thoroughly that Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., became Rivera's most persistent and most generous patron, buying up all the cartoons she could get by Rivera of her father-in-law. (It would be interesting by the way to speculate upon the psychology of Mrs. Rockefeller, Edsel Ford and other beneficiaries of the capitalist system who are so enthusiastic about the work of men like Rivera, whose unconcealed, avowed purpose is to destroy them and their like utterly.) And Rivera's attacks upon capitalism were so blasting that the first mural commission he ever got in America was to have some fun with the walls of the new San Francisco Stock Exchange. He had his fun. He blocked some heterogeneous panels under an arch and in the upper center drew a portrait of himself, sitting on a plank extended between two pieces of scaffolding, his back to the audience, brush in hand, a conventional picture, heroic in size, of a day laborer before him and his own fat buttocks commanding the first attention of the eye. Never has contempt of employee for employer been expressed so brutally in paint.

Having given the San Francisco Stock Exchange the razzberry and pocketed the check for his performance, he went to Detroit and got the money from Edsel B. Ford to paint a series of murals for the Detroit Museum. These murals, I think, constitute the finest work he has done in this country. He has caught the decorative values of turbines and machines and by the very confusion of his details of acetylene torches,

Continued on page 162

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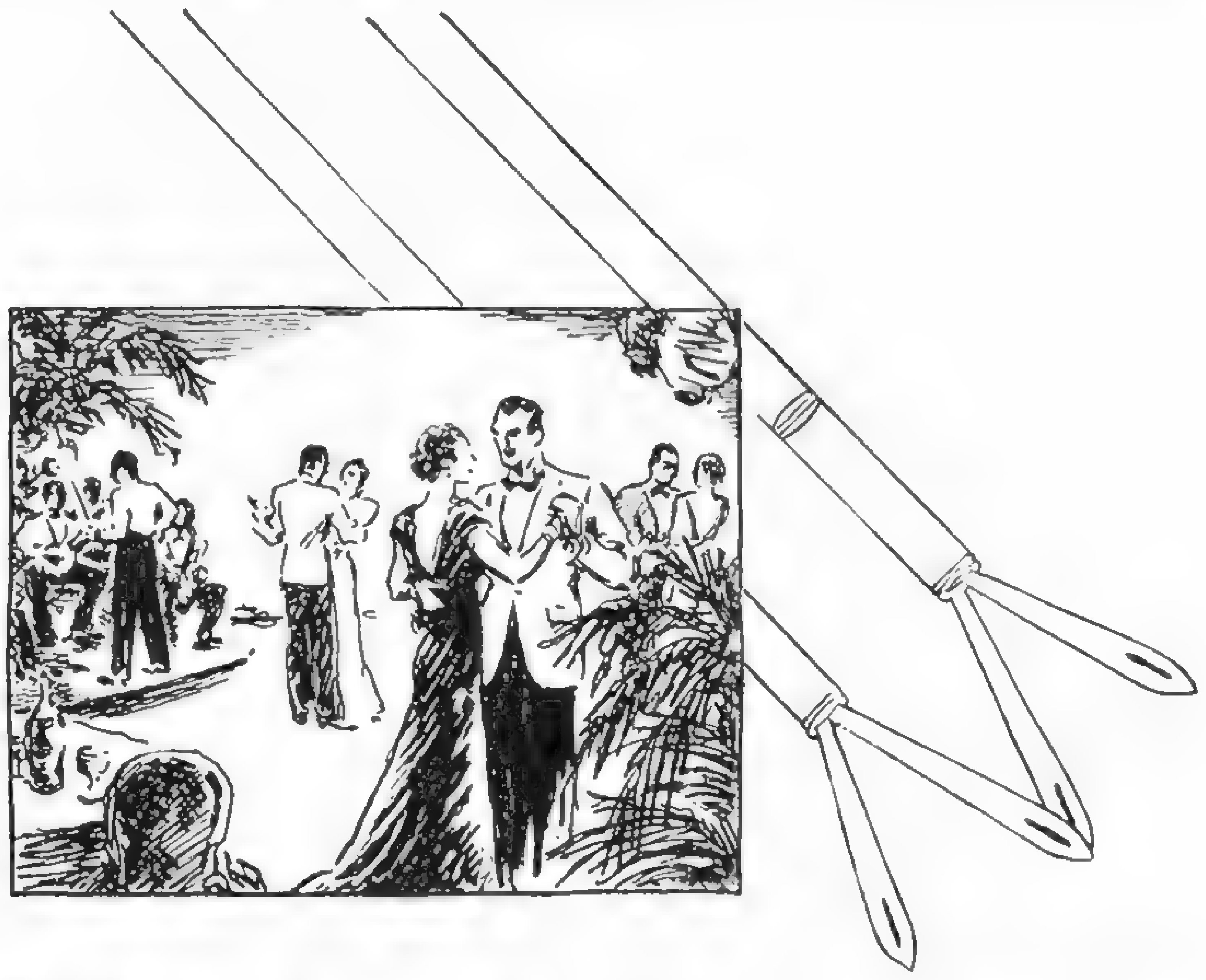

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 161

tubes, wheels, lathes, belts, auto parts and human figures he almost makes you hear and feel the throb and noise of power plant and factory. He also managed to work in a very agreeable portrait (not a caricature) of Mr. Edsel Ford. Clubwomen and preachers made a fuss about the murals, calling him an atheist and bolshevik, which, indeed, he is, never having pretended to be anything else. The clamor died down; the murals remained; and Rivera was summoned to New York to paint three panels in the lobby of the Radio Corporation of America building in Rockefeller Center. He was given a theme: "Man at the Crossroads Looking with Uncertainty but with Hope and High Vision to the Choosing of a Course Leading to a New and Better Future." Pretentious, but, as Rivera remarks, not bad. Rivera told the architects and the owners and management of the building that for a man of his opinions the only possible interpretation would be: "The crossed roads were the individualist, capitalist order, on the one hand, and the collectivist, socialist order, on the other; and Man, the Producer, in his triple personality of worker, farmer and soldier, stood at the intersection. Thus, my composition would synthesize, contrasting them by means of their most typical realities, the two concepts; and Man would be represented, naturally, as the skilled worker, the worker who is also man of science, the classless man, controlling by means of the machine which is the child of scientific knowledge, the vital productive energy in order to canalize it from its various natural functions into the broad stream of fundamental human necessity; that is to say, production in the hands of the producer and not of the exploiter."

That ought to have been plain enough to them as an indication of the sort of thing he meant to do. Rivera is no Ezra Winter or Arthur B. Davies. As he says, "The owners of the building were perfectly familiar with my personality as an artist and man and with my ideas and revolutionary history." The rest is history and Rivera makes it very entertaining history in his account of it in *Portrait of America*. One of Rivera's helpers succeeded in taking a picture of the destroyed mural and some details of it with a tiny, concealed camera while the famous "War of Rockefeller Center" was going on. They are reproduced in the book. Rivera's history of America from the communistic point of view, from data supplied him by communistic historians, is biased, inflammatory, and sentimental. You will enjoy Rivera's amused, sardonic account of how the architects and contractors so self-importantly and yet so sycophantically (toward their employers) tried to tell him how to paint his murals at Rockefeller Center. Here's a bit:

"The Rockefeller Center architects had always wanted to use black and white in the decorations. One of them, perhaps the most modern of them all, and, as far as painting is concerned, with the most cultivated taste, had mentioned to me that his personal preference was for canvas murals which would be 'something like Chinese painting.' I have no idea why he conceived the notion of going to painters who have a definite personality and style of their own to produce anything of that sort. As for the other architects of the project, the one among them who enjoyed the greatest authority and renown told me frankly, on a number of occasions, that he understood nothing of painting, something which seemed to me undeniable."

Rivera has shown quite definitely that he is more of an individualist than the individualists he has had to deal with in an individualist society—and he has shown them this on their own money.

The Unfinished Cathedral (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by T. S. Stribling, brings to a close the trilogy of the South and of the Vaiden family which began with *The Forge* and continued with *The Store*. And it is the strongest, the most ironic moving of the series. In these novels, the economic history of the South from the ante-bellum days, through Reconstruction, expansion, the transition from agriculturalism to industrialism, is presented in a rich, deeply felt and beautifully realized story. *The Unfinished Cathedral* begins dramatically with the stage all set for a lynching and proceeds dramatically through the rotarian excitements of the boom days through the stock market crash.

Probably the distinguished novel we shall see this season is Grace Flandrau's *Indeed This Flesh* (Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, $2.50). Although this novel is by a woman it is essentially a novel for men. I can recall no woman novelist who has so successfully got into the mind and heart of a man and understood how and why an inhibited man behaves and thinks the way he does. William Quane, the hero of the tale, is brought up in St. Paul when that city is just developing into a minor metropolis of the middle-west, when real estate speculators, bankers, preachers, lawyers and merchants are opportunistically foreseeing the time when factories will begin to hum, produce from the farms of the northwest will pass through St. Paul as a gateway to the East, the population will increase, prosperity will come and land values will go kiting. It was a time of vital energy, of grab and of the devil-take-the-hindmost; and William Quane, idealistic and repressed, is unable to compete in life on the terms offered him in the frontier bustling town. He is not deficient in vitality; indeed, sex is on his mind all the time and his undirected energy is a torment to him. Religion with him and with his family ceased to have the meaning it had for his immediate ancestors, but a sense of sin still influenced and complicated all of his emotions. He developed the reformer type of mind, eager to punish and wipe out many of the things he himself most wanted to do. He mortified the flesh, married a stupid and extravagant woman and when driven from her inanity into a love affair is blown up by it entirely, his conscience scarifying him, befuddlement paralyzing all his efforts to make a success of anything. The double-dealing of a trusted friend shatters his final illusions and it is only out of the ashes of an aspiring life that he is able to build a philosophy that brings him contentment. It is a fine, moving piece of work, this novel, unsentimental and yet deeply understanding and sympathetic. I could do very well without the interpolations in italics wherein the author breaks the narrative in order to comment philosophically. In fact, I did do without them, after I had read the first two or three.

In *Land of Plenty* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) Robert Cantwell sustains the promise he gave in his unusually good first novel, *Laugh and Lie Down.* Cantwell writes with clearness, force and point; he knows the insides of factory and mill, the drama of the relationship between man and machine, between boss and employee, the haunting fears of workers of losing their jobs, the jealousies among workers, the mean little advantages taken in competitive endeavor for security and self-advancement, the flashes of tenderness, compassion and altruism that alternate with hardness, ruthlessness and brutality. And he knows employers and employees in their home life, their amusements, their release from strain and toil. All this he gives in what is less a novel than a series of episodes and pictures, vivid, telling, and realistic of a western factory town.

The Unpossessed (Simon & Schuster, $2) by Tess Slesinger is a first novel by a young woman who has written some distinctive short stories. It is bright, smart, and brittle, but, on the whole, not very good. It is a miss-fire satire on the "emancipated" young folk, successors to the "lost generation" in Greenwich Village, who play at revolution, prolong their adolescence, and unpossessed by convention or conviction or emotion, possess nothing. Two or three characters are partially realized as familiar types and one or two episodes stand by themselves as very good short stories, but as a novel the thing flops.

Rome for Sale (Harper & Bros., $2) by Jack Lindsay is a much better novel than you would think when you hear it is about the Catiline conspiracy. In fact it is a cracking good novel. Lindsay recreates (and historically he is absolutely right in doing so) a Rome very like New York or Chicago, Toledo or Philadelphia, with speculators and crooked politicians and shyster lawyers like Cicero, with snouts deep in the public trough, with gangsters and an underworld, a sports and society world, all maintained by plunder and exploitation, demagoguery and crookedness. A lively historical novel.

I suspect that *Hoxie Sells His Acres* (Coward, McCann, $2) by Christopher La Farge, a novel in verse, will cop this year's Pulitzer Prize, just as Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body* won the prize in a previous year. Even if it doesn't, it is certain to be one of the most talked-about books of the year. In blank verse, it hasn't the popular appeal of Benét's ringing narrative, but in smooth, rich rhythms it tells the story of the lives and emotions of a group of people who live in a rural community in Rhode Island the year round, as natives, and their conflict with city folk who live there in the summer. The drama is precipitated when Hoxie decides to sell his center piece of land to a development company which means to establish a summer bungalow colony on it.

I haven't had a chance to finish reading *Our Daily Bread* (Vanguard, $2.50) by Gösta Larsson, but from what I have read of it (over 300 pages of a novel 438 pages long) I recommend it to you with unrestrained enthusiasm.

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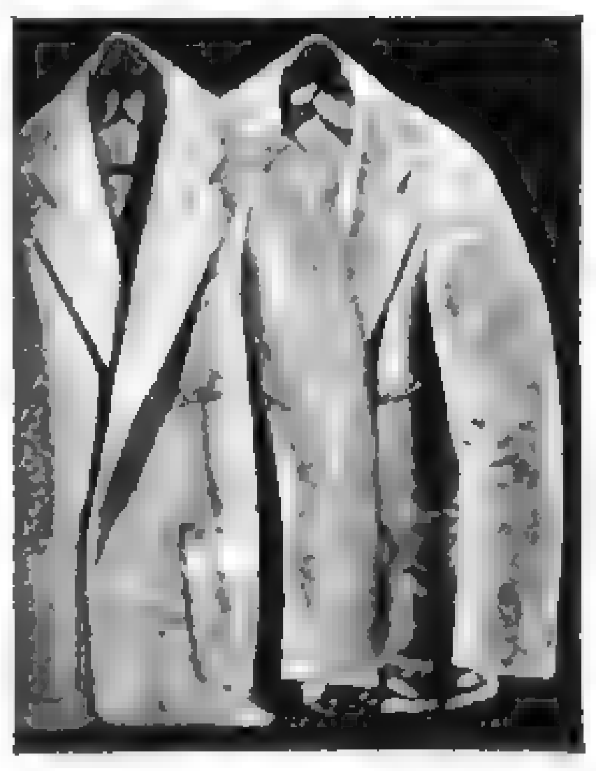

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 139

tion. (Michel Losen.) It follows the formula for backstage musical movies and yet manages to be fresh, authentic, almost classic. No genius is in this picture, but it has all the beauty of a perfectly functioning machine. The chief parts are handled without a spark of real acting, but with absolutely flawless type-technique by Carl Brisson, Victor McLaglen, and Jack Oakie. The mystery-plot is a natural and effective spine for the backstage atmosphere; it's a conventional mystery plot, easily guessed, but again it is satisfying just because it is so completely within the rules. And the most beautiful girls are the most beautiful girls in the world. If some of the shots in this picture had been made by Cocteau, they would be hailed as great expressionistic compositions. For the almost naked figures are used as elements in composition, against glass, against silk, against metal. Flesh becomes abstract form. Perhaps a sexual attraction is active beneath one's appreciation of these changing forms, but one is conscious only of a cool pleasure in these opulent arrangements. Particularly effective are the jewel-box scenes, in which mirrored lids are raised, showing the reflection of nudes coiled in the boxes.

Best title of the month: "Such Women Are Dangerous," a story about an ingenue chasing an author.

Best hokum of the month: Laurel and Hardy's egg-breaking scene with Lupe Velez in "Hollywood Party."

Good entertainment: the latest product of the Cagney factory, "He Was Her Man," with Joan Blondell aiding him to achieve an atmosphere somewhat different from the hard pavements with which the teeth-clicker is usually surrounded.

Another superlatively slick product, comparable for excellent handling to "Murder at the Vanities," is "The Thin Man." Here, finally, is a murder mystery movie handled with wit and intelligence. The refreshing quality of this opus must be due primarily to the Dashiell Hammett novel; some of the direct attack of Hammett's style is conveyed by the film. And W. S. Van Dyke's direction is swell. The pace is miraculously adjusted—rapid stretches broken by laughs, then lifted by plot twists. The thing even has style. A sort of choppy over-emphasis conveys that artificial note essential to the best of mystery tales: creates an other-world of exaggerated reality.

The actors, inspired both by the suave and witty story and the civilized direction, turn in a whole flock of expert performances. William Powell, returned to the type of detective-role that first made him popular, tops all his previous characterizations. He and Myrna Loy get off some mighty frisky wedded scenes. (Footnote: Myrna Loy's new personality is something of an addition to the Hollywood range. More than any other actress, she seems the typical "young American wife." The pleasantly understanding kind. Nothing deep, but mighty handsome and appealing.) Add a perfectly astounding performance by a Scottie, who gets off some of the most dog-like dog scenes ever filmed, and one of the best of scared-gangster jobs, by the chunky fellow who portrays Morelli, and you have some of the fixings of this humdinger.

The Listening Post

Continued from page 128

to that other classic, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," nowadays. Walter O'Keefe ruins it by overplaying, pointing, mugging, and distorting both the melody and the words. I insist that the slang of the 1870's did not include such terms as "lousy" or "nerts," and also that the original song is funny enough not to need gagging up by Broadway comedians. Rudy Vallee goes beyond even O'Keefe by destroying the waltz time in which "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" was written.

Turning to a pleasanter subject, it seems my prediction concerning the New York concert of the Associated Glee Clubs was correct. They brought together a male chorus of nearly 1500 voices at the 71st Regiment Armory, and showed the world what a gang of musically inclined business men could do once they started singing.

When over a thousand men harmonize in that way, under efficient leadership, you get some absolutely unique effects of tone color. It is not a mere question of volume, for the most exciting moments are those of concerted softness. If the chorus is too large, it becomes unwieldy, and this particular performance had just the right proportions.

The conductors were Mark Andrews, C. Earle Dinsmore, Frank Kasschau, Theodore Van Yorx and Eli F. Wismer, with Billy Bentz handling the dirty work as manager most efficiently, and Clayton Old, whose business is elevators, serving as a constant stimulator in the background.

These rare concerts of the Associated Glee Clubs are significant not only because of their musical achievements but because they are perhaps the finest examples of the old amateur spirit in music still surviving in this country. The death of local singing societies generally means the ossification of music itself, and there are too few people in America today willing to take the trouble to make some music of their own, instead of eternally listening to well-advertised stars.

This New York chorus, recruited from about fifty individual glee clubs of the east, not only gave creditable performances of such music as Beethoven's Creation Hymn, Schubert's Omnipotence, the Brahms Lullaby, Bartholomew's arrangement of Shenandoah and Grieg's Land Sighting, with solos by Helen Jepson and Theodore Webb. Most of the men stayed on later for a smoker at which they kept up their singing informally right into the small hours of the morning. Ray Perkins, the Gold Dust Twins, Ray Shannon, Kenneth Clark and others performed voluntarily for this exceptional audience of glee club men, and it was altogether one of those things that make an honest music-lover take heart for the future.

There is encouragement also in such music festivals as the one recently held in the Westchester County Center at White Plains, N. Y., where a mixed chorus of six hundred formed the nucleus for three concerts under the direction of Sandor Harmati. The Yonkers Glee Club and a negro chorus also figured in this festival and there was much enthusiasm. But why do such things take place only once a year? Why can there not be a constant local activity of this sort in music, all over the country? Just one big splurge once in twelve months isn't enough by a long shot. More of this later, perhaps.

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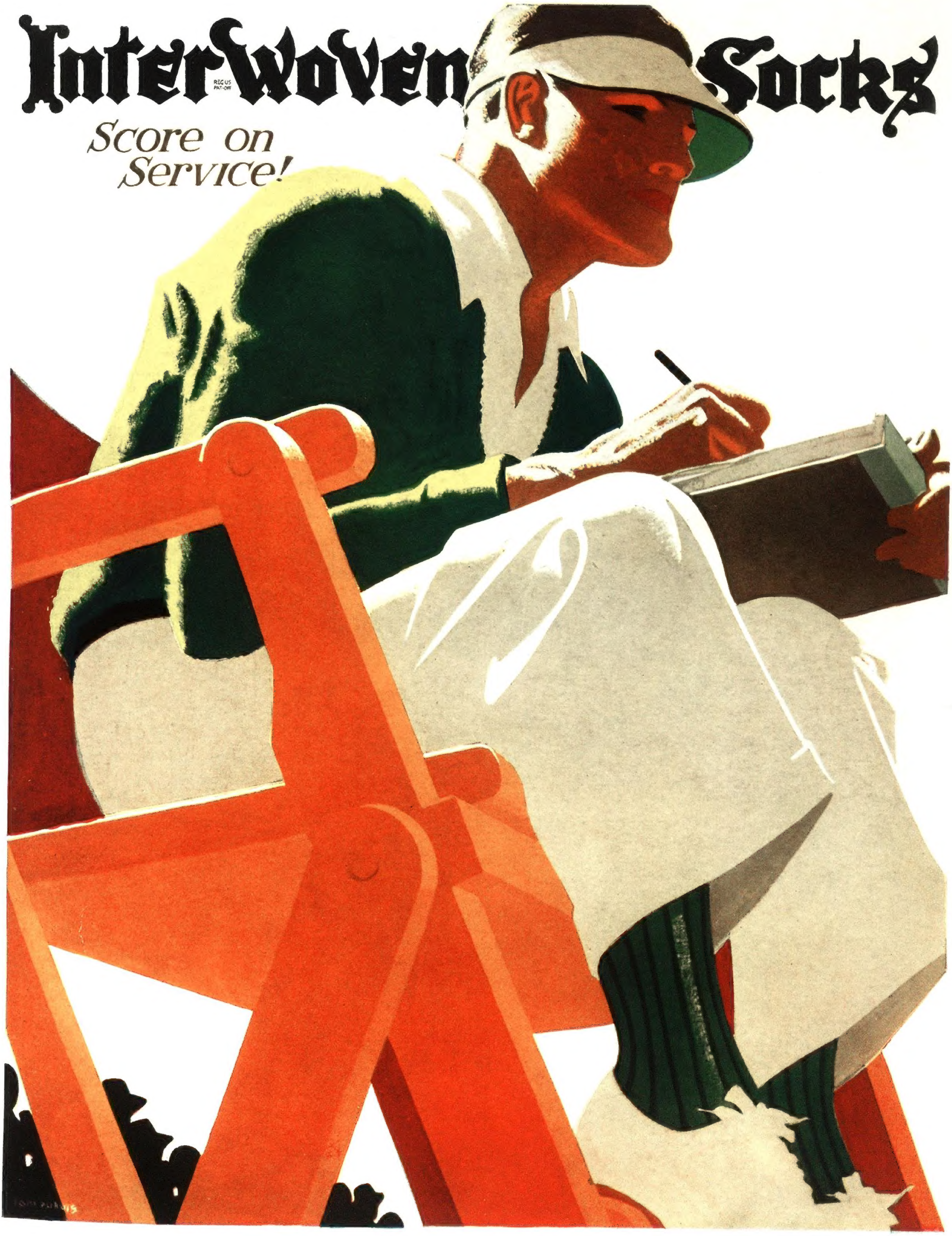
Interwoven
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Socks
Score on Service!
TOM PURVIS

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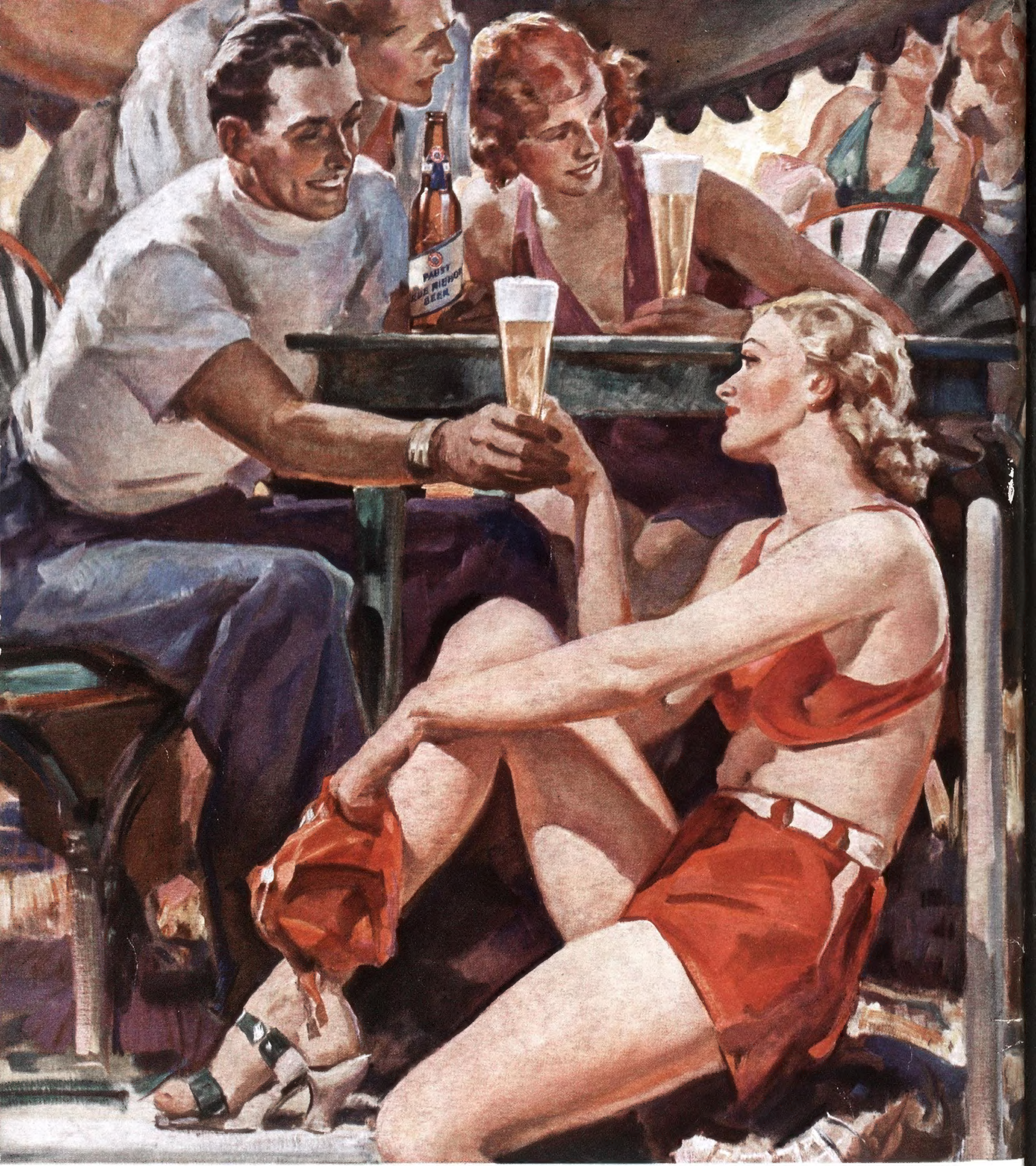
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BLUE RIBBON
BEER

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BLUE RIBBON
BEER

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SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

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